The Diary of a Modernist

William Scott Palmer

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THE DIARY OF A MODERNIST

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THE
DIARY OF A MODERNIST

BY

WILLIAM SCOTT PALMER

Author of 'An Agnostic's Progress,' 'Studies in the Teaching of Religion,' 'The Church and Modern Men,' etc.

Dowson, M. E.

'By a Modernist, I mean a churchman, of any sort, who believes in the possibility of a synthesis between the essential truth of his religion and the essential truth of modernity.' GEORGE TYRRELL.

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TO

GEORGE TYRRELL

SEER, PROPHET, FRIEND

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THE DIARY OF A MODERNIST

INTRODUCTION

I HOPE for a quiet year; and if I do not find one I shall do my best to keep a quiet and meditative mind. I desire to take stock, judicially, of gains that have accrued to me in the strenuous years gone by. There is need for this reflective stocktaking nowadays. For that matter there has always been such need; but it is accentuated by printing-presses and newspapers, by swift movements of thought and an amazing facility of intercourse with other minds. I have been learning fast, or I think I have; let me examine what I have learnt, or believe I have learnt; let me apply it, if I can. There is much advantage in making some sort of a provisional synthesis every now and then; in gathering the scattered elements together and letting them face each other, so as to help them, may be, to make a dovetail of supply and want.

There was once a habit of meditation, wide-spread, not confined, as it is now, to the few who still remember that there are at least two sides to mental—not to speak of spiritual—progress. Most of us have only not forgotten this because we have never known

it. Meditation, we are sure *a priori*, is sheer waste of time.

This in some cases helps us to keep watertight compartments in our minds when the contents on both sides would be all the better for being mixed. We pass from the compartment in which we keep our science, for example, to that in which our religion is nervously secluded; and while we are in the one we can at best only ignore the claims and significance of the other. It is a poor way to live; but sometimes it seems the only way that is safe.

Again; if a man never goes up in the mountains to consider his own life, he may some day find himself like the rich man in the parable, with intellectual barns full to overflowing, while his soul is about to pass empty away.

These things I know, and many more; but not one of them impels me. I am driven by something different, by the conviction that at this present time there is in the world a new power which any man among us, if he will, may apply to all his mental possessions. I believe that a revolution is going on in the kingdom of thought, and that I, for one, am beginning to profit by its results, and shall profit far more if I give time to thinking them over. The revolution is philosophical, and is certainly not to be appreciated without care and pains. Probably an overwhelming majority of people in these islands are wholly unaware of it: their descendants will be

equally unaware of it, when, or if, they are placidly enjoying the change in habits of thought it is sure to bring about.

That is of no consequence whatever. Any of us who have had the good luck to see what is happening should rise to our vocation. And I conceive that my own vocation, just now, is to the meditative, contemplative, but assuredly neither easy nor sleepy work of considering life in the light cast upon it by a new philosophical illumination. More particularly I want to look at my religion by that light. Therefore I propose to give a quiet year to writing a diary which shall record the way in which I see, in the new manner, things and thoughts as they come and go, events as they strike me, events and things familiar or strange, thoughts new and old.

Frankly, I am by conviction submissive to the new philosophy and desirous of putting it to some practical proof. Moreover, I am, in matters of religion, what is called 'Modernist.' Therefore, if I cannot effect some degree of approximation between my philosophical, as well as my scientific convictions, and my religious life and opinions, I know that there must be something wrong somewhere, which I ought to find and remove. It is not for any Modernist to keep skeletons in a cupboard, even if it be still impossible to give them decent burial; they must at least be brought out into the light of day and confessed as what they are.

In the course of the coming twelvemonth I shall go to church thoughout the sequence of ecclesiastical fast and festival. They will put me and my philosophy to a test; they will show me skeletons, if there are any, in my theological cupboard. I will shirk nothing. It will be a stirring year despite its quiet. And I may learn, perhaps, whether it is true that, through all change of outward expression and intellectual presupposition, religious truth persists one and the same along the ages: I may learn whether indeed our fathers and ourselves have always drunk of the stream that flows from one rock—a rock that follows us as it followed them.

July 7th.—A good day for beginning. I have looked it up in the Prayer Book Calendar, and in a more ample calendar prefixed to a Book of Hours, and found nothing: it is a blank day. No doubt, if I had been to church, I should have seen with my customary pleasure that restful green with which all blank days are dedicated to the beauty of the Lord, and the consolation of man. Then the day would have been full to overflowing, as in fact it is, full of the round world and decked with 'the emerald that makes glad the City of God.'

Throughout this tranquil season, that we call 'after Trinity' and some other people call 'after Pentecost,' I shall see the robes of the Church, for the most part, dyed in the colour of pastures where other flocks than hers are feeding. We have had white for all undimmed radiance, red for the martyrs' blood and the fire of the Spirit of God, violet in our humiliation; and now we are taking to ourselves the world of life in the hue of life. I do not suppose that anything but religious intuition and symbolic fancy sent our fathers to this green of the trees and the grass, when God and man had been duly remembered. At least I am sure they knew nothing very precise about the magic of a leaf, when they borrowed its colour to adorn the sanctuary. Yet they could watch the grass grow, and the trees open out their leaves, I suppose, and stand amazed like the rest of

us. The difference between their knowledge and mine is, after all, a matter of degree, and of no very large degree either. I possess a scientific map of the behaviour of the leaf, exact enough but entirely superficial; that is the chief difference between us. Why should I not present my knowledge before the altar with theirs, under a symbol that so clearly fits us both? We, who stand on our fathers' shoulders to see a wider landscape of the mind, only gather up their view of nature and life with one that is of the same order, however different its range, however different the concepts and the language in which we express it to ourselves.

When the Christian Creed had been wrought out in face of hostile criticism, divergent doctrines and internal questioning, the words chosen for it embodied truths that have ever since been believed by all Christians. These truths are ours now as surely as they were those of our fathers at Nicaea; but because such comparatively trifling matters as our current cosmology and psychology and our critical habits are not the same, we should have no small difficulty, if we could discuss the belief we hold in common, in showing them that for religion, for spirit and life, and faith and morals, it has been kept unchanged.

Intellectual differences often hide real agreement in religion. Men share common ground in their faith and experience; but their intellectual statements, which are strictly conditioned by degrees and kinds of scientific knowledge, by philosophy good or bad, naïve or elaborately thought out, divide,

and even estrange them. I think we are about to learn not only why this happens, but its subordinate importance for religion; because we are learning both how and why intellect so often plays us false when it turns from its accustomed and successful business in the workaday world, to deal with mysteries of the world of life.

A new way seems opening towards reconciliation between men who have quarrelled about 'theologism' and theologies. It is a way that is not based on patient or perhaps disdainful tolerance, but on sympathy, and a knowledge of the perils, as well as the advantages, of systematic reasoning upon the truth of experience. We have justly given a Nobel prize to Rudolf Eucken. Bergson's should not be long delayed. For these men are real pacificators; and they are providing us with an eirenicon for the most bitter and disastrous of our wars. Moreover, they are liberating us from a slavery to which we have far too long submitted, the slavery of that 'intellectualist veto' which lies almost as heavily upon our spiritual insight, and even upon our theology, as the veto of Mammon upon our love of the brethren.

A good day, I said, for beginning. If one that is blank leads me so far, whither shall I be carried, I wonder, by days that are full, and shine with all the hues of heaven and the New Jerusalem? Perhaps no farther; for, after all, I find myself in a philosophy which brings thought full circle to religion; and these things are really one.

The earth is my footstool. The glory of Lebanon

shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my Sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious. Thou shall call thy walls Salvation and thy gates Praise.

* * * *

July 9th.—Looking for an illustration of the new philosophy, I came this morning upon a brickfield; and I have been contemplating it in my mind's-eye ever since. It is certainly a place of surprise; it seems packed, like Tyndall's 'Dust,' with rich treasures of knowledge. But I think, indeed I know, that it holds, at least symbolically, more wisdom than any dust except the dust of Adam—and that, after all, is clay, red clay.

Clay, dull potent stuff, all of a piece, yet inviting ingenuity, calling out strength of muscle and skill of hand and eye; alluring to the constructive imagination of a man driven by his practical needs—mere plain clay seems no bad image of this rich, even when unconquered, world.

To Anthropos, son of Pithecanthropos, the world must have been at first a thing to be taken as it stood. It was in great part refractory, if not overwhelming. It had an air of being manageable only in certain ways. For the rest, it was defiant. Later, and by slow degrees, he found that it could be made to yield new profit, to meet his demands in quite different ways. His selective mind, using senses and muscle, eye and touch, grasping hands and climbing feet, chose pieces out of its continuity which he was able to move about, setting them in

an order to suit his own convenience. And thus he discovered his mastery, and his power to please himself and find or make what he needed. Herein he is successful still.

Then he began to think about his actions, and consider how and why he had done them. He compared chosen piece with chosen piece among those he made, and contrasted order with order, learning of difference and likeness. It is evident that not only houses, clothes, and cornfields are born of human needs, but science and philosophy.

I go back to man in his typical brickfield. I see him there masterfully handling the mass of clay, which is already to his foreseeing mind no mass, but a house to live in. He divides it, shapes and trims his pieces, carries them away to some likely spot, sets them one upon another and side by side, in a plan born of his invention. Then that brickfield stands on end, rises from the earth with a man's ambition; and is accommodated to the demands of a life that has begun to insert itself and its power in the substance of a world. Anthropos, cunning Anthropos, who feels cold and storm and rain worse than most creatures, will no longer lie on the bare earth, or steal a cave from some harassed and dangerous beast. He has moulded about his body the very stuff of the world. He has set his feet upon the long road of conquest by which his practical needs shall find fulfilment, and all the powers of his mind be trained by their imperious rule.

My brickfield carries me farther. For Anthropos, when he rested from his labour, looked upward. In

a spare moment his wandering eyes picked out remote and shining points from a background of darkness. These points caught his attention and interest, made him think. So did the contrasting darkness. Thus he added to his wealth no less a matter than stars, Sirius and all his glittering company. Thus he was roused to new wonder by a vast extension of the world of things that he possessed. The house of reflective mind was building, and it has been building ever since.

Now, in our days, for Anthropos become scientific and a student of physics, Sirius and the darkness, his bricks and his brickfield, after their separation by his dividing mind, have acquired unity once more. But they have acquired it by a new way, and it is a new kind of unity. Man has been unable to rest content in the knowledge of brute things and brute facts; he has been unwilling to deal with them as for ever separate like brick from brick. Something in himself protests against such superficiality, and such an ignoring of the wholeness from which those particulars are singled out. So he has tried to pierce below the look of things and beyond their apparent separateness; he has endeavoured to force his understanding into some truth of unifying reality. The multiplicity and mere appearance of objects did not satisfy his challenging intelligence: he must reach the core of their being.

How should he try to do this? How, but by the only method he knew well and had well tested, the method that had become his habit while he was learning to satisfy practical needs, in a world of

sense admirably dealt with in the spatial, geometrical way? So with a mind trained in that school he set out to conquer a world inaccessible to sense. Accustomed to making bricks, to cutting out from a whole pieces that could be seen and handled, he began brick-making with his mind, conceptual brick-making. He cut out pieces no man has ever seen or ever will see, and used them as instruments of his thought. Like the alchemist who sought the elixir of life and found useful drugs, he has both succeeded and failed—failed in his ultimate aim, succeeded in reaching results of practical value, so brilliant as to dazzle his eyes and hinder him from knowing that he has not attained what he went out to seek; and that there his failure is complete. Our developed student, having made a scheme of matter and motion, of ether, electrons, or what not, has ended by building a physico-mathematical house for his mind to dwell in, a house so well-ordered and convenient that he is too easily content to shut himself inside, and not even look out of its windows. The shining stars are obscured, the many-coloured world is out of sight; and the heavens and the earth, with their mystery and their wonder, are replaced by a neat series of equations.

If he is content, it must be because he has forgotten what he really wanted. He was seeking once for the truth of the real world; he has come to be put off with a system he has made and imposed upon the world. He does not know, apparently, that throughout the whole process he has used an intellect shaped by its long service of a life which must feed and

shelter itself in this external world, or perish. 'All the labour of man,' says the Preacher, 'is for his mouth; and yet the appetite is not filled.' Man, when he has bread enough, begins to hunger for more than bread; he hungers for that which may feed his craving mind. Therefore it is that he looks for secrets underlying the order of his bricks and stars. But his intellect knows only one way, and that way never leads him to reality at all; only to machines of mind by which he may deal usefully with stars, as by other machines he deals usefully with bricks.

Studying his own mind, man does precisely the same thing. He tries to analyse, to pull to pieces like a child, a mysterious varied whole that defies analysis. When he has laid out on the table of his mind the bits that he has made of it, there is no mind there; nothing but concepts of imaginary parts into which it can no more be resolved than a picture can be resolved into tubes of paint, or a poem into so many alphabets of the letters it has used. He takes the tools and the manner to which he is accustomed; and, naturally, if they break down with the reality of the physical world, they break down at least as hopelessly in the more delicate work of an enquiry into himself. They are fitted to isolated things and intellectual concepts, not to the varied movement and continuous duration of the living reality that is a man.

Logic and language are rough and arbitrary tools. They follow the pattern of the brickfield; they have been made in conformity with the practical and

primary needs of a man who picks out this or that, as he feels the want of this or that. They are well adapted for setting concepts side by side; but they cannot penetrate the reality those concepts are supposed to represent. They give arresting, separating names to stages in a movement that persistently goes on. By reasoning, by taking a special interest in this or that, by selecting and setting apart, and by giving names which are themselves isolated one from another, and imply isolation in that to which they are attached, men contrive to lose sight of the oneness of the real world, of real movement, and of the changing duration of real time as it is lived, not merely counted. They make a mere conceptual mechanism to be their only picture of the real. The real submits to this treatment, allows a mechanical interpretation, but remains real—continuous, moving, permeating, and alive. Thus, by the use for speculative purposes of an intellect trained with spatial things, man acquires only shadowy machines, made for a world of juxtaposition and applied, as best they may be, to the wholeness of concrete life.

So it comes about that in the inmost fortress of intellectualism he is conquered by reality, to his lasting gain. From Zeno's arrow, unable to fly from one point in its trajectory to another, and the swift-footed Achilles for ever overmatched by a tortoise with a start, down to Mr. Spencer's antinomies, and lower still, the tale is always the same. There has been something wrong from the beginning.

At last we are learning both how and why we are

wrong. And we are learning too, in consequence, how it is that we find ourselves in blind alleys at the end of an intellectual research into matters of spirit and life. Yet even before we had this lesson man always found another way. The hunger of his soul drove him to seek further. He could never long persuade himself that he was content. He has felt again and again the urgency of spirit: again and again he has desired and sought after that which neither sense nor a geometrical intellect can reach. If there were nothing more—but there is more, and there is the other way. For man is spirit as well as body and mind, more truly than he is body and mind: and there is within him a place of revelation. So he tries that different way, the way of the spirit that makes him truly man, and he finds an inner sense and a new power leading him on. He discovers religion and a soul in nature; he unveils divinity; and he wins through self-sacrificing love to communion with God and men.

Inquietum est cor nostrum: the heart is the final revealer of secrets, the desirous heart; and it is restless because it must reveal.

* * * *

July 12th.—Yesterday was Sunday; and because I had been considering them as one should consider the lilies of the field, I noticed with more than my usual pleasure the green robes in which the Church was arrayed. And I took a new interest—is not every moment of interest entirely new?—in their most marked outward distinction from the garment

of nature ; I mean the great plain shoulder cross of the minister.

For the hardness of our hearts, and for the dullness of our heads, we write this sign large, and set it up where and when we must see it with outward eyes, even if we do not read it then and there with the eyes of the spirit. The inward eye is deep set and, except in our better, more willing, moments, is not easy to reach ; but the eyes of the body are a gateway to it, and we Christians learnt that lesson long ago. It is not for us, to whom the lesson and its results come by inheritance, to pass lightly over the need for bearing witness to the agony of God, even while we are trying to rejoice in his beauty. Nor can we separate the Cross, the sign of that agony, from a nature that groans and travails in pain together with ourselves. Our kinship goes far ; it is mysterious and works in a mysterious way. Moreover the lesson of the agony of nature is more difficult to evade, in the long run, even than that written in the life of man ; much more difficult to evade than the tremendous lesson of the agony of God, which Christians and some few philosophers have discerned.

It is more than doubtful whether the philosophers, or rather those few among them who have reached the mount of this vision, would have set foot upon it but for the simple faith and the profound religious experience of Christians. God bears testimony to himself in the philosophy of philosophers as well as in the men themselves. But the language of the Cross is both older and more eloquent ; and there

are *Gesta Christi* no philosopher can escape. I incline to think that the knowledge of divine agony and sympathy is a privilege of that religion which goes back to the foundations of the world, and came to clear manifestation nearly two thousand years ago. It has been said that the one infallible note of all false Christs and all anti-Christs, of all and indeed the only false gods, however they may be disguised by trappings of royalty, is the absence of a Crown of Thorns. And certainly the men who have, above all other men, set God before the eyes of an unwilling world, have shared that crown.

That the earth, nature, the whole world of life, shows it, is more difficult to see; but nevertheless the fact is obstinate, and waits that we may see it. 'Poor brother worm ever ready for sacrifice' has his profundity of meaning; but only the love of God and the power of God given unto us can make his sacrifice tolerable after we have seen it as it really is.

The whole creation groans and travails together with us. That is the plain truth which stares all men in the face and makes rebels of some. It makes rebels, because we cast upon God a work that is not his, a purpose not his. We give him a mind that is ours, conditioned like ours. And we divorce creation from ourselves who belong to it, and are creators within it.

But I am bound to acknowledge the enormous difficulty that besets us in any effort to be content with our necessary agnosticism. If I did not see the agony of God, if I did not see that he shares our

burden, and that our best is only to fill up that which remains of his suffering for us and with us, I should be an atheist. Or rather, I should be a sceptic, so far as scepticism is possible, that is, reflectively, speculatively, as a matter of guess and hypothesis, not of practical life, where no man can be a sceptic and live. Atheist I cannot be. Most atheists affirm implicitly what they deny by word of mouth. That is, only he is a real atheist who, let his words be as they may, denies in his own life goodness, truth, justice, love, beauty, and all that God is in human life. By the grace of God I cannot do this, nor can I deny the fact that if I were to deny a God of evil I should be worshipping the true God who is man's only good. So I face my compelled agnosticism, and the recognition of a depth and height of mystery I cannot reach or fathom, in a world of uncounted stars which are but specks in the immensity of physical space, a world of indefinite physical regress in the immense littleness of things, a world of impenetrable profundity of life, in which I myself am a sum of mysteries. I face all this, and then I fall down before the all-embracing, all-transcending marvel that I call God and dare to worship. 'Who hath known the mind of the Lord?' who shall dare to complain of him, to set a pattern for him to follow, to say to him, 'Come here, go there, —see, thou art needed.'

Then I lift up my eyes before his infinite condescension. For he knows what we need before we have enough knowledge of him and ourselves to ask him. Truly he bears our grief and carries our sorrows,

bearing the burden of his worlds. He is hidden, but he is revealed. His power is beyond all that we can conceive; but he gives it to us to use, and it is marvellous as we use it. There is in us the mystery of mysteries called love, an amazing contradiction called self-sacrifice, a magic of faith by which we subdue all the terrors of the universe. These things are said to be 'natural.' If they are, then we will worship that nature to which they belong; it is only a question of words, that is, if we worship in spirit and in truth. 'Not upon this mountain, nor at Jerusalem' is God only to be found, but in the heart, let words and places be or change as they may.

So, in this mind, I turn to study creation as I find it. And throughout I find it creative, as Monsieur Bergson tells me it is. Not created only, although created; it is *self-creative*. In its lower stages, as life begins to form matter in its image, the creative power seems almost blind. It is driven from within, yet not owned or directed with a possessive strength. Then in man it culminates, but not without loss and imperfection. For man is not what he shall be; and even in him the power of life, dispersed throughout the realm of life, is not harmoniously developed. His abounding merit is that he is a place of freedom, an open way for power, an unfilled capacity. He is the one place in all our earth which plainly reveals the truth that God has not finished creating; that indeed his work is only begun, because he has given work to be done by that which he creates. We are able to see in ourselves that God has given freedom to his work, freedom to own itself; in order that it

may give itself to him, receive him as a gift, and 'enjoy him for ever.'

So I think, so I see. This new philosophy of creation helps me to see. But without the Cross I could not open my eyes to see. That Cross is the sovran testimony, not only to an unfinished creation, but to a supreme Lover who shares the agony of those who are called to create, the agony of his worlds.

* * * *

July 13th.—'*Le problème de la liberté est donc né d'un malentendu : il a été pour les modernes ce que furent, pour les anciens, les sophismes de l'école d'Élée.*' Achilles and the tortoise, Zeno's arrow, and the rest, are still sufficiently worrying to point a moral. But they only point a moral because nobody has ever been capable of thinking that the real Achilles would not overtake a real tortoise, or that a real arrow would hang in mid-air when sent flying from a real bow. The problem of our freedom worries us in a different way; because we have yet to learn that it is of the same kind. When we hear it discussed we begin to doubt whether experience does not tell a merely flattering tale; but we never doubt the victory of Achilles, although we cannot give reasons for our faith until we learn that real continuity of movement, whether in Achilles or the arrow, cannot be divided into parts, except for a game with mere concepts which neither run nor fly. That the discussion between the determinists and the libertarians (who only play into their hands) is just such a game, has not entered into the heads of most of us. We

hear convincing arguments against the possibility of freedom, and we are convinced, until some momentous question, affecting, let us say, empires or our dinner, comes before us for decision. Then, of course, and in spite of our philosophic conviction, we act: our action more or less expresses us, creative artists that we are; and we know—yes, until we begin to puzzle ourselves again—we know that sometimes, surely, we must be free. We see, as we see the flight of an arrow, that this deed or some other deed of ours is made in our image; and that the way of a deed truly our deed was never set before us as a necessity, or offered for our choice among other necessities—so many lines laid down upon a chart, one of which we must follow. The deed is our own, the line we look at as we retrace it in memory, *after* it has been done, could never have been laid down *before* it had been done. *Le problème de la liberté est donc né d'un malentendu.*

In other words, the philosophers have treated life and man in the geometrical fashion, as Zeno treated the flying arrow. They have looked at the heterogeneous whole that is a man, as though life were a spatial problem and human freedom capable of expression in terms of geometry. Therefore the game is over, or rather is about to take its right place as nothing but a game. Soon libertarian and determinist will worry us no more than Zeno; soon they will sufficiently display the moral they should point for our learning ever more. They belong to the brickfield; when they are there, in their right place, they will be of use at last.

Then we may be able to consider the subject seriously. For its seriousness lies quite beyond the scope of that out-worn controversy. It is a problem as to the amount of spiritual freedom we have won, and as to the manner in which we are learning to be freedmen of the spirit, or are entangling ourselves in slavery to the world, the flesh, or the devil. Do I ever, or often, express my real profound self in its truth? Or do I express always, or for the most part, only my superficial reaction to some of a thousand passing influences which have sought my hospitality? Here I find myself considering things on a higher level, or carried into the depths of my life. My mind turns to other teachers than the philosophers, and I begin to wonder how often I have risen to the heights of my spiritual calling, even in this early stage of that calling, when I am only beginning to hear the voice of the spirit. Called to be free, provided with the means of becoming free—that is what we are, we of the spirit, who crown the multifarious life we know. And we are assuredly not free, except now and then. We are enslaved, as Eucken says, by 'the mediocrity, ideals and shallow contentments of a life which regards given conditions as authoritative, and adaptation to environment as the supreme law of its being.'

Along the Christian ages, and beyond them along all the ages of man, we have been enslaved. Food and shelter more and more elaborate, bodily and mental comfort or excitement, social ease—all the things that Anthropos, son of Pithecanthropos, marked as very good, are with us in a thousand manners of disguise. All the labour of man is for

his mouth, and the craving mouth may still enslave us.

But it seems to me as I look at man struggling towards expression of his deepest self, towards emancipation from slavery to bodily needs and sense, and to those given conditions he so little examines, so rarely sees in full light and in their due proportion, that the whole world furthers the same cause, and works to the same end. Consciousness is awake and awakening in us men; but it is the same consciousness as that which sleeps in the plants, and walks, as it were, in its sleep, in those animals which are not men.

The freedom to which even we have not attained, but have only touched now and then in our greater moments, seems foreshadowed everywhere. I see all creation as given out from God, given and not made—given into its own hands, the hands it is only now beginning to use in deliberate ownership of power, and in a freedom that only spiritual creatures can enjoy.

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July 20th.—Liberty, it seems, lies in the true expression of my true self; in the fulfilment of myself. I seek it; the turmoil of my life shows my need of it. I have not found it except in glimpses of its quality, foretastes of my power. And in these, the goal that is my own truth may both draw and deceive me. It draws me by necessity as well as charm; it deceives me because I am in too great haste and too much greed to see and seek it as it

really is. I am like to believe that every hindrance and restraint of my desire—of any desire—is a check upon freedom; or, if I have outgrown this stage of ignorance and folly, I think, perhaps, that I am free, when within the kingdom of my soul I master exterior compulsion and reign alone. To be unhindered from without in the fulfilment of my desire; to restrain desire to that which I myself can fulfil within myself let outward things be as they may; to attain this manner or the other of living my life, is, I believe, to be free. So I may believe, until I find that still I have not attained myself, not reached the truth of a life that is ever becoming mine, ever enlarging me; until I find perhaps that I cannot reach it by any way I discover in the light of such ideals of life.

There is in every man, as in every body of men, a place for tyranny and a ready tyrant. The strait gate and the narrow way to freedom are easy to miss, even by him who most desires freedom, and by the community most eager to throw off its tyrants. A broad machine-made road, on which travel seems likely to be both easy and swift, is plain enough to see. And any man, like any body of men, may in the name of liberty set up an enslaving rule, or allow some invader to crush down his truth. Then he does not truly express his truth in his own acts, in his thoughts, his words, in anything that is his.

Tyranny is essentially external, but it may work in the very heart and marrow of a man. There is a domination imposed because unresisted; because a

man does not recognize himself and his possibilities; because, perhaps, he is not humble enough to learn about himself, nor courageous and faithful enough to believe in the faithfulness of God. If he is not humble, if he will not die that he may live, the rule to which he submits is assuredly an alien rule, even if it be his own passionate and victorious desire.

Desire that springs from anything less than the real truth of the man, in his wholeness of life, is a fragmentary thing that he must subdue if he is ever to fulfil himself, ever to use to the uttermost the gift of life that is proffered him. And if he lacks courage and faith he seeks the broad way and is content with tyranny.

In the story of religion, corporate or individual, there is many a record of tyranny, not a few of tyranny exercised and embraced because it seemed benevolent, seemed to be working the will of God among men. Because the Christian religion is, above all religions, not easy; because it is of the interior life which must be strenuously creative if it is fulfilling the character life seeks to have in men; and because men enjoy ease, and are always being drawn towards external things by necessity and by greed; there is the opportunity of using a machine-made religious scheme to dominate over the living experience that alone is true and real for man and for God—the experience, the life, that is 'Christ.'

We accept an externally imposed revelation, written, may be, on stones; or compacted in an intellectual scheme; or given in intellectual form by

a supposed miraculous operation. And we say that God is showing that he cares for our infirmities, and is thus making secure the divine treasures necessary for our salvation. We cling to these things and set them to reign over us. We travel on the broad and easy road. But history shows where that road must lead us in the end; and where it has led many men, in spite of the blessed wanderings of that Spirit which blows where it listeth.

Spiritual truth, religion in man, grows; it is not made. It can be helped or hindered by the records and communications of experience, by gifts from men of the spirit. But there is no substitute for its growth, no possibility of its being given to any man ready-made, let men and God give as they may.

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July 21*st.*—More than four hundred billions of ethereal changes in a second of time, and I see red light. Space out those changes that I may perceive them one by one, and you fill twenty-five thousand years for my attention—or longer still, because attention tires of such close work as this. Yet I am able to contract those billions of happenings and fix them for my consciousness in the crimson of a rose, the scarlet of a soldier's coat, the greater glory of the setting sun. If I could not, my world might be, perhaps, all violet and green, or only grey. Such an easy limitation! And what a world! But if my power were heightened, if I could perceive the beauty in the light beyond that red, below that

violet, what should I see of glory in the setting sun, of untold wonder blending with all the colours that now adorn for me my world ?

There are other rates of vibratory change, I know, waiting for some greater creature's power ; or perhaps not waiting—perceived already by creatures that have needs different from mine. For my needs are my chief guide in making my world, in selecting it from that which includes its elements with those of many another world. The whole from which I select thrills and trembles throughout the vastness of its unmeasured magnitude. I cut pieces from it, brickfield fashion, guided by certain lines of easy distinction that I find, and by my practical requirements. To these I give names and call them things. I forget that each thing, in spite of a certain individuality, is really continuous with all the rest ; I forget the wholeness of the whole, misled by my conquest of the parts.

I do something else. By the power of my life, I seize upon the flow of change and contract great expanses of the ' infinitely diluted existence ' of the universe, to match the special rhythm of existence that is mine. I condense those billions of vibrations in a ray of light, into a sensible quality of red. Out of a less number I make green, out of a lesser still, the violet that marks my lowest measure. Enormous periods of change are thus shortened into moments of the intenser life I own, are made to stand still for me that I may use them. ' To perceive,' says Bergson, ' is to immobilize.' And to immobilize is to possess and use.

Thus I attain an instantaneous pictorial view of moving nature, seize upon it, and fix this or that within the quivering movement of the whole. This is the way of man. It is the way in which he establishes centres of his operation in the totality of the real, in order to produce real changes there which are not in the natural way of change, but are made to meet his needs and his imperative demands. And thus he escapes bondage to the natural scheme, imposing upon it a scheme made by himself. He moulds its becoming to the fashion of his own becoming, stamps it with his image and superscription, claiming it for his use and profit. Necessity is constrained to serve the cause of human freedom; and man escapes its control according to the measure of his action upon his world.

Yet see how strait are his bounds, how cramped is the range of his activity. He cannot pick out, from the flow in that mobile continuum, any event which is not separated from its successor by at least the five-hundredth part of a second; all closer together than this drop through his selective net, escape the hold he has, within his 'time-span,' upon any one event. Such too rapidly succeeding changes he must grasp in a multitude, condense into something new that is created by reaction in himself—billions of ethereal vibrations thus made to yield him a colour, blue or red, material quantity giving him his quality of sense.

He has his own inflexible rhythm of life marking his rank in life; and he can impose it and bend to his purpose rhythms lower in the scale. He has

his own tension of consciousness, his contracting power, selecting and solidifying in his own way within the whole. Yet enormous regions, multitudinous possibilities of the plastic rhythm of its diluted life, stretch out beyond him, untouched, unconquered. Innumerable worlds are not his; he has only the one his particular range permits. Unknown beauty lies beyond the spectrum he can see; the music of the spheres may be sounding in this earth, unheard by any man. Change him but a little, and he might hear that music, see those colours, rejoice in a widening prospect of beauty and of use. Change him much, and wonders no sense suggests would spring to life within him. The range of that which is, and might be perceived, exceeds his power further than all the hints of sense will carry imagination now. Sense is a large-meshed sieve, and lets through far more than it retains.

What may not be this range of that which is, for a consciousness powerful enough to deal with it throughout as we deal with the vibrations of the rays of light? How may the world's aeonian changes look to such a consciousness, when they are condensed into its present, its momentary vision, as we condense billions of ethereal waves into the present redness of the rose? What, moreover, if that consciousness should not only do this, but have, within its all-inclusive time-span, a selective hold on individual happenings so discriminating in its nicety, so tenaciously minute of grasp, as to pick out, not only every one in those billions of waves of light, but all individuality within the whole; so knowing by its

' name ' every least thing, each ' hair,' each ' sparrow,' in the universe of a continuous life ?

Surely, material necessity would be wholly overcome, wholly transfigured, dominated to one use and purpose, by a consciousness embracing every consciousness, a rhythm in which all other rhythms would find their place. Shall I call it God ? Perhaps, or rather (and far better) a dim and always finite shadow of God ; a part of that which he shows us men as he lays aside his glory, and enters upon the limitations of the life that he has given.

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July 22nd.—It seems likely that intellectual brick-making is at the bottom of every rational contradiction and antinomy, and at the beginning of every road that ends in a logical *cul-de-sac.* We have done what we learnt to do in the labour of man ' for his mouth.' In the matter of man himself we have divided a real continuance of duration, destroyed living movement by cutting it into parts that never were or will be. We take a rag-bag, put into it a body, a soul, a mind, even a sub- and supra-liminal mind ; then add freewill and all the other bits of the psychological patchwork ; and from that rag-bag we sort again the pieces, and stuff out the doll of our schematic, artificial man. A pretty process and a pretty result !

Meanwhile the real man goes on his way, his astonishing, incredible way of paradox and absurdity, that is like nothing so much as a moving web composed of living parti-coloured threads, each interchanging

life and colour of life, each melting continuously into the whole, altering it and being altered. Even this simile is spatial, a simile of things side by side, and fails because a man is not made up of such things. But, as a simile, it does better than a load of labelled bricks or the contents of a rag-bag.

Our obstinate Church, with her insistence on a bodily resurrection, and her unrelaxing hold on a sacramental principle which brings together the most incongruous things, has, it seems, 'subconsciously,' or in the depths where God speaks and man declares his own truth, seen man in some such rainbow vision as this. She has seen the play of iridescent, permeating life, which no logic is able to analyse, no prism can divide into component rays.

Her eyes have been fixed on the great example of that life, the greatest of all paradoxes for our logic, the living stone that turns the edge of every intellectual tool. She has confessed 'perfect God and perfect man, of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting,' seen upon earth yet dwelling in the heavens. Could she do more and better? Or worse for us who are only makers of bricks, labourers 'for the mouth' of a separated body or a dividing mind?

She can do worse and she has. She announces that this man who displays God before our eyes is of one web with all of us, and that so the transcendent incomprehensible God is of that web. It is incredible; but the question still remains whether it is not true. The Church tries our patience, strains our mind, still further. She tells us, and she has maintained it

through evil and good intellectual repute, that there are countless initiating centres in this mobile web, real persons responsible to God and their fellows and themselves, for what they are and shall become in the midst of all that marvellous and potent interplay. So she solves—*ambulando*—the problem of the Many and the One; and thus she worships and embraces all Plurality in the Unity of life with God.

It is very disturbing, quite beyond us brickmakers. And as if it were not already too much for us, the voice of the Church is heard again, proclaiming that what she does with space and the logic of space she will do, and has always done, with the time that we measure out as space by a pendulum, or by the sun and earth. She says that her time is real, a continuous and ever-changing duration, immeasurable in any such way, like the real and living time of every man. She says that she herself exists like a man, as one in many from the beginning until now, with a past that is alive in her present like every man's. She has never a dead past at all, for every stage and phase in it has its living part to perform in each movement of her web of life; it is changed in that movement, and changes it, for ever.

No doubt all this is highly absurd; but we still have to ask whether it is not true, for of late we have learnt so much about man that is both true and (in the brickmaker's manner of thinking), undeniably absurd, that we are hardly safe in settling it offhand.

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July 23rd.—'I believe you will see on reflexion that Henry James's method is a principle, not a set of rules—a principle that is indefinitely flexible; a principle, in fact, that is alive. And you will find it exemplified by every great work of art, from a sonnet (and in a more contracted shape still, by the miniature poems of the Japanese) to a cathedral or an epic, or the roof of the Sistine Chapel. You will also see it in a tree and, *à merveille*, in a dragonfly or a flower. Henry James himself shows it in almost limitless variety. And, to my mind, the failure of most works of fiction, regarded as works of art, is chiefly due to the fact that in their construction men have not been their masters but their slaves. They have not been able to hold all constituent elements together as they are held in a lily or a great cathedral, or in an epic poem of the first rank, or, more plainly, in a really good sonnet. The business, the art, is, of course, difficult; but that is no reason for shirking it as it has been shirked, especially in England. It is just this that is in question—shall your beads, of all sorts and sizes and colours, be thrown down in a heap; or lazily threaded on a string; or clumsily sewed into a web of no pattern to speak of; or shall they be set with the carefulness of genius in a pattern that is the artist's own, a very projection of his life, held firmly by his artistic grasp in spite of all complexity; and compelled to express, by each of its innumerable relations, something of his meaning, and, by their combination, a wholeness in his meaning? Life, artistic and creative life, works by the last method;

hence the perfection with which the flower and the dragon-fly represent, within their narrow bounds, the principle of the novelist's art. But the method is not a set of rules nor mechanical; it is the power of life coming to its own.'

I wrote this to a young friend of mine this morning. He had complained to me of the fetters devised for genius in an essay on the novels of Henry James which he had read in the *Times*. And I wrote to him about his own business, but in the hope—I am perhaps a little sanguine—that what I said would find a wider application. For this principle of art is that of all fruitful growth. We discover the principle easily there, in art, because men have brought it to light in some achievement, in a fine cathedral, for example, which may be almost as finished and complete as a flower. We miss it in larger affairs; partly because no one of them is finished and complete; partly because we are tempted to use, and do use, in the highest and best and most difficult affairs, schemes and short cuts which serve well enough for the making of a machine, but check all creative work. Then we learn to pin our faith to our short cuts, and are entangled in our machinery.

This, precisely, is what has happened in the self-creation of the living Church; and but for the indwelling Spirit of God it would be her ruin.

Here is a great work of man and God, in which all men should have their share and play their part. It is composed of multitudinous elements, and reflects in a jarred and broken image the serene purposes of God and the turmoil of man's experience.

It is a very web of life, though tangled and confused ; and it will never be finished because life and man will never be finished. But it may well be ordered to express better the earthly and heavenly meaning with which it is endowed.

Now it is still in the making ; its beads and threads are scattered, its true pattern no man knows. All men are working at it more or less ill, and for the most part they are conscious only of doing something else. A defined group is working, with a dim, often misunderstanding awareness, millions of men spread in a wide net of interaction through the world and its history. Their work, the work of the visible Church of Christ, is the greatest religious experiment of mankind ; made visible in men and with all faults that are the faults of men.

No wonder if we find it a work that ill expresses even the spirit and the mind of its artists, much more the spirit and intention of God, its inspirer. How shall it not be confused, spoilt, blurred, bewildering in its splendour and its corruption ? How shall it not bely the meaning of man, and the will and purpose of God, who compels no man ? We are what we are, not what we shall be : he is without variableness or shadow of turning, and one day with him is as a thousand years, and a thousand years are as one day.

Can we wonder, either, at our foolishness in trying schemes and short cuts when we are so fenced about with difficulties ? It is our habit and our profit to make machines, for the use of body and the use of mind. We have only, in our haste and our im-

patience, in our ignorance of the eternal way of spirit and life, followed that of our customary advantage when we tried to make a machine for our souls. We have forgotten that mind is still in the making, that life is still being poured into man, life and love and wisdom, and the truth of the mind of God.

Along this line of thought a man may reach quietism, a garden of the weary mind, or a barren mysticality. He may buy peace too dear, like the mystics of the East; he may withdraw himself from his fellows, and be deaf to the witness of experience at its fullest and best; he may lose, with his patience, his historic sense, and, worst of all, he may lose his humility. He may plunge his mental and bodily sense into an abyss reached by stripping concrete reality down to a blank negation, a mere effect of contrast, the last conceptual figment of his discouraged imagination. He may go out into the desert in search of truth that is waiting at his own house door. These things he may do: humility and the constant desire to see things as they are will be his only safeguard.

After all that can be said and done we are bodies and we are minds, as well as spirits. Our bodies, and therefore our minds, are continuous by touch and sense and all material links, with earth and stars. There are no divisions in the universe of God, though its variety is infinite. To regard the world with its distinctions and complexity, its trials and its effort, its pain and its betrayal, as in any manner or degree 'Mâyâ,' illusion, is but to provide ourselves with a way of escape. It were better to

embrace and conquer, to grapple with the meaning of the Many while we await the realization of the One.

If we have made mistakes as we have made machines, what of that? If we have tried short cuts with spirit, and put mind in irons lest it should come to terms with spirit; if we have even gone so far as to deny spirit altogether in the interests of a sacro-sanct body, or in an idolatrous worship of mind, we need not turn our backs on concrete truth in favour of the shortest cut of all, the most shadowy mechanism we can conceive.

Indeed, there is ever less and less excuse for this. A man may lack the grace of a saving humility, but he ought not long to lack a better knowledge of his own constitution.

That obstinate Church of ours has always refused to abandon either body or mind; and wisdom is justified of her children. She is mystical (*Laus Deo!*), but how could she avoid it? She is intellectual, and has often, but by no means always, gone intellectually astray. She is institutional, and her institutions are a byword and a triumph. What shall we say of the marvel of her persistence? Only this, or at least this—that knowing man in her heart she has there known God; and that the spiritual life she so ill explains, and so imperfectly displays, has roots deep in the nature from which she springs, and has, too, a divine energy that will overcome not only the armies of hell, but also her follies and her sins.

In the Church we must have regard for body; we

must honour mind; we worship in spirit, and in the truth which includes both body and mind. And here, as elsewhere in such concerns, to know all is to pardon all of intellectual mistake and ignorance. It is to learn to see in a thousand superstitions a thousand ways of man seeking, feeling, for that after which he could neither seek nor feel, unless he first possessed. It is to lead men to enquire after the profound truth underlying the paradoxical absurdity and superstition of Christians. So they may learn that the Christian Church, in spite of all perversion and shortcoming, in defiance of apparent overthrow and of an ignorant and contemptuous neglect, is the one manifestation of a free religious life in which all others may some day be fulfilled.

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August 5th.—To-morrow we commemorate the Transfiguration, a feast not only of fulfilment but of promise. I remember well that when I first began to look at these antique feasts and fasts—these recurrent symbols bringing memories and interpretations of historic fact—with that submissive desire to understand which alone makes understanding possible, the Transfiguration brought me a message singularly easy to read. The aspect of the whole world had been transfigured for me in a new point of view; and there, on that 6th of August, I found the meaning of its glory in an unveiling of a hidden truth of man. On the mount of revelation heaven and earth, and the men and ages of the past, were met together in this Man who made God visible.

Since those days I have seen many a man and woman transfigured (although, by comparison, only 'as in a glass darkly'); I have seen even their sins transfigured into witnesses of the splendid light of God, bearers of his communicated glory into the darkest recesses of a life. And I have learnt that this 'body of our humiliation,' this body of earth, not only may but must be raised again into our real truth, or else must fall lower and lower into a lie that we have made for ourselves.

There is no way of resurrection, for body and soul, but that of the Christ of God, the way of union and re-union, the way of redeeming love. There is no other truth of man, and no fullness of human life except in displaying God, as life is being transfigured in the light of God. So, evidently, since we are what we are, there must be a way of transfiguration for us all, if we will have it so. And, if we will not, there must come upon us a growing darkness that will be more and more a darkness to be felt, a darkness shutting out not only the light of God, but the truth and very touch of man—God's mystery and its manifestation.

When I have considered those men and women who are passing from darkness to light before my eyes, I have always found that I was considering a work of love. Nothing else transforms our sins, or makes the light of the spirit to be light of the body also. It is very strange, this community of spirit and the body; very strange that salvation and redemption of the spirit bring also a new radiance of life through the body. But nothing is truer, nothing really more

natural, nothing, certainly, is better borne out by experience. The process is a whole, is one; and it is a sacramental sharing of life, whether it be transforming atonement, or the conversion of a human body, even when stained and spoilt by misuse, into a lamp through which the divine light may shine.

Love, the self-bestowing love that is divine, is our redeemer; and our redeemer is always God with us. The eye of this love, through which the spirit shines, is the only true light of the body. And many of us, besides Peter and John, have seen its glory, 'full of grace and truth,' a glory displaying, for our adoration and our triumph, an inmost secret of human life, the wonder of its destiny, its unconquerable and all-penetrating capacity for power.

This potent love of God is not, even in us as we use and work with it, a mere emotion, although it is emotion; nor is it only the embrace of wisdom, although it is the very heart and marrow of wisdom. It is alive in itself, the fullness of vital power expanding through a concrete life. For which cause, among many others equally significant, theologians name the Holy Spirit of God, who is, they say, 'the mutual Love of the Father and the Son,' as 'personal.' So they place divine love beyond constraint by any scheme of mere inherence in an impersonal world. And so we, who are conscious of being transfigured in love and by love, know too that we see and know God, revealed by an effectual presence in ourselves.

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August 7th.—Why this recurrent round of festival and fast, this renewal of commemoration? Why these many days to be kept in their appointed fashion? Whatever the Church's year may have been in the past, is it not in the present only the survival of a husk when the kernel has been eaten away?

They say so—our critics. But they are quite wrong. Or rather, they would be quite wrong if all Christians knew as much of themselves, of their hearts and minds and bodies, as they might. For, as a matter of plain truth to be seen by any man who cares to look deep, these things have a great psychological value, and are adapted to human needs, human possibilities, and the complex demands of our spiritual nature.

We are told that there is no sense in repetition, that once we have gone through the Christian cycle, or even read about it, we ought to know it from the first day of Advent to the last after Trinity. The Saints should be as familiar to us as Napoleon or Plato, and because they are of less import there is no need to recur to them. Our appropriate church manners and religious gestures must be either empty forms, or charms that no longer work, because it is impossible that even we can believe in them. Our religion, if it is religion at all, should be of the spirit; all this pageantry is an encumbrance upon it if it is not a disguise or a deceit. At best, it must check our spontaneity and freedom. Now that we know better than our fathers, consistency demands that we recognize facts and abandon these superstitious

fancies, which are—although we do not own it—not our fancies, nor a just expression of our minds, but the product of an ignorance or a childishness the world has outgrown.

It is an obstinate Church indeed that has held to its anomalous year through such centuries as the eighteenth and the nineteenth, an obstinate Church like to come to its own by strange ways in the twentieth. For men learn quickly nowadays; and the story of human life is being told us with a penetrating fullness that is new. Body and spirit, one in difference; a continuous current of spiritual memory interacting with bodily sensation and becoming effective in the present through perception, informing bodily sense and being informed by it—all this new knowledge upholds the obstinacy of the Church and justifies its ways to men.

Action, bodily and mental, inspired and guided by memories; action, building anew the man as it brings into his life new memories; action, that may be reiterated but is never repeated, is the means of growth for the enduring spirit. So, through the Church's year of reiteration we pass, year after year, and never repeat that year. Every recurrence brings a new creation, every saint is for us made anew by the added richness of ourselves, eloquent in a thousand consonant happenings. He is new because we are new; he tells us new truth because we are newly able both to listen and to hear. And in the great cycle of the life of Christ every year sees us taking a new part, unveiling more of the inexhaustible significance of that life, identifying more closely

with it the life we lead and own. In every detail of that life we may, if we will, find an ever new *point d'appui* for our own action; our personal drama, as it unfolds, may gather up into itself the life by which the great secret of our life is shown.

The Church has been wiser than most of her children, wise for all her children. We have inherited treasures without always knowing them for treasures; and have failed to rid ourselves of them when we fancied they were burdens or felt them burdensome. This we owe to the tenacity of the Church, and we should be thankful.

These critics of ours are not without excuse; but they have forgotten the one way to a right judgement of such matters. It seems useless to ask for their sympathy, or to expect penetration into the meaning of an experience they do not share. We can only ask them, more or less hopefully, to study further the nature of man.

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August 9th.—How is freedom to spread in the multitude of men? How shall the free give what they have won, and communicate their good to their brothers?

Every now and then the slavery of the multitude forces itself upon our attention. We see their inchoate impulses at work; we see them swayed this way or that by any tyrant. They behave like men who are hypnotized, dreaming, or drunk. What is the matter with the crowd of men that it is as little self-governing as a flock of sheep—driven anywhere by any driving dog?

Society is not yet made, not organized; it is in great part still nothing better than a crowd. And if no man is always free and few men often free, then the crowd, an assembly of units, is never free. Each man is beguiled by his neighbour, each believes that the other man knows, each will construct his belief on the guess he makes or the suggestion he receives. So a guess or a suggestion runs like a swift plague through the mass of pitiful units that are neither free nor bound.

We know this—if it is only from the success of the demagogue and the false prophet. Vehemence, repetition, the appeal to low self-interest, to cowardice or greed, carry the multitude of the enslaved. The human race is weak, and vulnerable to these attacks; it is young still and, one would say, has barely begun to aspire after that unity which is strength. What else can be expected when each one of us knows how hardly freedom and communion are won?

Yet the authority of the Church turns on the existence of this freedom and communion, on its own existence as a society in which every member gives of his own power and truth, and the whole body guides its members. Therefore the authority of the Church cannot be absolute or arbitrary. It grows and strengthens as the Society grows and strengthens. In heaven, may be, it might be absolute and arbitrary if it would; but since God is neither, it assuredly would not.

Now, the Church in all its parts, the religious grouping of men everywhere, is weakened like the nations by the fitfulness of a crowd, by the straggling

units who trust each in any other, and follow the nearest, or the one who shouts. It is more than weakened, it is turned here and there, and often from the right way. Everywhere the *foi du charbonnier* is in part, where it is not entirely, faith in somebody else who himself has faith in another. And everywhere suggestions and beliefs in magic and short cuts, in illusions of the senses and delusions of the mind, are at work in the name of religion.

All this is of the earth, earthy. It is of the animal life; barely sometimes, of the 'merely human' man as Eucken says, the 'psychic' man—to go back to St. Paul—who is not learning to live by the spirit which brings him into communion with God. Yet the wheat and tares must grow together until the harvest; and God knows when or how the harvest will be reaped. 'Shall the Son of Man, when he cometh, find faith upon the earth?' Is there much faith now, much good grain of wheat? Or is there little except that faith in other people's faith? And is our wheat no better than tares, its grain rotten and unreal?

How can we tell? Fortunately there are saints and seers, and prophets of the real. These bear witness; and their witness is true. Fortunately too, there are men in the crowd who are awaking to their freedom; and these will verify the witness of those who have seen. So authority is being built up; so the world and the Church are passing from mere multiplicity to living unity. But it is a long process. The great thing is that we should remember how it begins and goes on; that we should not be

ourselves victims to the crowd, puppets of another man's fancied knowledge, content with a faith that is not ours and may be nobody's at all.

To catch but a passing glimpse of the goal of social life is enough to show how far we are from attaining it, in world-or Church. The goal is ideal; it has its place, perhaps, only in that 'over-world' which is nothing except by communion, reality and freedom. Here in this present world our poverty is disguised; the flesh anchors us near to each other when we are as far away as the East is from the West, farther than one grain of sand in Sahara is from another on the Pacific shore, for they, at least, are bound in the unity of the material world. We seem to share in the common life, when in truth we are isolated as a man only can be isolated, because man only is made for communion in liberty. We seem to be together in our crowds; but we do little more than seem. Inasmuch as there is no freedom, no self-determination and self-creation in the light that shines from the world of freedom, we are drifting atoms, a prey to any force, to tyranny without us or within. And death, it may be presumed, which strips the robe and weight of flesh from off our nakedness, will show us as we are.

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August 12th.—'La gravité du problème ne m'échappe nullement, et ce n'est pas sans réflexion que je le pose. Je n'ai pas besoin, Monseigneur, de vous dire pourquoi je ne puis me résoudre à le formuler en latin et à l'adresser, dûment cacheté, aux

douze théologiens les plus éminents de notre Église. Les théologiens éminents qui parlent latin ne sont pas toujours disposés à répondre aux questions difficiles. Et vraiment ce n'est pas en notre pays de France, après Renan, que l'on peut étonner un lecteur, j'entends un lecteur non ecclésiastique, en soulevant les questions les plus épineuses. N'ont-ils pas tranché pour leur propre compte, et trop vite, hélas ! le problème du Christ et le problème de Dieu, tous ces laïques instruits, qui, baptisés et élevés dans l'Église catholique, s'en éloignent quand ils ont atteint l'âge d'homme, parceque notre enseignement religieux leur parait conçu en dépit de la science et en dépit de l'histoire ? . . . La connaissance actuelle de l'univers ne suggère-t-elle pas une critique de l'idée de création ? La connaissance de l'histoire ne suggère-t-elle pas une critique de l'idée de révélation ? La connaissance de l'homme moral ne suggère-t-elle pas une critique de l'idée de rédemption ? Le travail théologique des premiers siècles chrétiens fut, à sa manière, une critique, autant qu'il y avait critique alors, mais ce fut une véritable critique, exercée sur la tradition religieux et sur la science du temps. Maintenant qu'une critique de ce genre, plus réflective et plus méthodique, devient nécessaire, à moins de supposer que l'Église catholique ait perdu les dons de foi et intelligence qui lui ont permis de construire la religion des siècles passés, l'on est autorisé à croire qu'elle réussira, par les mêmes moyens, à édifier la religion de l'avenir, en sauvegardant et en expliquant son principe fondamental, qui est la double révélation de Dieu, dans le monde

et dans l'homme, la notion religieuse du Dieu vivant et celle du Christ Dieu. Le rationalisme vulgaire, avec son Dieu purement transcendant et son Christ purement homme, est une assez chétive hérésie. Mais cette hérésie même et tout le mouvement de la science contemporaine réclament de la théologie catholique un effort et un travail qui ont été jusqu'à présent trop lents à s'effectuer ? '

' *Trop lents.*' We are tardy, timid, without the lively faith of our fathers ; willing, perhaps, to hide ' in Latin ' the truth that makes for freedom and new light. The duty we owe to the Church is paid slowly and, as it were, with grudging ; not with the buoyant energy of men who know that the divine Spirit awaits their help to make vocal the word of God.

Monsieur Loisy knows better than to write in Latin. He sees Christ's poor, the men for whom Christ died, ' *tous ces laïques instruits* ' who are very poor ; he sees them leaving the Church as soon as they are grown men. He knows that not only in Renan, but on railway bookstalls and in the newspapers, there is that which renders null and futile the ancient criticism made by the Church when she was prepossessed by a dead science and an outworn metaphysic. He knows that if the Church will not revise her criticism and become prepossessed anew by the science and philosophy of this her day, she will sit, like Rachel, weeping for her children. He knows that she has not lost the endowment of faith and intelligence which enabled her to build up the splendid edifice of the past ; and that, if she will, she can

build one yet more splendid, adorned with gifts of God bestowed on men whom he has uplifted in the knowledge of his truth. M. Loisy knows all this; and so he calls upon the Church to turn from obsolete criticism and begin one that shall bear witness to her faith and her strength, and shall show her devotion to truth, to the glory of God, to the salvation of her sons.

It is no time for writing in Latin, for thinking in Latin; it is a time for plain-speaking and a great personal courage. It is a time for such boldness as St. Paul showed when he withstood Peter to the face and brought in the Gentiles, preaching down circumcision and the Law. The Church awaits an apostle; but there should be apostles everywhere. Are we not all one body of many members, and is not each member servant of the rest, minister to all? How shall the Church do her work unless we do ours, each one of us?

Ecclesiastics are not the Church, nor theologians either: they are only its instruments. The Spirit of God informs the whole Body, and the whole Body informs its ministers. All great advance, all true reform, comes from below; at first from the prophets in whom the common life of the Church finds an outlet here or there, at last from a consent given to them everywhere. So it was in the past, so it will be, so it is.

We of the laity, we are told, have driven eternal torment out of our pulpits; we refuse to listen to a literal interpretation of Genesis, and to any mechanical theory of inspiration. And long ago we drove

our bishops to a formulation, in the Nicene Creed, of our criticism and our faith. Criticism and faith—theology and religion—history and experience; there is always this dualism, this cleavage, this juxtaposition of two orders which are hard to combine.

The Creed expresses our *consensus*; but it is a consensus of two orders, in content and in value. Faith, religion, experience on the one hand—and here we are indeed good witnesses; criticism, theology, history, on the other hand—what shall we say of our competence and our trustworthiness there? Shall we fix a point in time, a date, a place, at which we were infallible in these matters of the intellect; in these products of men's reflexion upon religious and other data, products that must be given and acquired as mere information, and passed through the ordinary channels of the intellect? Shall we tell ourselves that in subjects which an atheist or a devil might competently deal with, we are, or rather were at some past date, ensured by a divine miracle against mistake?

The apostles made mistakes about history—witness their belief in the speedy advent of the Lord to judge the world. The Lord himself gave origin to their mistake. The Lord himself gave consent to the common mistake about the authorship of a psalm. Is sanctity likely to guarantee intellectual infallibility, or is the good will that may bring sanctity about? We must not confuse the issue of our age-long work by ignoring the two orders of that testimony which is proclaimed as given by us in general consent.

It is always time to criticize and construct history and theology anew; but never time to make the faith anew, to create a new religion, to turn our backs on the experience of the past. These are of our inalienable possession, common to us all, the unshaken basis on which we build.

Indeed there is no general consent to guarantee the matters of history and theological reflexion that have place in our Creed. All consent that is authoritative, impressive, worthy of honour, compelling judgement and fidelity, is a consent of experts. And it is just because ordinary men who are men of good will are in their degree experts in 'faith and morals,' and because the saints and the prophets are the highest experts, that the agreement of the Church as to faith and morals rules our minds and our hearts. We await an agreement of experts in history and theology. In the days to come, still far away, this may be attained. Now it is of our wisdom to acknowledge—not in Latin—that it has never been attained; and that our religion, our faith, our experience as Christians can stand firm without it, until it comes.

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August 13th.—'A particular theological construction may be ruined by a negation which leaves God on His throne unmoved: nor did the stars fall with the Ptolemaic system.'

It is not entirely the fault of 'heretics and blasphemers,' as St. Hilary thought, that Christians have been driven 'to climb inaccessible heights'

—and never reach them ; ' to speak what cannot be uttered,'—and therefore malign truth ; ' to assume what cannot be granted,'—and build upon it towers of theological Babel. It is a good deal our own fault ; because the mind of man is extravagant and will have clarity at any price ; and because there is, even in Christians, an intellectual ambition and an impatience that refuse to wait upon the Lord, whose chief discourse lies hidden in the depths of man. It is not love alone, nor the missionary spirit, that has forced Christians ' to stretch the littleness of ' their ' discourse to the compass of matters unspeakable ' ; nor is it the curiosity of other men, their desire for explanation where explanation is impossible and manifestation all that can be looked for, that has induced us to commit ' to all the dangers of human language ' the mysteries of the soul. St. Hilary thought it was ; but he was no psychologist, at least after our modern fashion ; and his analysis of the forces underlying history did not go deep enough to discover how like to heretics and blasphemers are the most orthodox of men.

We owe to the constitution which we share with the worst and best not only our dogma but the commentary of theologians upon it, their philosophical explanations, the schemes into which they have, in all good faith, tried to force living and expansive truth. Intellectual greed has played a part in this elaborate construction, perhaps almost as great a part as the desire for truth and edification. And fear, the inevitable companion of greed, inspires

much of that intolerant and intolerable defence of truth which is the unchristian warfare of the Church.

Is there any way of escape? Surely there is—a new way. Not by compromise, not by that false eirenicon which is reached by blunting the edges of thought and confusing its issues; not by the futile absurdity of agreeing to differ on a question of truth reaching to the heights of spirit and the recesses of the human heart; not, certainly, by an absolute domination and an unconditional surrender. By none of these ways of escape can we do anything to avoid the consequences of error. There is only one thing to be done; and that has become obvious now, in these last days, and only in these last days.

The history of intellect and intuition, of theology, 'theologism,' and religion: the philosophy which has shown us the source of our excessive intellectual demands and over confidence in logic—these will point out to us Christians the way to a just balance of claims, a due recognition of those we have too often undervalued or ignored. Science has abandoned her arrogance and dogmatism, and has confessed to the hypothetical character of her laws and generalizations. Religion, true religion, the experience of a spirit in communion with God, justifies and even calls for the subordination of theological doctrine to life, of intellect to the fullness of life. Shall we cling, then, to an absolutism of explanatory statement against which both religion and science protest; to a rule of the less within the greater, of that which should serve religious truth and cannot if it masters truth?

Probably we shall not. But emancipation will be painful, and in some places, perhaps, destructive by violence. For violence is produced where there is resistance to the surgeon's knife, however gentle and merciful the surgeon himself may be.

There may be trouble in Zion, but it can hardly be worse than the trouble that has been and is, and it will not be of a new kind. It remains true that stars do not fall with systems about stars, nor God and man lose much when theologizers are forgotten.

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August 15th.—The Death of our Lady. In the Orthodox Church they commemorate her 'Falling Asleep'; in the West they declare and pronounce her miraculous 'Assumption' into heaven, as a matter of faith and fact. It is bold, this latter course, even presumptuous, and has shown itself not devoid of peril; but it is not as irreparably mischievous as it looks. For it has not won a consent that is even in appearance general; and it cannot for ever bear successfully the burden of antique physiology and metaphysics, nor stand out in profitable contrast with the death of all other men and women and their rising into life.

There was a time when this feast fretted me a good deal; now it takes its place with the rest, and is indeed well able to point the moral of the rest.

Every framework that you make to contain your religious faith, says the Modernist, will have to change, sooner or later, in one of two ways. Every theological dogma to which Christian men have

as a body consented is true; but in every dogma there are two parts, and only one of these is imperishable—that is to say, is for ever true by its spirit and life. The other part is of that changing element in life which embraces philosophy, common belief about facts, history, and science. It is impossible to exclude change from this element; because men cannot stand still. Here there is for them continual progress, just as in their mechanical use of the world; and the results of that progress are spread abroad like seeds to germinate and fructify in generations that follow after. The social storehouse of our mere intellectual gains grows in capacity and content, is subject to an evolutionary process, and becomes continually greater and better filled. But in religion, as in art, there is no such advance. It is a manner of life, like art. It is in fact art carried into the deepest relations and bringing out the crucial significance of life. Unlike science, it does not depend for its very existence on a careful use of the laws and conditions of intellectual advance and social accumulation, though it profits by that use. It is essentially a matter of inspiration, and of depth and amplitude of the whole life, not of mere intellectual power and skill; although it is at home with the highest power and skill, needs their help and serves their increase. It cannot be inherited or bequeathed; it is not stored up like knowledge and the fruits of skill. We can neither obtain nor hold it at our caprice, or by taking lessons in a school. It expresses itself, although imperfectly, in our words and deeds; we try to state what we know of it by doctrine

and dogma: we must give it a social currency. But the intellectual structure of our teaching, and our deeds and words, must be true to ourselves and our knowledge, or they can have only a nominal bond with our religion. They must partake of the spirit of truth if they are to serve its cause as one with it in life.

So we come to our perennial difficulty; for words and deeds, and the clothing of dogma and doctrine, if linked on one side with imperishable spirit and with truth of life, are linked on the other with the world of thought and developing hypothesis, a great and growing system of guesses at the truth which comes 'by observation.' Religious certainty, then, the truth that is lived, has to be tied by means of fluctuating language, and according to conditions of knowledge that have been laid down in a passing state of our fallible mind, to truth which is for ever being only guessed at.

Words and the shell of teaching are therefore bottles which the ever-new wine of religion bursts—a worn garment always being rent to pieces by cloth that cannot grow old. This is inevitable; the wonder is that we have not always seen it. A theology doomed 'to translate the unchanging imaginative presentment of prophetic utterance with the shifting terms of current conceptual language' must always find itself outpaced and outgrown by a progress it cannot arrest, and is reluctant to follow.

There are two ways of salvation for the letter of accepted and central dogma, one good for religion and the other bad. There is the way of continual

change by a root and branch mode of adaptation which accords far too much value to the present stage of our guesswork, and far too little to the past; a mode in which the continuity of reflective thought is overlooked, and the newest thing in guesses is apt to be regarded as the last. This is the bad way. New editions of our official Creed would mean that guesswork, the letter and the clothing of dogma, are more important than its truth and spirit. They are, in fact, not important enough for religion to be worth changing in their own way, that of evolution. We must change them in that of religion, in the way that is spirit and life. We must discover for ourselves the truth of their office and function, and see how we can best maintain it. For there is no doubt—we have evidence before our eyes—that we may shift the balance of interest to the wrong side, lose the spirit in the change of the letter, let religion go while we are busy in making dogmas easy to believe.

After all, the outward shell of dogma is only a vehicle by which we try to convey and make common some prophetic utterance of the mysterious truth of spirit, so far as that can be conveyed and made common. It is only a vehicle, and it is always symbolic; therefore, there are the two ways of making it conform to truth. It is a changing symbol, because language changes in meaning and application; and it is hindered in its natural change, not only because emotion and faith gather to its defence, but because it is not always clothed in the simple flowing language of ever-renewed human life. It takes to itself the relatively fixed terminology of scientific

or philosophic thought. Nothing can make the dogmatic vehicle other than symbolic; and nothing can make any complicated symbol that we can devise permanently adapted to a changing state of things; unless—the one resource—unless we frankly recognize, confess, teach, proclaim, that it *is* analogical and symbolic, however simple and fluent, however elaborate and fixed in its character.

If we do this we are set free. The analogical symbol that comes to us from the past brings with it the life of the past. It seemed to our brothers a plain statement of historical and intellectual fact; but the newest of our statements will some day be corrected and revised like theirs. That which has come down to us is false to us now, only if we take it as pretending to be matter of fact. It is true as the historic vehicle of truth, which we distinguish from the truth itself; as the earthen vessel of our inheritance, which we never confound with the common treasure it holds and guards. It is true with a truth we cannot afford to lose—that of a common religious life in a universal spirit of life, lived by those brothers of ours as by ourselves. We have learnt something, not very important, which they had not time to learn; we can explain some of their mistakes. And we may be kept from falling into worse mistakes if we acknowledge our lesson day by day. There is a lesson every man needs to learn, which is conveyed to Christians (or should be), when they say their Creed. It is one that teaches the fallibility of all intellectual guesswork, and the inextinguishable vitality of religious faith. So we bring out, if

we will, a deeper truth of fact as well as of faith ; we are guarded from intellectual idolatry and called to worship the living God. We do not know the facts of science as we know God in our lives. Language and logic are incapable of expressing either him or us, incapable of conveying one emotion, one desire, that is alive in us, one grace given to us and received. Let us use language and our knowledge as they are, not try to use them as perhaps we wish they were. Let us take our central dogmas as they are, symbolic in expression, embodying truth only that they may serve, practically and generally, the truth that is lived in men. This is our best way of bringing them into harmony with the truth of intellect at which we continually guess. And it is the only way that is both convenient and safe, that does not involve a break with the past, a peril for the present, a worse peril for the future.

So I find myself able to enter into the spirit of this feast of the 15th of August, although the ordinary interpretation of its letter has not yet changed as I could wish, with the change that has come over its language and thought, and with the new presuppositions which now govern us elsewhere.

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August 17th.—I have been thinking over the matter of symbolism in theology. I see plainly that it will not do to allow theologians a liberty we refuse elsewhere. It is true that all language is symbolic ; nevertheless we have to use it for presentation of fact, and treat it as adequate to fact. Theology is

a science, and must change like a science. We must not carry our avowed, triumphant use of symbolism beyond the Creed—the rallying point of Christian faith; and those simpler customs, uses, rites, commemorations, which carry the mark of symbolism for any man to see. With commentary it must be different. No real divorce between the intellect in the religion and the intellect elsewhere, in science, philosophy, and so on, would be anything but a danger that must grow with the sure widening of the chasm thus opened out. If we guard, as it seems we may and ought, the integrity and corporate value of our official and central *symbolum*, by frankly accepting it as our heritage and the age-long witness to community in spirit and life, in morals and in faith; if we confess a socially sacramental character in the traces it gives us of a bygone science or philosophy; we shall do ill to carry that practice and that confession beyond the limits of the Creed. Theology in general, theological commentary on prophetic utterance and religious experience, theological explanation and discussion, must be flexible to the needs of men, march with their intellectual advance, use all the knowledge of the present day as once it used the knowledge of days that are gone.

The Creed is for the most part simple in its language. It submits to the general change in thought, and in presuppositions arising out of the current view of the world, the *Weltanschauung* of the time. Change in the meaning of its language follows almost imperceptibly, occurs for the most part without notice; although sometimes, as when a heliocentric super-

seded the geocentric system that matched so much better with Scripture and was hallowed by the belief of ages, there is shock, distress, and even peril to the truth. Only when this shock is felt does the Church resist change; when it comes gradually it comes by the will of the Church, the unexpressed consenting will that is its own irresistible though hidden force. No definition has been able to keep such words as 'God,' 'Creator,' 'body,' unchanged. The power that makes words alters them; and that power is at work in the Church as well as in the world. It is in the end as irresistible when it is felt as shock; when it is opposed, wrestled with, anathematized; as when it is unnoticed. We, for whom the ancient cosmogony and cosmology are dead things, have almost forgotten what our fathers meant by 'ascended into heaven,' and 'descended into hell,' as statements of quasi-scientific fact. We know what they meant of spiritual truth, of the fact of faith and reality; and we ignore their science. The words they used have become fitting symbols of truth seen by us as by them with the eye of faith, known in the knowledge of the heart, known too in that higher knowledge which comes by the apprehension of the spirit and the worship of the mind. We take them as inspired poetry, not as scientific prose.

There will come a time when the same process will have removed all difficulty from other words and phrases, other quasi-scientific statements of fact, that have more recently become difficult, and are only beginning to cause that shock which the Church

resents. Then our *Symbolum* may stand confessed for what it is ; and it will remain as it is, the witness to a Christian brotherhood of faith which no lapse of time annuls, and no increase in knowledge can disguise.

But when a preacher comments in the manner of reasoning upon these statements of the faith, or a theological doctor elaborates them, we must ask him to teach us in the language of prose and according to the presuppositions, as to facts and systems of thought, belonging to our own day. No emotional reverence, no halo of religious sentiment, must be allowed to consecrate for the use of theologians and teachers a special unchanging body of scientific doctrine, a special psychology, metaphysics, physics, or physiology ; any more than they can be allowed such a special anatomy as once included the belief that a man has twenty-three ribs and a woman twenty-four, or the astronomy the Church would fain have kept when the whole world had abandoned it.

Rites and sacraments, like certain elements in the Creed, change insensibly in their connotation of philosophy, history, fact ; they are flexible, grow with the growth of man, match by their profundity and simplicity the wide range and unfathomable depth of the life of man. They are symbols by right of universal consent, and almost universal application and use. Only from the commentary of theologians and theologizers does any serious trouble spring up within the Church in connexion with them. And such commentary must change with our own growth,

here as elsewhere. Philosophy is taking new forms; there is now no place for theologians who cling to one that is worn out, and continue to speak of sacraments, for example, in terms that recall to their hearers only philosophical mistakes long ago set right by philosophers.

We are having a severe lesson in this matter of an intellectual divorce between theologians and ourselves. For the nations are falling away from Christ because we have submitted to it, even furthered it by our tenderness for sacred associations. It has been quick, this falling away, very quick of late; and has passed beyond *ces laïques instruits*, who are most plain to see because most easy to hear. And we know why. Only to-day, reading again Mr. Frazer's *Golden Bough*, I came upon the remark that two or three generations of literature may do more to change thought than two or three thousand years of traditional life. This is historical experience: and as I turn my eyes from place to place in the civilized world, I see that to the present generations literature lies open—as it never lay open before—plain-speaking literature, cheap and rapid diffusion of it, cheap and rapid admixture of lettered peoples with unlettered peoples. Traditional life and thought are dying out in civilized nations. Therefore traditional religion is imperilled by a theology that learns far too slowly, or refuses to learn at all.

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August 18th.—"*Unus* (Athanasius) *contra mundum*," is necessarily the fate of the pioneers of truth. The

formula of Athanasius was a novelty that eventually prevailed in the world of orthodoxy. But when one is alone against the world in adhering to an out-going formula, in opposing what has at last *won* the seal of general consent, then surely to be alone is to be wrong. The *first* adherent of an eventually prevalent school is right; the *last*, who stands out against a newer school, is wrong. The reaction and intransigence of the [Ultramontane] school is surely of the latter sort. They will resist the universal march of the world's intelligence, and the world will ignore them and pass on. That is a curious conception of the function of a Church which professes to be the light of the world and the salt of the earth.'

This from a letter I received a little while ago, in the thick of a small controversy. It was a pointed indictment of rationalism in religion, such rationalism as the scholastics show, and every man shows who puts faith in the permanence of a system. We grow so certain of the truth we are used to, so confident in a scheme that has built itself into the fibres of habit, that we believe its foundations laid in the divine adamant, unchangeable as the truth in God. We are shaken throughout our being when a rude hand seizes us and our truth, to put both to some new test. Athanasius disturbs our peace, questions our strength, makes us weak by the very outrage of his questioning. Later, Athanasius prevails; we grow strong in a new strength, find peace once more, think happily again of the divine adamant, until Athanasius is re-born under another name, comes in some strange, repulsive avatar different in every

external character from his last. And the whole process begins anew. It is the story of man's pilgrimage in search of rational truth.

Be it noted that there is never any such conflict over what the Church calls 'faith and morals,' the truth of spiritual life and moral conduct. There, despite Nietzsche and his like, we are still in the heart of things, where our fathers were before Athanasius braved the world of theologizers. In these great matters we have still the same norm, the norm that is Christ, a living Christ who leads us, each and all, into the living truth we can receive. In this matter there are no successive schools among Christians.

But always in the life that is social and corporate we have to face conflict. The man who has climbed upward ahead of his fellows, reached some ledge of rock above the common way, and tells them what he sees, must contend with them. They are well satisfied with the plateau on which they are gathered; they see enough, they are even afraid to see more lest they should be compelled to leave the pleasant land they have tilled to such advantage, and climb as he has climbed. They would lose so much, how shall they believe in gain? There is, they tell themselves, no common endless way of search, no ceaseless toil after yet another glimpse through some opening in a barrier that is never passed. The thought is impious, a reproach against God, who has given his children a home in which to dwell for ever. This pilgrimage, this weary climb, is of the spirit of Babel, the Babel of a futile and godless ambition by which men are confused and angels fall.

'We,' said a great preacher, to whom I was listening with difficulty, 'we are not clever enough for these things.' We, in fact, will adhere to the 'out-going formula,' resist 'the universal march of the world's intelligence,' and let the world pass on, if it will, deprived of our light, corrupting for lack of our salt, because 'we are not clever enough.' It is not true. We are not humble enough, we are not brave enough, we have not faith enough—that is all.

The writer of my letter about Athanasius is of another kind. He is of the many-headed avatar of our time, a man whom green plateaux of prosperity cannot, even in these great matters, keep back from the effort to reach a new outlook, to climb in search of it from one ledge to another in the ascent of thought. For why should a man despair when already men have climbed so high? Every outlook is wider than the last, every climber has his good news to give—if men would but hear it.

Yet there are problems to be dealt with in the ever-recurring conflict between freedom and authority in our organization of men. There are errant climbers, men who peer, perhaps, into crevasses, or wander down dangerous slopes. There is a foolishness of originality as well as of imitation, a caprice of licence as well as the obscurantism of settled authority. For ever the best of us must 'try the spirits' before we trust them, put inspiration to the proof lest it be mere mad vagary, some wildness of self-delusion, or the trick of a sham prophet. How shall we decide?

How do we decide on the claim of any man of

genius upon our fealty? As best we may, each one of us. And we may well be wrong. Then 'time,' as we say, brings the final verdict. Time sweeps away vanity, the false prophet, the madman with his madness. Time, the judgement of the whole, that unbiased, amply detached, inscrutable judgement of the whole, which is the judgement of the divine Spirit incarnate as men. And this time is real, not measured by the clock; sometimes quick by the clock, sometimes, it seems, dragging out interminably—the time of life and living. This we may trust, this only.

But we may learn a lesson from the tale of things gone by, from Athanasius in all his avatars, from the long succession of follies and false teachers, from the persistence of the State, the Nation, the Church, through change and default of change. We may learn it from the growth and permanence of science, philosophy, or law; we may learn it in a new way from the history of the development of mind, the estimate that is being formed concerning powers we have neglected and others we have too exclusively esteemed. So we may learn, perhaps, to 'try the spirits' with a more discerning spirit of our own; to do full honour to authority as the preserver of all gifts of genius; and, it may be, to compel authority to serve as it should the genius that is greatest, the genius of the sacred Whole that puts all things to their final test.

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August 20th.—God, we know, is beauty; and as

he is made man his beauty is displayed in man. Scattered beams of that beauty are the glory of every art; they are the fires that lead it through the desert and burn within the artist as genius that creates. But of all arts religion is chief, most noble in its material which is no other than the stuff of life, most noble in its outcome which is the radiant image of the divine in man.

We are creative of ourselves, we men. All life is creative; its story is of *l'évolution créatrice,* an advance that is active not passive, moved from within not impressed or driven from without. Yet it is never lonely, this work, never merely individual; the power of the Whole, the will of the Whole, the desire and intention of the Whole are present in each one, to use and to be used, to give and to be received. And for a man to shape and direct his life in conscious or unconscious relation with the Whole—that is, with God and all that is his—brings a way of escape from the narrow bounds of self into the freedom and the beauty that are of God, and can never be attained without attaining him. So religion, the manner of life which binds a man to God and lifts him beyond himself, is the supreme art of life, the sphere of that necessary genius which God gives to all men of good will, that they may create themselves in him.

Faith, hope, and charity are called the God-sent virtues. They are thus distinguished from the cardinal and ordinary virtues accessible without that supreme effort which brings God into the soul as master and lord of man. They are, in very fact, the signs of God in the soul. And they are at once

the instruments and the product of the art of religion. We use the grace given to us, we produce it in us—working out our own salvation as God works in us according to his pleasure.

A difficult art, this of religion—impossible, it seems, until we try it. We have to shape flesh and blood, mind and spirit, to the divine likeness; we must bring beauty forth from confusion, love out of law or even lawlessness—admit God everywhere. For love is the fulfilling of the law, and the discords of this world can be resolved only in the music of the heavenly spheres.

A difficult art—and every man must be artist for himself and for other men. Every man begins from the beginning with his man's work, like all artists; and has to create from within himself. There are no short cuts, no royal roads, to his good success. The easy way is the worst and leads to ill success. For let a man choose this way or that with his life, artist and creator in it he remains; his choice lies between a success that is good and a success that is evil and loss. There is no discharge in this war; and each of us is victor—either over himself or over God.

Can any one of us tell the secret of his religious life? Not one. Can any one of us give hints of it by sign or picture? Can we translate it into words without travesty? The prophets have tried—that is their business. The saints, sometimes—but their best translation is the halo of glory about their heads. The only translation which can be handed on and made common to all is prophetic utterance, which is art upon art, poetry presenting religion. It is often

marvellous; its beauty sometimes seems to come but little short of its transcendent original—the man of God. And it is all the religious matter that theology has to deal with; because the living man of God, the saint with his visible halo, cannot be fully presented after the fashion of the intellect and its science, and in our poor words.

Need we be surprised that theology, valuable as it is in its place, should fail in this? It is science, analysing, reflecting, comparing, building up, making poetry into prose, losing poetry's ineffable truth in retaining the usefulness of prose. How shall it not fail? Yet it is necessary. We must analyse, we must reflect. We live a life in common with other men; we must compare this thing with that in our experience, and try to pass it on. We cannot carry out our own work, our religious art of life, unless we have agreement with our brethren, a scheme of acts, words, and doctrines; a common creed; rites and sacraments that we share. And we must have theology, and bear with its imperfect fitness to the needs of the spirit, thankful when it is duly harmonized with the demands of the mind.

The saints, after all, not theologians nor theology, are the supreme witnesses to the value of religion. They are the splendour of the creative art of man and God. They embody divine beauty and love; they are radiant of the spirit which embraces all things. *Verbum caro factum est et habitavit in nobis.* We should know nothing of God if we only heard of him from theologians. We know him because we have seen him, and our hands have handled him;

because he dwells in us and is made glorious in his saints.

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August 21st.—By the *Sortes Virgilianae,* applied to Eucken's *Problem of Human Life,* I have just now come upon the following passage :—'Such an inner contradiction, together with the constantly renewed effort to overcome it, stamps the modern period with a character of incessant movement and stormy unrest. It is a period which not only contains individual problems without number ; its whole being is a problem ; it is continually absorbed in the struggle to understand its own nature, its own meaning. As a consequence, the life of the modern individual is incomparably more unfinished, unstable, and prone to disturbance than was the case in earlier epochs. Amid such agitations it is easy to understand the longing that arises for the greater rest and fixity of earlier times. It is the unrest of the New which, to the partisans of the Old, is its bitterest reproach, and the reason why they so emphatically reject it.

'But however comprehensible such a train of thought may be, it is none the less perverse. The upheavals of the age have brought into view a whole new realm of fact, and the entire character of life has fundamentally changed. Our early crudities have been clearly exposed, and we can never return to them. We all, without distinction of party, accept and profit by the great results of the new way of thinking ; and this we cannot do without honouring the will and the effort which inspire it. The great

perplexities in which we find ourselves are not due to the arbitrariness and self-assertiveness of man. They are rather imposed upon him by the historical evolution of the spiritual life. And if there has been a loss in certainty, peace and comfort, there has been a corresponding gain in freedom, breadth, and largeness. In the courageous facing of problems there is more truth than in that older attitude which bore the semblance of attainment without the reality, that temper which uncritically placed man in a class apart, that mood which attained repose not by vanquishing but by ignoring the contradictions of existence.

'So, in spite of its uncertainty and contradictions, in spite even of its mistakes, we will rejoice in the new age as embodying a higher form of life, and in this spirit trace its strivings upward step by step, not in slavish obeisance to everything "modern," but in eager search for the vein of truth which runs through all human error.'

'*The vein of truth which runs through all human error.*' To be able to see in that rough ore the golden streak for the sake of which all else must be set aside, and all borne with until it can be set aside, is one of our great gains. It is no tolerance of error, no depreciation of the sovran value of truth, that we would use for the sake of peace or an easy-going fellowship. The new spirit is really new, because it is due to the opening up of what Eucken calls 'a new realm of fact,' and to a consequent change reaching to the social and the individual foundations on which life takes its stand. We can never again see things as our

fathers saw them; because we have things to see that they had not, and every new thing, as we know now, changes all the rest. The whole fabric of our common life is shot through and through with new knowledge, new prepossessions, new hopes and fears and dreams.

The Spirit of God moves upon the waters of his own great ocean of life, and we are stirred. More life comes to us as our eyes open upon the confusion and disorder of our opportunities and powers. More comes to us as we see the illimitable width and depth of meaning in our kinship. We look at the trees and flowers, the beasts, even the insects, with a new mind and judgement; perhaps, too, with a new humility. We learn that we have to learn from all. We discover that the *poussée de la vie*—that vast and unfathomable power, that infinite potency of various being and operation, which has spread abroad in all creation and brought forth its multitudinous forms—is not adequately or symmetrically summed up in man, nor are its many forms without their own significance for him. We see a wider meaning in the marvel of community; we detect in ourselves powers dwarfed, neglected, overshadowed, which in other creatures are used for ends and in a manner that appear to us both inexplicably successful in them, and unattainable by us. We watch an insect discovering, with a directness of intuition altogether out of our reach, the mechanism of life in some other creature; and we recognize that in the long history of our race we have neglected gifts of the same kind, that we possess; and are there-

fore not dealing as well as we might with the knowledge and opportunity within our reach. Other creatures sharing a common life with us surpass us in this manner or in that, other and inferior creatures, whom in different ways we have left far behind. Life has not yet given us all that it can give, even on earth; and some of that which it has given has been almost wasted, because it was useless in the path that we had chosen, not required in the main field of our activity.

Our own nature may well puzzle us, our being may well be a problem in our eyes. If we had strengthened in ourselves the intuition which we see at work in sphex and gad-fly, if we had not elected to use for speculation into the mysteries of life only the ill-adapted tools of a geometrical mind, we should know more about ourselves and the world. Now, as it is, we are confused by the expansion of our world, perplexed and overwhelmed by our very riches. We are crushed, too, not seldom, by the burden of our imperial destiny, and appalled to see that our weakness and perversion apparently forbid us to attain it. A new humility is being enforced upon our pride. 'Who is sufficient,' we say, 'who is sufficient for these things?'

'Who shall deliver us?' There is a way of order, a way through our new confusion to a peace very different from that which lulled us in the quieter days gone by; but it is not an easy way. There have been other upheavals in the history of man, crises and cataclysms. Indeed there has never been a time when some men did not feel the slow

oncoming of new trouble, of new disturbance by the power of God at work in man. And always the way towards order has been by the exercise of power given to man and become his own to use, in a nearer approach to the divine liberty that he seeks. From the beginning until now the liberation of man and his power, the increase of life and the sphere of life, have marked his progress—marked it suddenly and with shock, at times, in the apparent suddenness of revolutionary change.

The rise of any individual man in the scale of his own being is a rise from the red clay of animal life, through the sensuous or psychic life, up to the spiritual man in whom all his nature is to be fulfilled. And in the passage from one stage to another there is always a look of crisis, always a surging of conflict, of disorder, and yet of newness of life. Our race rises tumultuously, unevenly, with many a fall, in the same scale and under the same penalties and trials as each man. Collective man is compounded of individual men. We need not wonder at our loss of an easy peace, or at the clamour and amazement with which the world of men greets the stir of the Spirit ever seeking to become our spirit and our life. We know of these matters in ourselves; we who know ourselves to be led by that Spirit of an ampler life.

In all our trouble we may now at least rejoice in the ability to see the streak of gold in our ore, that 'vein of truth' in human error, which shows the striving Spirit at work—the Christ who is the way and life of man, as well as his truth. This it is, this

vein of precious metal, which unites the whole race of men in one, and binds them by links that shall never be broken. From the beginning, when Anthropos first looked upward, our human nature was bringing forth the treasure that God was giving. Now we know, in a mirror darkly, something more of what it is and means. And our knowledge brings with it —if we will—a new knowledge of our Deliverer. We may know better whom it is we have believed; we may know more surely—again if we will—that he who has begun his work in us will carry it to its end, that end which for ever leads to new glories and a new peace. If we will not to know, then is our lot in life worse than it ever was before, and we may well become *laudatores temporis acti,* lament the Old and fear the New.

O ye of little faith, the Spirit says to us in a thousand voices, *wherefore do ye doubt?*

* * * *

August 24th.—A great Feast of Persecution. For me the point of discussion about the flaying—if it was flaying—of St. Bartholomew, and the slaughter in old Paris, lies in my finding both incredible (although to be believed), until I seek for parallels in this time, and among men with whom I have some sympathetic understanding. Then I discover that we still persecute, and that those incredible horrors are to be matched any day by things we do or have lately done. It becomes plain, too, that if we had been face to face with the first preachers of the Christian Gospel, or with those Huguenot per-

verters of State and Church, either might very likely have seemed to us, as to their contemporaries, dangerous persons to be righteously removed. (It was probably only an accident of the temper and taste of that time which determined the precise manner of their removal.) We should have been afraid; and when men are afraid they grow violent, stupid, unjust, and—to sum up all—uncharitable.

It does not matter whether their fear is of bodily, of social, or of religious and spiritual harm, the outcome is the same—an effort of defence, which may be persecution, war, judicial punishment, and many an unnamed violent act in private life. There is always question of the worse thing. The violent defence of men of general good will is a choice, for the most part, of the lesser evil—one often enough made to seem less than it is, by something of a narrow self-seeking and the short sight born of fear. It were better, possibly, to burn Servetus or the Elizabethan Jesuits and the Maryan Protestants, than allow them to poison souls and spread treason in the State. It is better, we are sure, for Frenchmen to kill Germans in a thousand hideous ways, rather than that they should submit to buy their freedom with territory and cash. That in the end they had to do both in no way impugns the principle of a righteous defence: their want of success was an accident of circumstance. About the broad principle there are no two ordinary minds; but there are highly important exceptions who make light of it, broad and prevailing though it be; and the

question sometimes raises itself:—Are not these extraordinary minds after the mind of Christ? It is a serious and a pregnant question.

In the matter of religious persecution we have long since decided on our answer. We are comfortably sure that it is unchristian to persecute a man for his religious opinions; and we have a feeling of superiority which allows us to condemn wholesale and without understanding. For the fact remains that we ourselves are not afraid of other people's religious opinions, or of any action to which they may lead, except perhaps a Jehad of Islam or a Boxer outbreak in China. Both of these we should feel justified in putting down ruthlessly, as a danger to our national and individual well-being. In ordinary cases we can look with equanimity upon all religious fanatics; either because we are not afraid for our own souls and our own religion (or other people's); or because we do not care anything about religion, and regard a difference concerning it as we regard a taste in poetry or pictures which we do not share. There are, however, still some men of whom we are really afraid—for example, foreign invaders, and certain criminals. To use violence towards these is a simple duty which admits of no question except among faddists. The Arsenal at Woolwich, our magnificent Fleet, and our well-ordered Prisons and Scaffolds bear witness to the devoted manner in which we perform the duty of protection for ourselves and those of whom we are in charge. Whenever we are afraid we behave admirably, and are quite without misplaced sentimentality con-

cerning the lives, the freedom, or the desires of those people who are inimical to our interests. We are sorry for them, and dislike making them suffer (the Spanish Inquisitors were of precisely similar mind towards the heretics of every Auto de Fé); but the interests of our own safety, and of that of our nation and society, are rightly paramount.

If any of us really believed what the Inquisitors believed, and feared, as they feared, the power of anomalous and subversive opinion in relation to the highest interest of the soul and the everlasting destiny of all human beings, we should stamp out heretics as we stamp out mad dogs. We should do it remorselessly and ruefully, as the judge assumes the black cap, as the tender-hearted commander-in-chief orders to-morrow's onslaught upon a technical enemy whom he has either never seen, or has known and, may be, loved. If we were at war next year with the Frenchmen with whom we now enjoy the *entente cordiale*, we should have no pity for them and no anger against them. We should fear them, as the Inquisitors feared heretics; and in the name of God and our country we should go forth to slay and spare not those whom now we embrace.

We are quite right about religious persecution, although many of us have reached a right judgement by a wrong way. Persecution is not after the mind of Christ. Are we equally right when we hold that a violent defence is justified in other relations, as, for instance, in connexion with war and crime? Do we act well and wisely in still being afraid of murderers, anarchists, invaders? A difficult problem,

indeed, and not to be solved by a simple reference to the great Exemplar. He was never afraid of any man; he was only afraid for them because he loved them. He was afraid for those Pharisees—'actors'—whom he denounced, and for the miserable rich whom he reproached. He was not in the least afraid of his judges or his tormentors. 'Forgive them,' he said; 'they do not know.' He had not even a passing desire to call down fire from heaven, or beg for legions of angels; although he had no other defence or defenders. His position was impregnable because he was out of reach.

We, on the other hand, are at the mercy of every foe (except those of our religion); we are vulnerable at every point of our social and national life; because it is earthly, temporal, as Christ's was not. That is to say, our life is for most of us first and foremost of this world; and we cannot worship and serve, at the same time and in the same manner, a life primarily both in and of this world, and another life—that which was first and foremost in Christ and has always been so in his friends and saints. This is quite impossible; we cannot serve two masters, and we have made our choice. Probably we could not help ourselves. In a world not composed of saints we must seek the realization of our ideal by slow degrees, in the give and take and mutual thwarting of sinners. We are like the people of Israel whom God himself led through the desert, yet by the conflict and bewilderment of a thousand sins and sufferings. All we can do is to keep our ideal visible; and to hold it in an honour that is not

empty, but furthers in its power over us the great day of the kingdom for which we daily pray.

Self-sufficiency, self-righteousness, a smug contentment with our own compelled ill-doings; these are snares of the spirit. We do not well to slay or torture the men whom we fear because we are afraid of dangers of which our Lord was not afraid. But we must keep open-eyed, and patient, though not well-satisfied, with our own ill-doing, as he was patient with the ill-doing of his persecutors. We must be patient, while we work and strive for the coming of his kingdom; and the passing of the shadow of a great ignorance which hides it from us and from the world.

It is possible that we may do well to consider, too, why we no longer persecute on behalf of our religion; because there are good reasons for being right there, as well as bad ones. There are indeed some excellent old reasons that seem new—so long is it since we forgot them.

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St. Augustine, August 28th.—'If I seek thee, O God, it is the blessed life I seek. I will seek thee, that my soul may live.'

'Thou hast created us for thyself, and our heart rests not until it rests in thee.'

A restless man, this Augustine, a man of inner conflicts; a 'wretched man,' cumbered with the 'body of this death,' and stirred by his fiery soul—a *psyche* rebellious to the rule of spirit. Yet he sought God everywhere, seeking unity and happiness. It

was God whom he sought, may be, even in the world and by the flesh, until these betrayed him.

It is the fashion to call him modern. Eucken, in the remarkable study which I have just read, admits that 'in his ardent, penetrating subjectivity, and in that marvellous nature which embraced the harshest contradictions' he was certainly modern. But he lacked disinterestedness and the 'passionless truth' of those men of our day who may be said to approach him in his devotion to truth. He was, I suppose, a too ardent pragmatist. Again, he sought something not unlike servitude—a compelling authority, whether of a system of thought, or of the organized power of the Church, which should save him from the torment of his own discord, from the claims of a nature he did not know how to subdue or harmonize. He was looking for help in this great business of his life, even when the lusts of the flesh imprisoned him. He went in search of it when his mind wandered in strange places, hungering after philosophic truth, and with a fervour and passion so biased by the urgency of his ethical needs as to preclude (we moderns would say) all likelihood of his attaining it. An overmastering desire for happiness and safety, coupled with a reasonable fear of his ill-ordered nature, drove him to demand some exterior guardian of himself who should hold him fast. And his remoteness from the religious thought of to-day is shown by nothing more clearly than by his unbalanced insistence on an exterior God, transcendent, separated by a gulf of creation and of sin from his sinful creature man. Yet I know of living

men—who does not?—near in some ways to his mind, though not to its greatness and inclusiveness. These are the men who await some command from without, some '*Tolle, lege*,' which shall enforce obedience. The writing of God must be on tables of stone, not on fleshly tables of the heart, if they are to read it. There must be miracles that are from God as a flying-machine or a turbine-engine is from man. They must have some telephonic message, as it were, assuring them that there is a God who rewards them that seek him and destroys those who turn aside after idols. They crave for a sign from heaven, if it is only to divert their attention from earth; they must have an infallible Church because they lose heart and strength in the welter of divergent opinion; they must have certainty because nothing less keeps them from chaos. They cry out for a forced deliverance, an assured salvation. Abana and Pharpar, those great rivers of Damascus, are mighty to save; but the stream of God's plenitude, flowing in all lands, is too common and inconspicuous for their overwhelming individualism and their sense of a clamorous weakness at the roots of life.

So they stamp themselves and their needs upon their religion. A 'passionate subjectivity' dominates them; and their own story gives its colour to the look of the world, and of its religious needs. They are Augustinians, these men, under any disguise; they are doubting Thomases, too, and if they have not seen they cannot believe, or find God and live. They must have short cuts and royal roads; not from idleness or lack of energy, but from despair of them-

selves, and a knowledge of their own helplessness in the grip of passion and under the paralysing hand of self-indulgence. And when they have found their salvation, found God in their own way, begun to live and perhaps to be happy in a new wholeness of life; when they are safe in the fetters they embrace, they are apt, even in our days and in their small degree, to be dangerous to the world as Augustine was. They cannot now hand us over to Calvin; probably the world is too strong for them, and religion too much alive to the weaknesses of theology for an opportunity such as made one element in Augustine's nature productive of so great harm to Christians; but in their own sphere and according to their measure they follow after him. They are ready to turn upon the world and the flesh that have betrayed them, to turn sometimes upon mankind, and to resent or to contemn the nature that is the original endowment of mankind and has been taken up into the life of incarnate God. They are prone to an excessive dualism as the sparks fly upward, to a dualism of spirit and flesh, of God and man, of every difference in the aspects of identity; and their dualism is like to be absolute, and therefore an element foreign to their Christian life.

It is a hasty and impatient business; and they are hasty and impatient men, these many-coloured, passionate, fiery apostles, who thrill in every fibre and are incoherent of body, mind, and spirit; in whose conduct of life the clash of unharmonized demands is audible, the discrepancy of one part with another plain to see.

Slowly and painfully we human creatures have learnt that the life of the flesh and its passions, or of the mind and its ambitions, is no more ultimate than the mere struggle to keep body and soul together which for our primitive fathers was almost the whole of life. These things are but our beginning of endeavour. Slowly we have learnt, and sadly, that if spirit does not rule over all, existence is either chaos, or submits to a false and abstract order which shuts out freedom and our best. Each one of us must learn for himself the art of rule, the art of the true super-man ; or he sinks lower and lower, slave to some tyranny that may have its centre either outside or within himself. And the greater is the relative strength of the flesh, of the natural or ' psychic ' man, the harder is the task of the ' pneumatic ' man, the liberating spirit that alone can set us free from the tyranny of a past, and bring about an ordered whole of emancipated life. It is not strange that Augustines and doubting Thomases ask for help that is both compelling and guaranteed by signs and wonders. It would be strange if they did not. Yet the change that has come over thought and the Christian religion since Augustine's day makes their demand less and less likely to find response. Men are abandoning arbitrariness and absolutism. They are coming to acknowledge that the word of God seeks them and is found, not in the fire nor in the whirlwind, but in the voice of the indwelling Spirit that mightily, yet sweetly, orders all things, even the conflicting claims of the nature of man.

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September 1*st*.—The claim of intellect; the claim of the mystical heart; the claim of history and institutions; these are conflicting elements in the rule of religion over life. They are conflicting, I say; yes, as body and soul and mind conflict; but they are correlative, co-ordinate, interpenetrating, and necessary to religious life—as body and soul and mind are to any life of ours. Yet each religious man will acknowledge, if he knows and can tell the honest truth, that he has a bias towards and a bias against one or other, or two out of three; as he has a bias towards or against the joys of body or the joys of mind or of soul. Strife, conquest, a far-off harmony—such is the perspective of our journey, in religious as in all other life; but we may easily be faint-hearted and succumb by the way. Then certain diseases appear in our religious economy, with their individual diagnostic marks. The poorer sort of mystic—excluding, instead of including, the width of experience—runs to subjective narrowness and an extravagance which either common-sense or science or philosophy forbids, and the Church would check. The institutionalist becomes formal or superstitious, according to the emphasis of his neglect, whether on the mystical or on the rational side. And the rationalist has a formalism of his own, and a superstition of his own—'the superstition of logical process,' the formalism of an intellect in which the mere names of spiritual things apart from their living, indwelling truth are tricked out, like ghosts, in the clothing given to them by a spatial materializing imagination.

No man among us has a perfect balance in these things; none is equally strong all round. But at the present time there is a preponderating agreement in weakness of one kind, neglect in one direction. The institutional part of religion is distrusted or given up. Men repudiate the authority of the Church, forsake the ancient practices of the Christian religion, see in its *symbola* only empty vessels from which the wine of life was long ago poured out. They live, it seems, by the intellect, by the heart, by both; they lack that synthetic grasp of intuition which assembles all, and brings sense as well as feeling, body as well as intellect, the corporate social life of brotherhood and the individual and personal life, together in one interwoven whole.

There are half a hundred causes for this. There is one which interests me at this moment, because I have been studying *Christianity at the Cross-Roads*. It is the fact, plain enough to see, that ignorance of the 'Modernist' interpretation and its defence of traditional and institutional religion nowadays leaves men a ready prey to the forty-nine other causes of their present dislike and neglect of it. The orthodox schemes have no hold upon them; certainly no hold upon '*ces laïques instruits*' who are brought up in one scheme or other, and forsake it as soon as they come to rational estate, and are imbued with the spirit, and disciplined by the knowledge of their time. What these orthodox schemes are very few of us clearly see. In that book which has stirred me to consider them they are set out as never before, at least to my knowledge.

We have, first, the 'old orthodoxy.' This, I note for myself, still prevails in certain large sections of the English Church, and is less visibly out of place there than it is in the Roman. According to this scheme, the Church keeps intact the 'deposit,' the 'form of sound words,' the 'faith once delivered' not only 'to the saints,' but to the theologians and the doctors, represented in the apostles. An infallible *memory* is the endowment that enables the Church to express the mind of Christ and guard her doctrinal treasure. There is no question of extending its knowledge by deduction from theological data; or of the development of a vital germ possessing spiritual force which is incorporated and made effective in the life of the Church. The Golden Age of religious truth lies behind her in the past; for her children have but smirched and tarnished the treasure that she acquired then, and her task, now and always—though for the moment it is hindered by her 'unhappy divisions'—is to cleanse, not to increase. The only development admitted or allowed for is, as Tyrrell says, that which brings out 'the difference between a cloak that is folded up and the same spread out.' It is possible to learn to understand better, and to see more clearly, that which was from the beginning, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus creditum est*—the truth which has been believed either explicitly or implicitly from the time of the apostles until now. But such a manifestation of what is implicit is not what we ordinarily mean by development, either of the logical or the biological kind. It is a matter of unpacking

a box, unfolding the cloak, deciphering anew a manuscript written in a tongue once not well known, or once not fully understood.

True, there was a tale of the *Disciplina Arcani* to reckon with, the tradition of a hidden store of truth entrusted by Christ to his apostles during forty days of secret teaching. There had been handed down another box to be unpacked, a supplementary cloak, more leaves of the manuscript to be used as occasion called. To the general memory and general witness there was to be added from time to time revelation from a special hidden memory, a witness kept in reserve by bishops or by popes.

If a man can believe in this he can still believe in the old orthodoxy. But he may—many do—keep to the old orthodoxy while rejecting the *Disciplina Arcani,* now given up by theologians. It is the wiser course, if either course be wise.

The new orthodoxy is a vigorous attempt to meet practical and rational needs. It has lately been invented because no man can find room in the theological box that contains the primitive 'deposit' for all the things displayed now in the orthodox theological system, especially at Rome. But it is a revolutionary affair. It changes into a debating society the Oecumenical Council of men whose memory and practice bore witness to the common faith, as it was and always had been. On the new theory, the bishops meet (or rather have met) not to report what Christians believe, but to decide what they ought to believe. The Council has become an assembly of logicians, seeking out the true logical

consequences that may be reached by starting from theological premisses which bear on the problem in hand. There is no longer the old stability, the old assurance that only such things as were originally packed into the box can at any time be presented with authority. We are committed now, at least in Rome, to a process which has no visible end, and yet has the strait bounds and the restricted range of the laws of human reasoning. Already we have reached an Immaculate Conception of Mary, and an infallible Man, who practically nullifies, in regard to doctrinal decisions, the councils, bishops, and general voice of the Church. We have, too, in Rome, a philosophy guaranteed and, to all intents and purposes, 'of faith' for theologians all over the world; and a theology so consistently articulated as to crumble into nonsense if it loses one iota of its alphabet. The method of dialectical development is so successful, so destructive, so crushing, that nothing short of radical criticism of its origin, its outcome, and its operation will set men free from the tyrannous oppression it entails. There is no man more enslaved by theology than he who has accepted the Roman system of logical development. There is nothing in the world that can more effectively betray the meaning and purpose of intellect in religion, and turn the intellectual worship which we owe our God into worship of an idol. But we of the English Church are free in this matter compared with our brothers; that is, we are entangled, not oppressed; confused, not crushed out of life and sense. Yet the Church, after all, is more united than most people

believe; Rome and England have their family likeness and their traditional links; they have still an effect, attractive or repulsive, each upon the other. They are too near, too much compromised together, not to suffer together in their different manner and degree. So we do not escape the plague of logic; we too are victims, to some extent, of a theory of development which depends on logic, not on life.

There is, however, another theory of development which does depend on life, 'one of biological, rather than of dialectical development; organic, rather than architectural.' Here we have no doctrinal cloak to be unfolded, no box of dogmas that must be unpacked, but a living, creative germ. We have the 'idea' that once meant 'concepts, universals, definitions,' taking to itself the powers of a living thing. We are, as it were, driven by it, carried by its spiritual force operating within ourselves. It has the energy and 'potentiality' of living growth; therefore it surpasses all our logic, and is incapable of being expressed except in the life of an organized body. There is no longer an articulated system of dogmas, having only just such possibilities as are necessary according to the laws of thought, a system developing in one line of rational sequence which may stretch out to the crack of doom, but can never be diverted, broken, or retraced. There is no longer one sure path, one infallibly certain road, for the Church to travel. The way is not fixed; it lies open to contingency. Nay, we may even have to say that some steps have been taken in error, have led us wrong.

For this reason, it seems, Rome rightly fears Newman, who gave shape to the beginnings of this fluent doctrine. There, at Rome, they may well fear him; we need not, we Anglicans. The choice for us lies between the old orthodoxy and some form and application of this newest development. For the Modernist, Roman or Anglican, no choice is left; because literary and historical criticism has for him taken away the credentials of the old orthodoxy and made it as useless as the Ptolemaic astronomy. And he will give the doctrine of living development an interpretation in terms of the mind and the psychological history of man permeated by the Spirit of God, not in terms of botany or zoology. With this, of course, he brings in contingency and bars out necessity. Man, with his growing freedom in creation, 'lives dangerously'; and he has always, in his measure, wrought ill when he was also working well. The divine Spirit who strives with him and leads him into truth, and towards his greatest good, never tyrannizes; never imperils the gift which makes him son, not slave, in his Father's house.

So Modernists think and believe. They are made free; they are given into the hands of God, who respects that which he has made; they enjoy the fruits of the liberty with which Christ has made them free; they cherish in their hearts and in the practice of their lives the traditional and institutional elements of the Christian religion—and this with open eyes. Are they not justified in thinking that the Church will gain if other men know what they know and see what they have learnt to see?

'*Lift up your eyes and behold the fields, for they are white already to the harvest.*'

* * * *

September 3rd.—'I still believe, or rather I believe much more firmly than I used to, that the Modernists start with the assumption that Christianity is a religion for the "wise and prudent" and is hidden from "babes."'

This from a letter I received to-day. Now for another letter received just three years ago.

'R. seems to think that to become as a child means to accept *bad* philosophy, science and history; that the error of the wise and prudent is in departing from the scholastic realism. I take it that Christ meant that what "saves" a man and makes him a Christian is not science or theology or history, but a spirit and temper.'

It is a mistake, obviously, to suppose that the *charbonnier* is a 'babe' in virtue of his theological opinions, which are opinions thrust upon him. A man having these opinions may, or may not, be a 'babe'; he may or may not have in large measure, or in any measure, that 'spirit and temper' which brings with it the harmlessness of the dove, and may bring the wisdom of the serpent set on high for the healing of the nations. In any case, the fact that there are 'babes' with those opinions must not be allowed to set the pattern of our advance in truth. The faith of the apostles was not *foi du charbonnier*; the teaching of Jesus was inspired by a wisdom in which he grew to the measure of the stature of the fullness of man.

The letter of this morning bears on its face the old confusion between science and theology and history on the one hand, and religion and life on the other. Because these things are not separate, therefore they are the same. It is the old, the perennial, exasperating trouble of the 'All or none.' Either the *Summa* of St. Thomas may profitably be taken to the bedside of the dying, or it is of no use for religion. Either the meditations of St. John of the Cross may be taught in Sunday schools, or they are unprofitable to the saints.

There is also another point to consider. The typical *charbonnier*, the religious man who is ignorant, mistaken, superstitious, has an implicit theology which furthers ignorance, error, and superstition; yet this theology is so closely incorporated with his religious life that to tear it away would be like tearing away the flesh from off his bones. This is the *charbonnier* we picture to ourselves, and this is the process by which the ruthless Modernist would deal with him—if he could. I have no doubt that good Jews in the first century guarded their children from the little band of ravening wolves who walked about Galilee and in Jerusalem seeking whom they might devour. I have as little doubt that at this moment excellent followers of the Prophet are guarding the faith of Islam from Christian dogs. And, in each case, I believe that there is justification by charity. Unquestionably,—if and when the theological flesh is torn from the bones of the *charbonnier*, the spirit of religion is likely enough to die within him.

But, as my correspondent of to-day remarks, 'all

the Modernists will leave the simple folk untouched, for the simple reason that the latter won't understand 'em.' All the scientific men, all the philosophers, will leave the forest folk and the shepherds untouched—is that a reason for insisting that bad science, bad philosophy, and a bad theology should be left uncorrected ? The Modernist, too, has his charity. He does not, as a matter of fact, attack the theology of the simple folk, or their institutionalism. He attacks the dead theology of the theologians, and the perverted institutionalism of those who have rule over us. That, particularly, is why he is supposed to assume ' that Christianity is a religion " for the wise and prudent."' He begins at the top, like St. Thomas Aquinas, the great Modernist of his day ; he begins where men should at least be able to distinguish between flesh and spirit, between theology and religion, between logical systems and life.

' The legitimate end of institutionalism is to reproduce the common and traditional type of religion in the individual soul ; and this, not by way of violent insertion from outside, but by stimulating and guiding the natural process of spiritual growth.' So a Modernist says, in the pages of *The Quarterly Review* ; St. Thomas had the same mind, and would not have preached his *Summa* in the forest, or to the shepherds watching their flocks by night. What he sought to do was so to change the character of the theology on which the character of institutionalism mainly depends, as to enable the institution the better to stimulate and guide natural processes in *all* individual souls. He sought to remove hind-

rances which made stimulation and guidance of many souls impossible; or, if not impossible, more and more difficult as the divorce between their thought and knowledge, and the thought and knowledge of men in religious authority over them, grew more pronounced. The Modernist does no more and no less.

Institutionalism cannot be divorced from knowledge in the higher ranks except at the cost of divorce from that spirit of truthfulness which is the guardian of truth. 'Without the spirit of truth it is superstition, a worship of "beggarly elements," of sounds without sense.' And superstition is to be borne with patiently in the *charbonnier*, but in him only; for there it is not mere superstition; it may even be, for the time, his only possible knowledge, his pragmatic truth, the vehicle of the divine truth by which he lives. Elsewhere, and in order that the simple folk who are to come may not find truth unattainable, it is to be fought as St. Thomas fought it, as St. Paul fought it, as Jesus fought it, lest the Name of God become an idol or unknown. 'Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.'

We forget that the whole world is becoming educated, that shepherds and charcoal-burners go to school, that the knowledge of one age is the shameful ignorance of the next. We forget that a gasfitter's son may be more accomplished in letters, and have more command of books, than a king's son not very long ago—than many a king's son now. We forget the levelling up of education and the low price of literature. We forget the ships and the trains, the

bicycles and the clubs, even the Rationalist Press and the public-house; as some forgot, in the thirteenth century, that Aristotle had reached the universities and was leavening all the thought of Europe. The *charbonnier* of to-day has a son who will be the agnostic, the secularist, the *libre penseur* of to-morrow.

Yet all the world over, and through all time, the spirit and temper of the child are necessary conditions of the coming of wisdom from on high, of the healing wisdom of the serpent; and if any man would have that wisdom he must seek it in that spirit and that temper. It is just the child-like spirit, working with the divine wisdom, which enables a man to accept new truth and to abandon the vested interests of self, even in religion. The fault of the charcoal-burner who must be guarded from knowledge is not so much that he is superstitious or formalist, but that he is not child-like enough. It is not that he has much, but that he has too little faith. It is not that he believes in God foolishly, but that he does not trust him to the end. We cannot wonder; we too are of little faith, and are perhaps only kept in faith by the better knowledge which lessens our temptation. We see that he must be guarded as we are, although in another way, by the patience and gentleness of God. But he must not be guarded beyond the lesson of that patience; not at the cost of his children and his children's children to the third and fourth generations; nor at the cost of his brothers who live out in the open and in the assemblies of men.

This would be to miss the lesson of God's patience, which covers, like his charity, many an injury and loss over which we fret, many a deed we call sin, much suffering that fills up that which remains in his. Even the charcoal-burner must bear his fellows' burden and weep with them that weep. We only wrong his manhood when we take care of him too much.

* * * *

September 8th.—'*Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die: And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain . . . So also is the resurrection of the dead.*'

St. Paul, plainly, had not our scientific advantages. He knew little of either vegetable or animal physiology; and therefore he was able to use a corn of wheat as an illuminating simile for man's death and resurrection. We know now that wheat does not die when we sow it, and that when it is raised it is not changed as we must be, if we are to rise into the more abundant life. Therefore we must either accept St. Paul's simile in understanding and good faith, perceiving that its unstrained simplicity still expresses a truth of our common life, the same for us as it was for him; or else we must devise a new simile, equally poetic in its truth and fitting in its analogy, but more agreeable with those editions of the *Child's Guide to Knowledge* which are now current. The chief drawback to this latter plan is that after generations will have the trouble of correcting us, as

new editions come out. On the whole it is better, I think, to acquire the historic sense, and abide by the fundamental canon of good criticism. Then St. Paul's words will continue to have the lasting character of everyday life, and will perhaps be always more full of all men's meaning than any we can invent.

Nevertheless there is profit in inventing. I find myself enriched when I think of my body in terms of our new knowledge, transient though it be. My body acquires thus as many aspects as the aspects of knowledge, and each brings me the enlightenment of a new view. For example, in one of its aspects it is a loan collection of various atoms always being removed piecemeal elsewhere, always being replaced by other atoms. From birth to death a stream of borrowed atoms passes through my museum, and is there displayed in a system entirely my own, leaving me for different display in systems different from mine. I accept a slice of bread and disperse it as the stuff of arms and legs; I exhaust that stuff for my purpose, and send its atoms away to be reincorporated by a mosquito, another man, a tree, some shower of rain. My lungs disperse them into the air that feeds the world, and my hands and mouth seek from out the world others to fill their place in my economy of life.

Going a little further by the way of science, I learn that the atoms in my piece of bread are made up of 'electrons,' that the electrons are made up of 'ether' transformed from its usual state, and that ether untransformed is the setting of atoms in material things;

while beyond things of earth it is setting for the stars, and fills that illimitable empty space I picture between the worlds and me. Up to the present moment I have not been told what ether is made up of, so I need not look beyond its amazing power and (for me) irreconcilable characters. I learn to my confusion that it is rigid enough to make the densest matter seem as gossamer beside it, yet is a fluid which offers no resistance either to my body or to the passage of the earths and suns. I learn too that the atoms swimming in the ether of my own body, as elsewhere in material things, are mere isolated specks, comparable with those lonely stars set in the void of the unfathomable sky.

This is enough for me : a human body brought so near to ethereal disappearance bewilders me. I am moved to ask where *I* am in that stream of physical marvels. ' You,' the psychologist assures me, ' you are also a stream, a stream of consciousness. You are not that once convenient fiction, a substantial ego ; any more than the bread you eat or the body you inform is in reality an inaccessible Thing-in-itself. You flow like your body ; in fact you are an irreversible flux, movement, ' change of mind ' as you would call it. Metaphysical substance is for you a worn-out category, an exploded superstition. Even the physicist's ultimate ether is not that substance, though he may sometimes call it so ; it is not even ultimate, it is only the latest, not the last, arrest of his science.' (The psychologist, I note, must turn metaphysician before he can make himself understood by any ordinary man, even

by himself. We are all born metaphysicians, and only some of us have learnt the trick of pretending that we are nothing of the kind.)

It appears, then, that I am a stream, and that my body is another stream. But I am quite sure that the use and work of each stream extend beyond its own banks, whatever either physicist or psychologist may say. I am also sure that my stream of conscious life does not flow in the same manner as the stream of my body. *I* do not lose my past; I keep it stored and alive in me: it is my own. The museum of my memory is no temporary housing-place for loan collections; it contains now all it ever had, ready should I need it to aid my action in this present world. So I distinguish; I see a continuous stream, the stream of a growing spiritual life in which I find it emphatically true that 'the form remains, the function never dies.'—I see a stream as of snow rolling up to make a globe of life that is my own . . . . And then snow fails me and all spatial symbols fail me; for my globe of life is verily alive and its inner difference is not of parts and stages, but of principalities and powers. My memory has play within itself; my understanding shares that play. My body—what is my body to me? The material stream—not of snow to be rolled up, but of running water passing always out of my reach—this stream that goes through my living body serves to link my stream of life with a world of things. I dip into that world, immerse my life within it, when I must deal with these things; thus my duration touches the passing moment, and absorbs it in itself.

I, who endure, take into my keeping the vital significance, for me, of fleeting things. It is I, too, who endow my body with a history and the marks of history. Its atoms have no history and are of no age; they have no accumulative duration in their passage through existence.

As an image in my consciousness my body is one among the other material images with which it is conjoined; and it is a privileged image. It is privileged above other kinds because it is alive, and thus capable of history; privileged further in its own kind, because it is the only image intimately mine, and unique in my history. As image, it is the meeting-place between the world of outer images and my inner life. If I did not want to act upon things, if I did not need to act upon them, it would, I may suppose, fail of its chief purpose. I am assured that its nervous part is not, as I once thought, a storehouse of my memories, but only a storehouse of my habits; it does not retain *me*, it transmits my effort to the world, and retains the marks of that effort in beaten paths and an easier way for me.

From contemplation of experience and of my body in its different aspects, there emerges the picture of those two streams; one enduring—the stream of life, urgent, powerful, and retentive; the other passing through my life—a stream of earthly stuff used in my body. And I distinguish between two pasts: the past of my life, still active within me—a past I cannot lose—and the past of all the spent atoms I throw away. I distinguish also between two presents; the changing duration of my life,

of my amassing memories and understanding, the duration in which my past lives and my future is created; and a momentary state of the transient things that are being used in my material body, a state no sooner here than it is gone. Must I not also distinguish between two futures? How shall the future of that which has no enduring, no history, and passes away piecemeal as it comes, unveil to me the future of that which grows by creation of itself, losing nothing and changing all?

I go back again to look at the physical aspect of my body—that body of rare atoms afloat in a vast ethereal sea. And I wonder whether the link between me and the ether is not, perhaps, more intimate and more lasting than that which binds me to those scattered drifting particles. But the question is beyond me and I leave it.

Yet at least I see that because I have power to endure and to absorb significance into myself; because I manifest my life in a body which I make alive, and gain life by this manifestation; because I need means which a living body alone provides; as long as I endure I must have some kind of body to serve me by its consonance both with me and with a world, whatever and wherever that world and I may be. That is, unless all worlds and they that dwell therein are at bottom a *tohu-bohu* in which reason is brought to naught.

So, I take it, if I rise to new opportunities in the more abundant life, my living body will rise, new with the new world, matching it and me. And I think with St. Paul of a 'spiritual body' growing with my

spiritual life, while the ' natural body,' a stream that has run its course, dies down into the grave.

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September 9th.—Duration—that is the keyword of the new philosophy—duration of a man; a time that is significant and writes its own record in enduring life; a time not to be known in any geometrical interpretation as of a line in space nor measured by a clock, but to be discerned as a concrete history that accumulates and lives. My time permeates me, endures and is at work in me; my history is embodied for ever in all its diversity and change. The character that is mine alone holds all that ever has been mine.

A friend who has known me from childhood to old age, if he has really known the real me by that intuitional sympathy which reaches living truth, sees in me now the child I was, perhaps more clearly than I myself. And if I met to-day any one who had known me in that revealing intimacy while I was young and lost sight of me till now, I believe I should find him again and he would find me, in mutual recognition and response. Human life is creative evolution and defies foretelling—it is growing to be free; but it is also conditioned, and its permanent condition is itself, a condition which, through all growth and every marvel of change, stamps its own image on its work. The child in me, the child who *was* for the time that passes by, exists still in me, *is* and for ever will be, creating in me its image, like the man I am who for ever recreates the child.

There are people—those who have not yet learnt to distinguish between the time of artificially isolated material things and systems of things, and the time of God's universe and of every life—who make trouble for themselves about recognition in the world to come. They ask, perhaps, how their fathers who knew them as children, and their children who knew them as old men, can find a common point of recognition, since it is not possible to be boy and man at one and the same time. The answer is that a man *is* boy and man at one and the same time (which is *his* time); and that to a real apprehension of him everything he has ever been is presented in its reality and truth by what he is. All that he has ever truly been is at work in him, effective, revealing, present, and, to the seeing eye, perceptible, in his life. He and his history are one.

Recognition, then, is a question of ever having really seen and known. It is a matter of intuitive apprehension, the penetrating sympathy which lays hold upon the truth that a human creature *is*—the truth that he lives and embodies; and, with this apprehension and sympathy, intellectual reflexion will always come to terms. The merely outward eye that seeing sees not, the ear that hears not, the knowledge that is of appearance and nothing more—these, it is true, will always fail in spiritual recognition, in the worlds to come as here. Their recognition goes little deeper than that which depends on a suit of clothes or the fashion of the hair. They never touch reality at all. But we, who do not lose our beloved as they grow and create themselves anew in their

advancing life, before the penetrating eyes of our love, shall not fail to find them even after many days, when in some ampler world that which they are and shall be is revealed.

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Michael's Mass. September 29th.—'*Therefore with angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name.*'

There is, it seems, a proper perfection beyond or at least other than that of dogs and horses and men. There is the proper perfection of the 'angels' who are 'ministers of grace,' messengers of God, light-bearers to men. This is said, or implied in what they say, by Christians.

Are there any angels except in folk-lore? Are there beings other than men and horses and dogs, and the unnamed earth creatures of Mars and of a million other planets, satellites to a hundred thousand suns? When I have made room in my conception of things for inhabitants of those planets—and, for aught I know, of those suns—angels seem reasonable enough. For why limit my speculative flight to lumps of earthy stuff—that gossamer floating in the rigidity of an oceanic ether? What of the ocean itself? Is that lifeless and void, a mere vehicle for the gossamer and its minute disturbances? And if I abandon this manner of thought altogether and look within myself, into the deeps of spirit and upon the fathomless abyss beyond myself, I shall be no more inclined to make man the measure of things, except as implying unmeasured, and by him immeasurable, things.

Mercury, the messenger of Olympus; Michael, the warrior of heaven; 'All angels'; these bear witness to a knowledge beyond our knowledge, and to a humility that has eyes to see the invisible things of God. I accept the lesson.

Whether I should have accepted it but for the vision of science and philosophy, I cannot say. Perhaps not, for there are lessons I must reject, although I am more wary about an easy rejection than I was. The Golden Calf of the Aufklärung has lost its attraction for me; I worship now the God of an inexhaustible fecundity of life, a variety beyond all that I shall ever reach in my endless duration of attainment in him. I am enlarged and brought to his feet.

I understand, too, that God in an angel is an angel, and that the angel possesses God and worships him as angel, although as infinitely more than angel. That is my only way; I apply it to the angels. For there is no way for man except that of his necessary 'anthropomorphism,' and all he can do with it is to mould it about these other modes of life and fit it to them as best he may, not narrowing them to his measure, but stretching it out to theirs.

God, then, dwells in every creature, bringing forth its proper perfection. And when creatures attain perfection, or inasmuch as they have a share in it, they receive him and their own good without setting barriers against him, although always within their own limits, which limit also him. They may thus advance for ever in capacity to receive him and his

gifts; acquire for ever new power to enter more profoundly the meaning of his will for them; and carry it forth in action, making their relation to the rest of his universe an ever clearer and more far-reaching expression of his will. Therefore I believe that a man or an angel may be perfect as man or angel, but never complete.

Our Lord Jesus Christ was wholly permeated by God. We Christians speak of him as 'perfect God' in the same breath with which we call him 'perfect man.' Because he was entirely possessed by the Spirit of God, that Spirit was the principle of his own life. He expressed God fully in and as spiritual man; and showed us man in proper perfection. For all that, he did not show every special and particular mode of activity possible to man, even as men are upon earth, imperfect, unfulfilled. He was not a politician or a statesman, although he displayed the ideal qualities of both; he was no painter, although he saw the beauty of the lilies of the field outshining the glory of a king's raiment. He wrote no poetry; he only inspired it, lived in its spirit, and embodied it in his deeds and everyday words. Can you call him artist—whose life was beauty? Or social reformer, he who went about doing good? Can you call him anything but Man? That is, unless you call him God. He is God as man; he is man in perfection of permeability to God, capable of indefinite expansion in men. This is what is meant by human perfection, this unhindered opportunity for God to pour himself and his life into a man's, whose wealth shall thus for ever grow

by a continuous gift of God, and of the inexhaustible things of God.

As to the perfection of the angels—that, as I understand, is very different. Swedenborg would have it that this was not so; that, in fact, angels once were men. I prefer a larger heaven, one that links me to all modes of life as earth links me to the horses and the dogs. I do not know how creatures can be 'as the angels'; but I should be sorry to be without the enlarging opportunity they offer to my mind, more sorry still not to believe that God has ministers of grace matching his fecundity in their difference, and his love in their union of love with us.

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October 6th.—What is it to love God? I see two ways in which men try to attain 'pure love'; that is, to love God. One is of a piece with the Buddhist's effort to escape the relative and contingent, and discover untroubled perfection in the absolute; the other is the way of Christ. And in this way of Christ the contingent is included, and is transfigured in God, so that it radiates for us the splendour of God. The magic of Christian love converts the dross of earth into the gold and glory of heaven, so that a man may love earth and the things of earth, indeed must love them, because he loves God and finds him everywhere.

Pure love—not the *absolutely* detached love which is of the type, let it call itself what it may, that in strictness depends on a Buddhist philosophy, and is

out of place in the religion of the Incarnation, but the pure love of the Christian—includes all things as God includes them. It is in fact God's charity. And therefore it seeks all things for their own sake. The man who loves God, 'the deepest of realities,' loves no abstraction, no mere philosophic Absolute (for religion 'the most empty and pretentious of all notions'); he loves him as the supreme reality made known in and by the relations of concrete changing life. He finds God in the bread he eats; in the science he thinks; in the good, and although not in, yet by, the evil that he does in his own life. He finds him in the ideal man he pictures, and in the real man he knows. He finds him everywhere, not as the Pantheist finds him, but in the truth that Jesus Christ has revealed and crowned. All things are God's; and we men become his Christ in him, the Christians say; we become Christ in whom all things are held together, and in whom God is verily incarnate and displayed.

So the love of the Christian for God is the love that spends itself on all things—on the brethren, on good morals, on knowledge, on beauty, and on bodily well-being. But a man may spend himself on any one of these, or on all of them together, with an impure love, because he seeks himself first and foremost, and the rest only as they serve his narrow self-seeking. Or he may set up an idol that is called God, a notional being, withdrawn from all reality. On this he may fix his attention, offering his emotions before its shrine, fearful lest he be distracted by the love of man, the love of beauty, the love of nature.

This is, indeed, to 'defecate to a pure transparency' the God who is made flesh and dwells among us. It may be nothing worse than a mistake; and it is this when made in good faith and good will—in the faith that saves, the good will that finds the will of God through every error of the mind. But when it is self-adoration in disguise it is worse than a mistake; it is of the substance of hell. It may be a mere idolatry, the worship of God under a falsifying form; it may be an idolatry in which God is dethroned and self put up to be worshipped in his place.

The venial error is all too frequent among us Christians. I see people distressed because they think they do not love God, when they are only unable to stir up their emotions by the thought of a figmentary Absolute or a 'magnified non-natural man,' neither of whom (or which) they will ever be able to know. 'For "no man hath seen God at any time" nakedly and face to face; and vain is the effort of that false neo-platonic mysticism that would seek Him by intellectual abstraction in the very emptiest of our class-notions, rather than in the living fullness of His spiritual creations.' "No man cometh to the Father but by Me." 'It is through self, through man, through the world of freedom and will, that we get to know God as a personality, as a possible object of personal affection. It is in the relative and unsatisfying goodness of the human will, that the absolute and satisfying goodness of the divine Will is revealed to us; even as the light of the hidden sun might be revealed to

us in the reflected brilliancy of the moon or the planets. It is in men that He, the hidden God, is to be sought, studied, and loved—not in abstractions like Truth and Righteousness, but in concrete actions and will-attitudes, in "whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report." '

(I have just read these words once more—the book, *Lex Orandi*, had been lost and was returned by an oblivious borrower. I had forgotten the passage; but it had evidently been at work in me and done me good service; for I remember past mistakes, some distress, and remember them as past only since I read that book. There are times when the fuel of the mind is so laid ready that it will kindle from a spark. And this time there was more than a spark; there was for me a brand of fire.)

Pure love, then, is not to be defined or sought as love of a philosophic Absolute, and withdrawal from the contingency of life. It *may* be found even in such an effort after the unreal: but it is not constituted by devotion to it. It is a matter of detachment, not from things and their contingency but from selfish self-seeking and self-worship; it is a matter of attachment, not to an inaccessible figment of the mind but to the perfect reality imperfectly made known in all that is real, shadowed forth in all that is true, beautiful and good, within the world of life and reality. So in human love, in friendship, comradeship, the love of the lover for the beloved, the love that weeps with all who weep, and rejoices with all who rejoice, we learn to love God and find him; unless all that

we call by this name is not love, but a mirror in which we contemplate and worship Self. There, in that self-giving, or in that self-seeking, we discover, worship and adore God ; or else we lose him and his, we shrink within the lessening compass of ourselves, making a desert in the garden of the Lord, a hell in the midst of his heaven of delights.

It is the same with all the goods of earth and heaven as with life. 'He that seeketh his life shall lose it.' He who dies from that self-seeking finds life transfigured—finds it as the divine Spirit made man within him. And he who labours to unfold his germ of self, working out his own salvation, so that self-love may embrace all things like God's charity, learns of God everywhere, and cannot help but love him. Thus the magic circle is created ; and man loves the world and men the more because he loves God, and is able to seek him there, knowing what he does.

'*The soul is shrivelled up and buried in a grave, that does not love. But that which does love wisely and truly is the joy and end of all the world, the King of Heaven, and the Friend of God, the shining Light and Temple of Eternity : the Brother of Christ Jesus, and one Spirit with the Holy Ghost.*'

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October 15th.—St. Theresa. 'Then let us learn . . . . to hold in suspicion anything which so overcomes us that we see it does not leave our reason free ; and remember that we shall never gain liberty of spirit by such means. For one of the properties of

this liberty is the being able to think about all kinds of things and find God in them. Anything but this is bondage of spirit; and, let alone the harm it does to the body, it binds the soul so that it cannot grow.'

Theresa is speaking of what she calls 'weakness,' the result of long fasts and an attempt to escape from the constraint of body and find an unnatural way to divine consolations—a way wherein, as she says, the soul, which has to advance as through a quagmire, 'would have not only to walk, but to fly.' In the next page she tells the story of 'a great servant of God,' 'much better than I am,' who 'served our Lord more in one year than I in many,' but 'lived alone, and as it seemed to me, did what she pleased.' This presumption and self-sufficiency appeared to the fine sense of Theresa perilous both within and without—'only that, as she was a good woman, all she pleased was good.' It was proved to be perilous within; for when this good woman was for cogent reasons deprived of sacramental communion, she 'went into such a passion with the priest that he came, greatly scandalized, to tell me about it.' 'It must have been the devil that suggested the deprivation,' says Theresa sorrowfully, 'for that day happened to be her last, on which she died.' 'Believe me,' she goes on, 'the love of God—I mean what seems to us love, but it is not—which stirs our passions in such wise that we commit any sin, or that the peace of our soul is troubled, and it is so full of feeling as to be inaccessible to reason—this sort of affection is plainly self-seeking. And the devil will not be asleep, but will attack us when he thinks it will do

us the most harm, as he did to this woman. Indeed it frighted me terribly, not that I believe it sufficed to hinder her salvation, for God's goodness is great, but the temptation came at a very bad time.'

Liberty of spirit—that is what Theresa sought, barefooted, in watchings and fastings; by her wit and her courage; with body and mind, with all her reason, and her great heart. Never once, in any of her books, do I detect the least wandering from that point. Liberty of spirit, the proper perfection of a man, is her aim. Not mere goodness, not spiritual raptures, nor the delight of religious consolation, ever imposed upon her as ends; they were means if they were anything to her. And even liberty of spirit and the perfection proper to man were not ultimate in her eyes. Love was ultimate, love who desired the liberty and the fulfilment of men; love to whom she would fain give herself in her perfection and her liberty.

Hence her sublime common-sense, her discernment of values, her freedom from sentimentality and exaggeration, her simplicity, her devotion to truth, and her power 'to think about all kinds of things and find God in them.' She knew that neither angels nor archangels are patterns for human life; that self-mastery means mastery in and with, as well as over, the body; and that any influence that does not leave reason free contributes to enslave a man. Theresa would go to heaven on her two feet, walking, though barefoot, through quagmires or any other trouble of the world that was set for her to walk through. She would not try to fly without wings,

nor complain because her road was not a street in heaven. Still less would she pretend it was, or pose as having wings.

Reading of her in *The History of her Foundations* just now, I find the problem of the body and its treatment opened up for me. 'Brother Ass' met with severity at Theresa's hands; but not because he was what he was, and should be chastised for his inferiority. Theresa used him hardly that he might be her good servant, serve reason, serve the spirit, serve her liberty, serve God. Doubtless she used him hardly in another way—the way only saints follow aright and with profit to the world; but with that high matter I have no concern at this moment nor, probably, at any moment.

Doubtless also, her knowledge of the human mind, though penetrating and based on a wide and wonderful experience, lacked much that we have gained by science and call psychology. This science and our physiology of man have made us able to see the mind and the body of man in a brighter light than Theresa could command; but she excels, as do all great saints (and she more than most), in the wisdom of the spirit that may rule the man; she understands the spirit and its rule as we who are not saints can never do.

Francis Thompson says that in those older, or rather younger, days the body was a mere 'squaw, a hewer of wood and drawer of water for her heaven-born mate,' the spirit. The body was indeed an enemy and to be treated as enemy. Yet Theresa made it friend, even when she used it, as she would

ruthlessly have used a nobler friend, for high purposes hidden from a world that has purposes for the most part low, and never as high as hers. She was before her time, like most great men and women ; yet she had in this, as in much else, the mind of Christ which has no limits in time of the sort that passes by.

Now, the body has come to its own and more. Not content with the right and laudable effort to make it serve the supreme interests which are ours as men, we are apt to prostrate our interests and ourselves before it, and let it crush us into the dust from which we so hardly keep it, and into which it will so soon return. We worship Hygieia and offer human sacrifices before her shrine.

Yet there is a golden mean in which man is not sacrificed, nor the body either. There is a way in which Theresa's wisdom and our knowledge may work together, to our lasting gain in the only life that counts. It is the way of the fine Christian asceticism which comes of a sense of due proportion in the values of our graded modes of life, and a knowledge of the intimate relation and mutual dependence of grade with grade.

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October 18th.—St. Luke's Day.—I have read somewhere an account of a certain siege in which the besiegers, when smitten with scurvy, were healed by plain water. Plain water is not usually effective in cases of scurvy, and it would be as reasonable to say that the pomp and circumstance with which it was administered were effective, as to say that the

water was. The soldiers had been told that the medicine their commander gave them came from a great physician in the far East. It was so strong, they were assured, that it must be taken in drops and with extreme care. It proved at least as powerful as the water of Lourdes, or as something that accompanies that water and heals in our days.

We are not likely to be far out, however, if we think that had those soldiers been faithful followers of Mrs. Eddy they would have had no need of either water of Lourdes or an imaginary Magus. The something would have done its work without those means; although with Mrs. Eddy's—which are mainly grandiose words.

It is plain enough that there must be a place where all incantations and charms find at least a *point d'appui*. There must be a fulcrum on which all these queer levers rest; and beyond that there must be a power that makes use of them. What is that fulcrum? where and what is that power?

We investigate; and find in every man 'a sensori-motor nerve apparatus' and an 'ideo-motor operation,' by which he affects for good or ill the flow of his blood and the use to which his body puts his food. And we see that every charm and incantation works, through his conviction of its value, by means of his nervous system and upon his circulation and nutrition. It affects his health, making him perhaps ill, perhaps well, from within, when he believes in it but not otherwise.

This is about all we really know. Even when we experiment in the simplest way, without any tricks,

and merely use 'suggestion' by direct command or by insinuating persuasion (with or without the help of that isolating state called hypnosis), we are still far from clearing up the problem of a man's power over himself. Our command is as successful, perhaps, as any of the incantations that have been used in many ages and most places. It may be as successful as the command of the greatest healer the world has ever known, who himself could do no mighty works, sometimes, because of the people's unbelief. Even he, it seems, like ourselves, must work upon men through themselves and by help of their faith.

At the height of our more straitly conditioned success we do not find success explained; but we have simplified our problem. We have at least eliminated much complication, and that confusion of fact with hypothesis, that obscuring of the real difficulty, which charms or incantations of any kind bring with them—even the most spiritual-seeming, the most modern and refined. And our scientific men are beginning—they are even more than beginning—to have hope of a great advance in knowledge and practice. It is not too much to say that we see the shadows cast before by solid discoveries which we are approaching, discoveries that may clear up this problem of mental healing and mental injury to health, as the discovery of the mosquito's baleful ways has cleared up the problem of yellow fever and malaria.

Meanwhile, when we are waiting, and with much already to consider, we are being asked to revive the 'medicinal use' of unction sanctioned by the Chris-

tian religion. We are to compete with Mrs. Eddy, with the water of Lourdes, with a thousand tricks played upon credulity.

There was a time, no doubt, when to use, as medicine for the sick, oil blessed by the Church and accompanied by the Church's prayers, was to lift incantation to its highest level, and counteract much degrading superstition. That time is past. To ignore the change that has already come over our knowledge and the further change that is foreshadowed would be sheer folly. It is possible to drag the whole sacramental system, in the eyes of the world, down to the incantation level. And if, in our shortsightedness, we begin to use medicinal unction because incantation succeeds among the Christian Scientists, we shall very likely attain this result.

The instinct of our Roman brethren, rather than their logic, has led them to avoid that danger, and in their usual practice to raise unction from the lower level to the height of the spiritual sacraments, from a care for the body to a care for the spirit. It will be a thousand pities if we imperil due appreciation of the effective symbols of the sacraments of grace—symbols no knowledge outgrows, and an effectiveness no experience exhausts—by allying them professedly with a therapeutical practice that should take rank with magic or with medicine, according to the degree in which its operation is understood. The peril seems all the greater because this practice depends for its success, not on the faith that illumines all knowledge, but on an ignorance that growing

knowledge will as surely drive away as the sun drives away mist on a summer morning.

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October 20th.—My friend the prison-inspector has been talking about 'moral imbeciles,' criminal *stigmata*, the feeble-minded, and so on. I have listened, and reflected—not for the first time—on that bewildering entanglement. Again I enter into sympathy with those of my forefathers who hammered out the doctrine of original sin, and made of it a sword to cut the knot they could not untie. But their rough and ready methods are not for us; fashions like theirs belong to an age that was more robust and perhaps more harsh—certainly less careful in its reverence. We go warily, knowing that to cut a knot in the skein of God's operation is to lose track of his will. With inexhaustible patience we try to trace the winding of all his threads; with a new reverence, an altogether new carefulness, even for truth that seems incidental and almost unmeaning, or perhaps even destructive to more intimate and precious truth, we accept what we find and wait to find more.

In following the clue to the evolutionary process of life we have come now to a place of new revelation. We see the great life-current forcing its way in our material world and meeting with various degrees of resistance; we see it forming, as it goes, an indefinite variety of beings to manifest its riches and fecundity. We discover that in man it has found at last the best of all its ways, and has opened out in him, as the

crown of its process upon earth, a capacity for receiving God. Nature as we know it, the great panorama spread out before our eyes, has one marvel beyond all the rest, the marvel that is man. And the wonder of man consists in his unfilled capacity, his imperfection, and his power to become perfect only on condition that he will work freely for himself, and will with free consent allow himself to be worked upon.

This is an entirely new thing in the panorama, and comes very late in the world's history. It is different in kind, not only in degree, from all that led up to it. The *poussée de la vie* laboured long and hard before its creatures could be driven and led to this extremity, before the way of freedom could be found. How many millions of years elapsed before the man-like, ape-like, creature was born, who gave birth (in we cannot even guess how many more years), to the Neandertal man and to the cave-men in the valley of the Vézère ?

There are delicate conditions in this matter of the capacity to receive God, and be free also to reject him. In a sense the amoeba receives God, but in a sense and fashion that is its own. And it cannot reject him, or know and love him ; nor can it become personally God-like. It expresses God in its degree, but a man's expression of God is not comparable in degree ; it is of another kind. This reaches beyond power and order, beyond apt behaviour in relation to exterior forces, beyond moral adjustment to social forces ; it attains active love and sacrifice to an ideal that is divine.

All those aeons before the driving force of life

succeeded in reaching this height; all those many steps and stages before it brought the conditions of its manifestation into that delicate harmony of adjustment, that indefinite range of possibility, which the brain of man affords! All those aeons, all those—shall I call them?—failures, before an instrument of real and wide-ranging *choice* was found, and the growth of freedom secured! It was a cataclysm, a departure from the admirable narrowness of other lives. It was a fall into the possibility of sin, of the wrong thing chosen instead of the right. It was the uprising of the Son of God.

But those delicate conditions of body and brain that must exist in order that there may be freedom of choice, a self-creation of life in God and with God—are they always present now? Are all those creatures who look like men capable of God, and therefore able to sin? Are we—who can mar our bodies and our brains in a thousand ways, who can select characters to be perpetuated and can breed a new race, not only of dogs and water-lilies, but of men shaped to our good or evil desire—are we strong enough to send about the world *simulacra* of men? It is possible; I incline sometimes to think it probable. But if it is done, if there are these *simulacra*, these Frankenstein monsters, living monuments of our sin and ignorance and folly, there is still one thing we cannot do; we cannot compel them to sin nor transmit to them the stain of guilt.

We can do enough, God knows, enough to send us grieving and penitent to the work of lessening, so far as it can be lessened, the harm that we have done

—we and our brothers and our fathers before us—but we cannot do that. We can make God's work of redemption difficult, perhaps impossible, here, where our own work must endure until it is burnt up. We can perhaps defer God's work until ours is altogether consumed; but we cannot force that which does not exist except in freedom, we cannot compel sin, responsibility, guilt.

Some stricken creatures may be tended into humanity; that is, may be guarded from temptation, from trial, in order to give them the chance of developing the spark dormant within them, if spark there be. Their brains and bodies may be trained and strengthened. Certainly there are degrees in the desolation we seem to have wrought. But others among these creatures—of the highest degree in that desolation—must be cared for in another way; we can only bear them with us and keep them from doing further wrong as our deputies of evil.

I think once more of the lessening of life that we earn for our own selves on the way to hell. Is there, among the many things we must reckon with, no other lessening of life? May there not be, and do not the worst of these horrible images reveal, such a lessening as brings humanity to the state, not of the beast that perishes (for he is perfect in his way), but of a creature neither beast nor man; incapable of any perfection, because he has been made by a creator who is neither God nor the friend and co-worker with God? We make show bull-dogs; we might make uglier things if we chose, even among the creatures incapable of God. If indeed we are

exercising our selective and creative power ignorantly or with the recklessness of sin, upon a more plastic, more delicate and vulnerable race, may we not undo, and worse than undo, the work of the aeons through which that race was being prepared and sought ?

My friend the prison-inspector would probably define man in terms of the intellect, and would tell me that the 'moral imbeciles' are often highly intelligent, and therefore highly human. I define in another way. Perhaps I have thought a little more about the genesis and significance of intellect ; and have my opinion as to devils and our devilish operation upon the mind and flesh of man. I am a visionary ; I look for the coming of God. And I call nothing human unless it is able to allow or reject his coming—the coming of the Spirit which makes possible a heaven or a hell. If we cannot be saved we cannot be damned ; he is no man who is incapable of either. So I think. But the question remains :—are there really men who are no men, *simulacra* of men ? And another question remains :—are there some human *simulacra* which are natural *débris*, abortive seeds, withered fruits, of the tree of life ? The desolation, if it be desolation, may not all be wrought by us ; it may be neither this man's sin nor his father's, but for our learning and our self-sacrificing love—a clue to meanings, an aid to the unfolding of our own, if we will have it so. Waste is a word of relativity, as well as of ignorance ; what is waste in one aspect is food of life in another.

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All Saints' Day.—November 1st.—When I began to seek the *differentia* of a saint as distinguished from an ordinary man, I found myself in the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's first letter to the Corinthians. There I learnt that great heights of human development may be reached by people who are anything but saints, who are, in fact (or at least in St. Paul's eyes), 'nothing.' The gift of prophecy, the understanding of 'all mysteries' and 'all knowledge,' the possession of 'all faith' so that I could remove mountains would not, I see, prove me a true man, far less a saint. I might have all these and yet be nothing that should count in a real world of real persons, living real life. I might go farther still and fare no better. I might strip myself of all my possessions to feed, or house, the poor; sacrifice my personal ease; even lay down my life; and yet I should not profit. I should still be nothing when I had lost all. Far from being a saint I should be a mere fool for my pains.

This seems extremely important. If the philanthropist, the hero, the devotee, the miracle-worker, and the super-man may, after all, be 'nothing,' it is time for us to revise current convictions. There must be superstitions abroad, plausible enough to deceive, may be, some of the very elect. 'He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.' But the question is whether we are wrong in our conception of a life that is right. If it is so, we are a great deal too tolerant of lives that are wrong, lives which mean for the men who live them that disastrous 'nothing.'

It seems hard enough to be anything of a man;

but if a saint is something more, how hard must sanctity be! I look further in that letter to the Corinthians, and find a description of the saint. He suffers long, St. Paul says, and is kind; he envies none; he never boasts of himself, and is not puffed up with praise. He does not behave himself 'unseemly' (a far-reaching word) in any company or circumstance; nor seek his own profit in his dealings with his fellows or with God. He is not easily provoked; although, I suppose, when he is provoked his wrath is nearly as terrible as God's. He thinks no evil, and takes no pleasure in it when he finds it; his pleasure and rejoicing are in the truth of life, in its reality, in that which is and counts for ever. Dwelling in this difficult world, he bears as his own burden its pains, its griefs, its very sins. In face of every appearance to the contrary he believes all things possible and nothing too good to be true; and he hopes all things of all men, even of himself. Every trouble that comes upon him, every evil inflicted on him, every misunderstanding and reproach, he endures without reproach; and whoever else may fail he stands always firm.

St. Paul does not say this of a saint; he hypostatizes a grace of God and speaks of 'charity.' But it is plain that charity is no moving actor, and that the only actor of charity is the man, here or there, who lives and moves in charity. That man is a saint—the true super-man of this human race, the man in whom God dwells; for God himself is charity. To such a man all things shall be added, for he is the friend of God. And the whole world is open to him

as friend of men—the world of men who may be conquered, but only by love. And because no saint, however great, is complete in himself; because, too, love opens the one way to completion; the riches of all men come to him to fill up the measure of his need. He gives himself, and all that is his; therefore he receives, therefore the universe is minister to him.

This, of course, is vision; but it is vision of the reality foreshadowed in the least of the saints, even in the least of things. We cannot think of a stone lying on the ground, a star shot through the burning air, the sun and its planets, the 'meanest flower,' without thinking in terms of love. We call it the attraction of gravity, of chemical affinity, what not; but it is always attraction, and always the gift of one thing to another, the reception of one thing by the other, or the gift and the reception of life by life. These things are an allegory but they are more; they reveal to us, now that we know it in ourselves, the mystery hidden everywhere from those who have no clue to it in themselves.

The saint dwells in the heart of mystery, has the secret of the wealth of life, is the most practical, economical of men. In proportion to his charity is his fortune. He buys God and the world at the price of himself; and he is well spent. He is the only triumphant man of business, the one usurer who has good success.

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November 23rd.—What is inspiration? What are its conditions? Where is it shown?

First, let me look at the men whom we call inspired. Dante and Shakespeare, not Pope; Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Chopin, not Verdi, nor Gounod; Turner, Puvis de Chavannes, Giotto, Rodin, Leonardo; not Teniers, Meissonier, nor Leighton, with all their skill. Mr. Stephen Phillips is not inspired, nor Sir Lewis Morris; but neither is many a man of greater reputation in his fleeting day. I can picture to myself a giant standing at the summit of human intelligence and power of brain, knowing all things that can be known in the intellectual way, master of all processes in that domain; with a hand and eye that range from one field to another, and bring all into grasp and focus at his will. I can picture this Colossus of mind bestriding the world, and feel no inclination to call him inspired. Not that way lies the advance of spirit; not with such an eye or such a hand does a man reach the deep things of life, spiritual beauty and truth, holiness, love. Not that way does he find God, beneath the garment of God he knows and may describe so well.

Evidently I demand of the inspired man that he shall penetrate beyond the look and skilful management of things, beyond space and its juxtaposition, beyond time that is piecemeal in space. Somehow or other he must mingle with, interpenetrate, permeate, the mysterious heart of the world; he must touch and handle its inner reality. I ask of him that he shall admit within himself, and give forth to us, that which is incapable of full expression by material means or by logic and language; and yet is able to stir in other men a response, a creative movement.

in which they may attain, through the means that have failed him, to contact with the mystery which was his charge. This may be beauty, holiness, love, wisdom, truth; it may, in fact, be anything we are not afraid to say God *is*: but it is not mere knowledge, nor mere skill, however great. It is even to a considerable extent independent of knowledge and skill, at least in any high degree. Inaccuracy, clumsiness, ignorance of a thousand relevant facts, will not arrest inspiration, nor altogether check its influence. 'God hath chosen the weak things,' the things of humility. It seems that not rarely there exists a kind of strength which hinders, because it intoxicates, because it fixes attention, and above all because it tends to pride and self-complacency. The spirit and temper of the child are conditions of all high inspiration—humility, the desire to learn, faith and its venture, a hope neither failure nor reasoning can blight, a vision defying the boundaries of sense and thought. And with this temper, this spirit, true strength coincides—the strength, I suppose, made perfect in that divine weakness and irresistible power, which is humility—and before it all men bow.

We are beginning to recognize these things. A new mind about inspiration is growing among us. We are abandoning the conduit theory which some of us applied only to the writers of the Bible; and others, for the most part, to almost anybody else. We are beginning to see that a man must have certain powers and qualities, must offer certain conditions and remain under them, in order that he may be

subject to inspiration. We see, too, that what he gives us is always himself, raised to new heights of power, intensified in quality. He owns that which he bestows; he does not merely pass it on. He colours it, shapes it, stamps it with his ineffaceable signature; it is his, unique like himself, unique precisely as he is himself unique.

The psychologists, some of them, speak of 'an uprush of the sub-conscious' in the inspired man—in the man of genius in art, religion, life. I had rather (in the good company of Dr. Percy Gardner) call it 'an in-rush of the super-conscious.' It carries a man beyond his own mark, puts into his hands that which he cannot wholly grasp, sends him with a message he does not fully understand. It rouses in him, in fact, by means of hidden senses of the spirit, an intuitive perception with which he reaches out into the continuous life of God around him everywhere. He does indeed build better than he knows, speak more truly than he sees, supply needs of which he is unaware. And in this he is rectifying the balance of human faculty and power, developing within himself that gift of God we others have so little used, so heavily overlaid with weight of other gifts.

The inspired man touches within himself, and without, the inner secrets of life—those secrets which the rationalizing intellect must always ignore. His peculiar process has in it something of dream, of reverie, which fortifies reflexion, and guides his constructive work. He develops, for a higher use, the magical endowment of those lower creatures

who foresee that which no such creature has seen, or will ever see. He *knows*, by an operation that is not mere reasoning, and reaches something beyond rationalistic knowledge—as they do. He embraces within his efficiency, and brings into view, powers latent or crushed out in most of us. He is not more than man ; but he is more of man than are ordinary men.

Nevertheless he is as fallible as any man in certain ways and matters. Physical or scientific facts, facts of common-sense, are not guaranteed to him by his wisdom or his truth. Historic facts are not revealed to him, nor does he escape the habits and conditions of his time and place, of his people, of his ordinary knowledge, even of his prejudice and fancy. He remains man although he touches God and that truth of men which is yet to come.

Such a man wrote the Fourth Gospel ; let us call him St. John the Evangelist, or another John, or any nameless man. Such a man we must delight to honour, for he shows us God and the mind of God for men. Moreover he teaches us to know ourselves and the hindrances we set before the advance of God within us. He is akin with all the artists ; he creates in his revelation, rather than records ; he shows us truth that lives and will always live, let history and science say what they may and must against his history and science.

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Advent. November 29th.—Advent—the beginning of that persistent anachronism, the Church's Year, and

in itself a parable and a sign. For if there is one thing more parabolic than another about our Christian religion, yet more significant than most, it is the fact that, as it were with a flourish of trumpets, we lead off our year by recalling an expectation of Christ and his Church that was not fulfilled, a belief they cherished that, so it seems, came of superstition and folly. We prepare to celebrate the first coming of our King at Christmas by considering a mistake about that second coming in the clouds of heaven, the mistake which may be said to have carried him to his death.

Thousands of pulpits will be occupied during this season by thousands of good men, who will seek, not perhaps thousands, but a score or so, of places of refuge from the difficult position into which their minds have been driven. I remember Fr. Tyrrell telling me that he had been present at a meeting where twenty-five instructed and instructing men, lay and clerical, held on this matter 'twenty-five different opinions, to which I,' he said, 'contributed a twenty-sixth.'

It is this twenty-sixth opinion which enables me to rejoice in Advent, and to enter into the hidden spirit of the Church as I have never done before. And it is not peculiar to Fr. Tyrrell, although he has given it a new currency and force in his *Christianity at the Cross-Roads.*

There are defeats that conquer—witness the defeat of the Cross. There are mistakes which reveal and maintain truth; and this was one of them. True—the Son of Man did not, as a matter of literal fact

come in the clouds with legions of angels, even although he died that he might in that manner bring succour to the world, after giving his sacrificial witness to the world's need of the Advent of God and the Kingdom of God. True again, the outline of this conception was determined in his mind by the apocalyptic hopes of the Jewish people; it was, as to its manner, not original, not a matter of personal vision or of spiritual revelation, but rather of the intellectual clothing given by other men to national aspirations and desires. Nevertheless, as he filled that outline by the operation of his spiritual power, it became able to embody the truth in which alone we live as more than mere human creatures whose ancestry is pithecoid and less. It preserved that truth for our Christian recognition, down to these times wherein the advance from Pithecanthropos through the process of *L'Île des pingouins* has filled the world with false dreams of a naturalistic triumph; and has led men into a mistake, which does not merely determine the choice of a pictorial vehicle of truth, but conceals the truth itself—a poisonous, deeply corroding mistake about all reality and life.

The Church pledged itself from the beginning to an other-worldiness, to a life ever seeking that life which comes into this world, which is transcendent and given to the world, not inherent in the world. You may say that it was cheated into giving the pledge by a false belief, by a fanatic's enthusiasm that overshot and overpowered all reason. But if you do you are a poor critic. For these delusions—

and there have been many of them—never last and never dominate unless they are something more than delusions. There is a story told of a couple of French doctors going round the wards in La Salpêtrière, men of two sorts of criticism. One remarked that as to Jeanne d'Arc he could show here a hundred of her. 'Perhaps,' said the other, 'but has any one of them saved France?' There went more to the making of the Maid than her 'hysteria' and her neurotic temperament; or assuredly she would not have saved France. And there went more to the making of the Church's ineradicable other-worldiness than a Jewish dream that did not come true.

To read *L'Île des pingouins* and Eucken's *Meaning and Value of Life* is to give point and pungency to the keeping of this Advent season by a Church clothed in the garments of humiliation, but always rejoicing in the triumph of the Lord who comes and is to come. '*Pingouins*,' pithecoid, we are, as merely human, as of the natural world; 'psychic men' not invaded by the spirit coming to us 'in the clouds,' and with the angels of God's empowering love. And so we shall remain, even at the height of our evolutionary success, if we can say of life then only what Anatole France, in his satiric Hymn of Progress, says of the city to be built on our ruined civilization:—'Elle s'enrichit et s'accrut démesurément. On ne trouvait jamais les maisons assez hautes; on les surélevait sans cesse et l'on en construisait de trente à quarante étages, où se superposaient bureaux, magasins, comptoirs de banques, sièges de sociétés, et l'on creusait dans le sol tou-

jours plus profondément des caves et des tunnels.' It will be the story of Babel; but it will apply for ever unless there is an eternal meaning in that divine mistake about the Parousia, the immediate coming of the Son of Man.

The human note, that which makes an animal into man, is his capacity for God. Herein lies his advantage over common apes and penguins. And if he forgoes his advantage he will be neither ape nor penguin, but the kind of beast that has lost innocence without gaining virtue, and has emerged from mere ignorance into damnable perversion of his own and every other truth. We go easily, we of an insular social life, we of a people not logical enough to abide by any premisses, or keep within the bounds of the most obvious dialectic. We go easily—and we may go safely even as a people; because our peril has begun to be illustrated for us in pictures we cannot fail to see. The world at large is not as illogical as we are, nor is our immediate world made in the pattern of such of us as read and write diaries and consider our ways while we blunder along them. The old idealism to which we still pay some homage is dying, if not dead, for the European and American and Australian peoples; the old religion in the old form that we still confess—many of us—at least with our lips, is passing, if it has not passed. The Church is alive, with a renewed life, so we 'modernist' Christians think; and even in the world there is stirring by the Spirit, such as there was never before—so we think. But apart from that —and it is but a low beginning—the satire of *L'Île*

des pingouins is history; vividly artistic, of course, as history should be in order that it may be anything but a chronicle of dead bones. It is history biting into the life that men are leading now. And if there was ever a moment of time when we ought to pray that the kingdom of God may come upon earth, not by the way of an immanent naturalistic progress and social morality, but by the Spirit that blows like wind in the clouds of heaven, it is this moment of our intoxication in a success that is only of the world. For the fashion of it passes away; and men need stern preparation to fit them for the kingdom where truth and justice, holiness and beauty, reign in love, triumphant and enthroned.

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November 30th. St. Andrew.—It is not easy to picture the vivid expectation of that little group of apostles and disciples looking for the speedy return of their Lord, who had left them, as they were sure, only for 'a little while.' But there can be no doubt of it, no doubt that Andrew, Simon's brother; Simon himself; and John (who might certainly be counted on to live until he came, whatever delay there might be) hoped for his coming in the clouds, every day, as the days went by. Yet those of us who have not faced the full strength of the evidence hesitate to believe that the Lord himself expected and taught his own speedy advent as the glorious 'Son of Man' that he knew himself to be. 'If I will that he tarry till I come' has been explained away for us, as for the generation in which the

tradition was written down; and so has many a stronger witness to the facts. There is always a way of escape from unwelcome truth. There are always expedients more or less respectable, more or less plausible, by which men may evade a plain issue and its consequences. We of the 'twenty-sixth' opinion on the Parousia accept the plain issue and as many consequences as we can see. But this is no great credit to our courage. In learning new things about the human mind we have learnt to carry far the critical distinction between truth of spirit and life, and truth of historical or scientific fact. More—we have, therefore, learnt at last to understand better the intellectual errors of saints and prophets and seers. Even a man wholly possessed by God, a man different in kind, not only in degree, from all the saints, no saint because so far above mere saintliness, must, we see, if he were truly man, reflect, conceive, and picture, like other men. He must be of a people, a time, a place; he must grow in wisdom as in stature; and he too must share the difficulty of the saints, and find himself bound by their conditions. Like them he must see, as well as express, in pictures and in words, truth of spirit and life, truth beyond the compass of all pictures and all words. The more God-like a saintly man is and the clearer his vision of divine things, the more of this difficulty he will have; and the more likely is it that the framework of his concepts will prove too narrow to embrace the meaning and eternal validity of his vision of divine things. Even the man who is also God, the man in whom God has

become man, must needs embody, in terms of time by the earth's clocks and of space projected and understood in the human intellectual way, the truth of man's relation to the transcendent God. His language and mental pictures might well be as far from historical or scientific validity as any other man's, as far from superficial accuracy as any poet's, as far from photographic representation as those pictures of him that have been seen in vision by his saints.

The very vividness of his intuition, the keenness of his spiritual insight, the immediacy of his real knowledge; his perfect union with God, and the poignant agony of his love for men; would quicken and foreshorten time for him, so that he would almost 'see with bodily eyes the consummation, "the glory of the sum of things," immanent already in the present chaos,' keeping pace with the urgency of his desire, hastening to make good the word of the prophets which was ringing in his ears.

For mere saints—it is of their nearness to heavenly things—the glory of God, the love of God, the judgements and demands of God, are cognizable here and now; they are present, active; they are ready for men to see and hear if men would but open their eyes, and listen to the universal message. And God, they often think, might and would open men's understanding by his thunders, even when they are deaf to his whispered word. So they think; and they are apt to marvel that any man escapes the revelation so plain to them, that any man fails to see through the tenuous veil of flesh the light which for them

overpowers all the fictions of a world of flesh. They do not marvel that heaven is close at hand, nor that they can see it here; they marvel that any man is blind to it, that every man does not hear the voice of God above all other sounds. And they have their impatience, the translation of their longing and their love. They would hasten the kingdom, tear down the veil, compel men to listen and behold. They would use the violence of love, the onslaught of self-sacrifice, against those walls set between earth and heaven, which divide men from their own good and their salvation. 'The kingdom of heaven *suffereth* violence,' they declare; and by the condescension of divine love, 'the violent' may 'take it by force.' Therefore they storm heaven for love of the brethren, as their Master did when he laid down his life to bring the kingdom of God among men.

This is of the psychology of the saints. Consider, too, that their intellect springs from the same root as our own. They are descended from Anthropos, son of Pithecanthropos; they have worked, and must work, in the brickfield of mind. No man escapes the consequences of the birth and breeding of human intellect. Even God, possessing a man absolutely, without let or hindrance of human self-will, even God revealing himself to the utmost, cannot (it seems and reasonably seems) escape that which he has embraced. Just as he must be in one shape of body, not in all; belong to one race, use one language, have one religion; so he must have one knowledge. And one knowledge means some ignor-

ance, simply because it is finite. It leaves room for mistake made after the inevitable fashion of a man's intellect, mistake due to the genesis of intellect, and to the influence of social inheritance, tradition, teaching, upon the individual mind. If Jesus could be tired, could be hungry and thirsty, in his body, so he could be subject to natural limitations in his intellectual process. 'Why,' says Tyrrell, 'if God did not disdain the rôle of a poor man and a tempted man, should he disdain that of an ignorant man, wherein to reveal the Spirit victorious over the very commonest human limitations? It is not from the human mind that he *had*, but from the divine Spirit that he *was*, that man has drawn strength to conquer ignorance and weakness, energy to fight against darkness and wickedness, however costly, however interminable the conflict. To fill us with this Spirit was the mission of Jesus; not to teach us metaphysics or science or history, or ethics, or economics. The love of truth, the spirit of truthfulness, is the living root of all mental progress. This the most ignorant man may have and communicate.'

Not to teach us history—that is a lesson we must learn about Christ and his Church. Both Jesus and the Spirit of Jesus in the body of those who are his have a mission to teach us that we are poor and lonely, ruined and helpless, without the invasion of God. He teaches us, and so should his Church, that we must become God-like in order to fulfil our own nature; that we must receive God into our own life, in order that we may enter into the kingdom of God, which is our true home. His Spirit and his

teaching are given still, given, taken, and received in sacramental symbols, by vehicles that convey to us the life and power that we need, the truth that is our light. These symbols, whether verbal, material, or what not, are only in their outward fact subject-matter for science. They may seem false or nothing to the critic, for he is not as critic concerned with the life they serve or the life they convey. What are the bread and the wine of the sacrament of our salvation? What is the water that admits us into conscious fellowship with the saints? What, for the critic who is no more than critic, can be any verbal rendering by which a man's vision of eternal truth is half hidden, half displayed? What, indeed, can be the man himself? Let us analyse the wine or the water in the laboratory; let us dissect the man. Let us esteem the *Paradiso* according to its fact-value.

If we were content to take the vision of the Second Coming as we take the *Paradiso*, but with appropriate reverence; if we would cease to take symbols for scientific facts, imposing them or rejecting them according to the fashion of our mind as credulous or critical; imposing because we are not careful of scientific fact, or rejecting because we care for nothing else; we should have no trouble with our Advent season, but rather a great joy. For the abiding hope of Christians is centred in the absolute truth of that vision: we look for the kingdom, we despair of human life without the invasion of Christ, we put not our trust in any princes of earth, in any natural progress of earth. We see the world passing away before our eyes; we know death, hell, and judge-

ment ; our hope of life is in heaven. To the end of our time here we must be visionaries among the blind ; travellers and pilgrims among those who build continuing cities. We must be filled with divine discontent in the midst of all the goods and riches of a world that is never satisfied, yet thinks us fools for our discontent.

It is clear to me that we do well to keep our Advent, and continually proclaim our faith in the Vision of the Lord. But it is equally clear that we must proclaim also the plain truth about it that we see. There seems no other way in which we can expect that the hope of the kingdom will come again with the power it has lost. ' Is that what you mean ? ' men will say ; ' Why have you hidden so long your good news ? '

* * * *

December 3rd.—I would bear in mind that the Good News for which every man seeks is news of more life. More life means happiness, and happiness is plainly the desire of the heart, and even of the senses and the mind, in all men. I see men who are looking for it down blind alleys and in the hells they build about them ; I see them, I cannot help seeing them, hungering for more life, yet going, apparently, straight towards the second death. And when they despair of happiness, I find that they despair, too, of the poor life they have and seem to be losing. An animal may be content with the life he has, the life that is only not at a standstill because it is quietly running down its natural declivity into its grave ; probably he is well content after his fashion. But

a man—no, it is obvious to me that he is always discontent, unless it be in some lowest hell reached after he has passed the long length of that road of second death. Then he may be satisfied in a new fashion, because, may be, he is no longer man. Here he has still the prerogative of man, the hunger for more life which his capacity entails upon him; he has no animal completeness. The prodigal son, in the far country, and still prodigal at heart though bankrupt of possessions, ate husks rather than nothing; and the insatiable appetite of human life, the craving for happiness in the increase of life, drives men hither and thither, through waste places and places that abound, seeking, always seeking, blindly and foolishly—or with the wisdom that is divine—for news of the spirit's only good.

Again I remind myself that creative life upon earth, the '*poussée de la vie*' in our world, drives itself by the myriad ways of its dispersal, to form the individual lives we see or have for our own; and that no one of these takes to itself the fullness of life's many characters, no one knows in itself the whole of life. Man—the microcosm, as we call him—is plainly wanting in the skill shown by a creature that is, for example, a better surgeon, within its narrow range, than any man. Some of these little ephemeral parcels of life we call insects die in giving birth; never in the whole history of their race does any one of them see its descendants, and yet it will provide for the safety of coming generations by an elaborate, detailed, far-seeing care. Where we must learn gradually, and perhaps never know well, using

guess, hypothesis, experiment, comparison, those creatures act directly and unerringly. They act as if they felt—and who shall say they do not feel ?—the continuity of life from within ; as if they shared other lives and other bodies as elements in their own, and could use them and work in them and for them or against them, as truly to a purpose. We men have carried the power of intelligence to the highest point reached in the animal kingdom ; but we have neglected and left behind our elementary endowment of intuition. In the *feel* of the continuity of things and life, in interior knowledge and power of life, we are far behind the attainment of the gad-fly, who yet only has part with us in the common *poussée de la vie*, which makes of one kin the manifold world. We pay for our intellectual supremacy ; but in the long run, if we will consent to learn our lesson, intellect may uplift our intuition and intuition may glorify intellect. We know not what we shall be ; and even ways we have neglected are open still.

Meanwhile we display (to the angels and the seers, if not elsewhere) a promising monstrosity in our growth. We are asymmetrical ; and therein lies prophecy. Not among penguins or the monkey-folk is there any such monstrosity, only in man. For man, even when he abandons his truth and yields himself to the sway of the senses or the over-balancing intellect, keeps still his capacity of spirit, and has the organs of the life of spirit. He may bely his own purpose, he may paralyse his noblest members ; but, empty and hideous, his capacity for God stands manifest.

All this because, as I am continually telling myself, the *poussée de la vie* has found in him alone a way towards ampler freedom, in which may be brought to fruition not only its sense-character, its intellectual character, and even its intuitive character; but a character that raises all these into fulfilment in the life of the Spirit. There, at last, from that height in God, a man may see a new world which, because it includes all other worlds, is good.

Man is powerful—the reed that thinks—and poorer than any other creature upon earth. His poverty bears witness to his power, his poverty and his doom on earth. We know death and the night that cometh. We may know, too, if we choose, that if generation after generation is condemned to work for a generation that never comes, for the generation that shall enter upon happiness as reward for the labour of all toilers who have gone down weary into the silence of the night; then the tree of life is barren. It is barren for us who pass away, struck down unfruitful in an end that is only one catastrophe or another, one triumph of death and darkness or another; and our disaster is the greater if that generation for which we all labour shall indeed come, only to pass away like the rest. We may know this; it should be enough for us. The night always comes, death comes and the grave is always dug.

It should be enough. Yet even we deceive ourselves, we Christians who look for the kingdom of the Spirit, and the fulfilment of man's power in the power of God; who are not content with a life of the

senses or the intellect, or even of high conduct; who cannot stoop to believe in a mere natural progress from amoeba to happy man, although the world about us is buoyed up with this belief. We are of our time and place; we dare not believe in this mirage, yet we do. Earth seems enough, at least if it can be made to behave well. The development of well-being by an ethical progress; the picture of the men who would live happily in such a *limbus* as our rationalists dream—these beguile us, mingle with our vision of the kingdom, and are like to pervert it. They belong to the dream of that devil who poses as an angel of light—that is, unless we lay violent hand upon them and carry them with us to their transfiguration in our own spiritual truth.

Perhaps, when men have learnt to take pains in the matter of furthering that insight and intuition which have been dwarfed by neglect and by intellectual dominance, they may discover in themselves a new organ of criticism for their manner of life, and for the narrow range of their ambition and desire. The Spirit strives with us in all ways, to give that which we foolishly seek where it will not be found. Criticism may open a new and better way. Then the warning voice will perhaps be listened to—'Repent and be baptized.'

At present this is an odd thing to say to civilized and successful man. 'Repent': change entirely, look another way, that you may be born again of the Spirit, and enter into new life as a little child, a new beginner. 'Be baptized,' with the fire that consumes all wood and hay and stubble. It is absurd: for

we have won for ourselves great possessions; and we are kings in a kingdom of our own.

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December 7th.—'Wood, hay, stubble'; 'great possessions'; 'all that a man hath will he give for his life': but the question is whether he has anything besides life to give for it. Or rather there is no such question, except for men who are losing life. 'He that saveth his life shall lose it': Hegel and all the prophets cannot get beyond this word.

But I am in the Advent season, considering the 'four last things'—Death, Judgement, Hell, and Heaven; and for this moment I consider Death and Hell. I am assured in my own mind that I have seen both, here upon this intermediate earth, and that I interpret them best to myself in terms of increase or diminution of life (that is, of God and all things that are his) in a man. To lose God and men and all the gifts of God and men is undoubtedly to win hell; that is, it is loneliness, 'damnation,' deprivation of happiness, infliction of poverty beyond all poverty we can conceive. It is also, it is certainly, death. I want to know how much or how little it is death in life; that is, how much or how little of life may remain in a man who has died to all that is good.

Once upon a time we were positive, intellectually, in regard to this matter. We had not sufficiently considered the life of a man, and we made pictures as children make them; with a realism natural enough in that stage of immature reflexion, but unnatural,

morbid (or else aesthetically affected), in a riper age. We drew our pictures in space of three dimensions, we kept our men in ghostly bodies of three dimensions or endowed their 'spirits' with the properties of bodies. Our hell was under the flat earth, and our heaven was above it. We sent bad men to one place and good men to the other as we might send one to the gallows and another to a feast. It was simple; it was true. That is, it was the only way in which we knew how to express the truth we saw—the truth that bad men are damned and good men saved. This truth remains, although those childish pictures seem now not even to represent it. In the men our forefathers saw writhing in tormenting fires, we do not see bad men, but only ordinary men, commingled of good and bad, in a bad place; ordinary men who could live elsewhere but for a constraint arbitrarily put upon their pictured bodies.

So we have changed all this. Now we preach idealism and the self-made, self-constituted hell. But still we see men keeping their life and their capacity for life, even in the uttermost depths of their own hell. And so we keep the picture of sons of light enveloped in a horror of darkness, a darkness that is felt as material fires were felt before. We imagine men like ourselves craving for light and life, raging because they cannot have it; as our fathers imagined men longing for the joys of heaven while they endured unendurable torment in undying flames. We still think that the second, the real death, the true loss of life which men earn by saving their great possessions and their paltry selves, leaves them with

just as much life and capacity as any one of us undamned, unsanctified, ordinary men has now.

There seems in this conception the same mistake as that which stands out for us so plainly in the lurid picture we have thrown aside. We see the absurdity of material flames, or quasi-material flames, and of men who would be in heaven if God or St. Peter would open the door. But is there not just as much absurdity in supposing that a man can both lose his life and keep it; lose God and his fellows by his desire for himself, and not shrink into himself; shrink into himself and not lose capacity; lose capacity and not in the end lose even desire?

There is a passage in Baron Friedrich von Hügel's wonderful book on *The Mystical Element in Religion*, which both haunts and fortifies me. He criticizes the usual conception of what is called 'Conditional Immortality'; and then goes on to say that in spite of its flaws it 'cannot be far from the truth, since everything, surely, points to a lowered consciousness in the souls in question, or at least to one lower than that in the ultimate state of the Saved.' . . . 'Whilst the joyful life of the Saved would range, in harmonious intensity, beyond all that we can experience here, the painful consciousness of the Lost would be, in various degrees, indefinitely less. The Saved would thus not be only *other* than the Lost, they would actually be *more*: for God is Life supreme, and, where there is more affinity with God, there is more life, and more consciousness.'

Thus we begin to make a new picture. Good men are saved, bad men are damned. We have the same

truth to express; and we express it in our own way, not in a way that cannot any longer be ours. We know more about life and men; we have learnt more by the way of reflexion, by comparison, experiment, analysis, and synthesis. We have studied man, his nature, his ways; we have studied God too—or our conception of God and our experience of God; but we have not reached a new ultimate truth about the good and the bad and their real relation to God. One is damned, the other is saved—still. Yet around this ultimate truth there are grouped innumerable truths of intuition and intellect, with which we must reckon, on penalty of a stultifying divorce between our pictures and that which they should represent and symbolize. If we will not have new pictures we shall lose old truths—here and in like instances. Let us recognize and confess the principle; it will save a world of trouble over details in its working out. For these pictures are not like the far simpler symbols which have upon them the mark of universality, of general consent, of a constant use. They are composed of varying materials, they are continually changing, not only by growth in flexibility of use, but by new particulars in actual presentment. There is really nothing sacred about them; they bring down no halo from the gathered life of generations. No one portrayal of hell is a Christian *Symbolum,* borne aloft in Christian faith by the armies of the Lord. And we shall better guard our true *Symbola* if we admit, and rejoice in admitting, that such pictorial interpretations of truth as this must change if truth itself is to be preserved.

I, in my modern sensitiveness, shrink from diminution of life and growing poverty of consciousness, as my ancestors shrank from the fires of Tophet; and the fires of Tophet have no meaning for me, whereas I see diminution of life forcing its meaning upon me every day. My ancestors and I share the same capacity for life and the same faith. We draw nearer together—they are more mine, and perhaps I am more theirs—when I abandon their pictures and make new ones of my own. Nor do I separate myself from my contemporaries who are still able to look upon eternal torment without wincing. For I can use my pictures to translate theirs rather than supersede them; until they wish to supersede them, which can hardly be long delayed. For all about us, about them and me, there is another and far greater error concerning these things, which is doing its proper meed of harm and its consequent remoter good. It is the error by which an amiable optimism avoids the lesson of experience and deprives man of his right to be damned.

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December 8th. The feast of the Conception of Mary. —This is a bad world, although it is capable of the kingdom of heaven. I am not surprised that men have been driven to talk of 'original' sin, and of a guilt inherited by the innocent. There is so much sin, it is so persistent and begins so early, that they may be excused for believing in the transmission of its guilt from father and mother to sons and daughters, all the way from the first father and mother and the

first sin. Even we, who know a good deal about the birth of our race which our fathers did not know, are sure that there must have been a beginning of sin to taint the general air and set going an inheritance of its results. But we distinguish—there is no finer intellectual exercise than distinguishing—between natural and social inheritance ; between sin and the results of sin ; between the deed that is free and that which is compelled ; between a sin and the conditions, bodily or social, that make it possible ; between guilt and misfortune. And as soon as we have done this the adjective ' original ' seems out of place, and the imputation of guilt to a baby absurd.

Pithecanthropos, possessed of a nature that was not human, but was at the last step before becoming human—hypothetical but necessary Pithecanthropos —could not sin. The first men could and probably did, in their humble way, after some education. The babe of last week cannot sin, and he is not guilty. Some day he will acquire guilt, most probably, unless he is devoid of human reason. So human reason is one condition of human sin. Sin, we say and see, is a matter of the will ; the sinner does not sin by accident but by a free expression of himself. That is why he is held guilty. Freedom, then, is another condition. We must have a free reasonable being before we can have a sin or its guilt. Obviously, a baby a week old is neither free nor reasonable, except, as we say, potentially. (Blessed word !) That is, he is *not* free, *not* reasonable ; but we believe that he will become so. When the child is able to recog-

nize an 'ought,' an obligation, in fact a law that he acknowledges as his own law, he begins to be able to sin, to be capable of guilt—but only then. So with Anthropos in the childhood of the race. When he discovered that his desires were in conflict with some obligation that he confessed as binding upon him, some family or tribal custom, there came the possibility of sin and guilt—not before.

Sin is defiance of law; and without law and the acknowledgement of its binding force, there is no sin and therefore no guilt, although there may be voluntary action, and even voluntary action that we call wrong. Nature is only the ground from which both law and sin arise; it is their condition, their neutral, non-legal, non-moral, sinless, ground. And by natural birth we inherit nature, not law, nor sin, nor guilt. Law and the outcome of sin in our corporate and social life are things we help to make and organize in the society of men, by the use of our free, reasonable, personal life. We make them when the breath of the divine Spirit has kindled in us that flame which reaches to the heavens, or sets alight the devouring fires of hell within our souls. And as law grows, so the opportunity of sin grows too. We rise in this double scale up to the height of the law of love, and to the enormity of the Christian's guilt. Anthropos and the little child are at the foot of the ladder, one foot, let us say, on the lowest rung, beginning to learn the restraint and obligation of law. Every man begins there; every man has begun there, since the nature of the other animals was carried, by the *poussée de la vie*, into a place of new and great freedom.

There a way was open for the coming of the transcendent Spirit which has made one of earth's creatures able to learn to look down upon himself, and at last to see his nature as material to be shaped into that which he seeks, that which he desires to become. Man is the meeting-place of the divine life and power immanent in nature, with God himself transcendent over nature. That is—in the language of certain philosophers—he is *self*-conscious, not merely conscious; self-realizing, neither realizing only nor only realized. Therefore he can sin when he has learnt how to sin. And he learns by means of a growing law and a growing power of will and action in himself. This is his privilege as reasonable, as the reed that thinks, the animal whose social life has no set bounds, who can receive or reject God and be guilty of sin.

What, then, shall we say of inheritance? This—that a man inherits still, like the first men, a neutral, non-legal, non-moral, sinless nature of animal instincts and self-regarding habits; but that, unlike the first men, he inherits too a deeply tainted social tradition. There is a body into which he is born, which is not of flesh and blood but of language, customs, prejudices, organized social and political laws, social and political habits—a body corrupted by the sins of its members, made powerful for evil by the collected results of their personal sin. Into this body he is born, as well as into that of flesh and blood; into this social nature he is born, as well as into that which came to him by flesh and blood. And thus he comes into a deadly heritage, and is linked with all his brethren in the outcome of their

evil wills, as well as in the common possession of a 'lawless, impulse-governed organism.' He begins to play his part in the struggle of the divine Spirit with flesh, inheriting the 'non-moral and necessary animal instinct and self-assertive tendency' of his progenitors; and his struggle is complicated by the body of social inheritance. This body is not neutral. It is, in transmission, bad as well as good. We endow our innocent children with a heritage of evil, as with a heritage of good; we both hamper and encourage their efforts to subdue necessary animal instincts to the purposes of spirit, and to wrest self from its assertion of self into self-giving.

All who have sinned have a guilty part in this inheritance, and a responsibility for its evil. But this confession and its consequences are not as though we confessed the original sin, the corrupted nature and the inherited guilt, of theology. We are not entangled in that logical network. And, therefore, we are not compelled this day, for instance, to speak (or wish to speak) of an *Immaculate* Conception of Mary. Every conception is for us immaculate, because the *macula* of sin, its guilty stain, is stamped by personal effort, not by birth. It is made by the free and reasonable person who commits the sin—let his inheritance be what it may.

* * * *

December 12th.—I gather that for Catholic theologians the proper nature of the son of Pithecanthropos (that is of 'Adam, which was the son,' not of Pithecanthropos, but 'of God') was glorified by a grace

from God ' superadded ' to his nature. In his proper nature he had not ' original righteousness,' and therefore could not lose it. He had natural desires of the flesh, those desires which we attribute to the lower animals without imputing to them sin ; and attribute also to Pithecanthropos, still only on the verge of sin. With the loss, through wilful sin, of the original righteousness superposed on his *pura naturalia*, these desires came to ' *partake of* ' the nature of his sin, yet were not strictly part of that nature in themselves. And the proper nature of man was only weakened, not corrupted, by the wilful fall into sin.

Now this seems to me a very fine scheme, much finer than any made by the Protestant theologians. It sets the fact of sin wholly in the operation of the will, and leaves the nature of man only wounded, not corrupt. Men suffer from the *vulnera naturae* which were given to the race in the defeat of Adam, administered to it by his loss of supernatural righteousness ; but they are not, as the Westminster Confession puts it : ' dead in sin, and wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body ' . . . ' utterly indisposed, disabled, and opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil.' Nothing of the kind.

There is better philosophy and psychology in the Catholic error ; but there is the same misleading anthropology, physiology, and interpretation of ancient documents, as in that of the extreme Protestant. Therefore it is erroneous ; although far less offensive to man, far less cynical in its implied judgement of man.

The Anglican Article, as might be expected, steers a middle course, speaks of the '*vitium et depravatio naturae*,' 'whereby man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil, so that the flesh lusteth always contrary to the spirit.' It goes on to discourse on the '*φρόνημα σαρκός*,' 'which some do expound the wisdom, some sensuality, some the affection, some the desire of the flesh' as 'not subject to the law of God.' And it pronounces that this desire 'hath the nature of sin.' *Hath*, not *partakes of*.

The Anglican Article has not gone the length of the Westminster Confession, but it has certainly gone too far for philosophers and psychologists. Moreover it shares the common error due to the common cause. Fortunately it binds nobody; and it may be conscientiously neglected in argument.

If the Catholic theologians had not fallen into that pit which ignorance of the history of man and the Scriptures had dug for them, there would have been little for us to complain of in their teaching about sin. As it is there is much.

Original sin and that defect of nature are transmitted, they say, from father to son, and not only are the defect and the sin transmitted, but the guilt. How this last is done no man can say; but some theologians ingeniously discover that guilt is *imputed* (blessed word) without being earned. So Anthropos, guilty Anthropos (or Adam), in himself or by his own sin, bequeathed guilt, by imputation, or implicitly, or somehow, to all his descendants unto the ultimate generation.

It is hard to write seriously of such ingenuity; although it has been all too serious in religion and life, and is serious still. It is hard, because this manner of thinking seems to the Modernist so remote, so plainly belonging to the kind of reflexion and comment that depends on ignorance of facts which have now entered the very marrow of our intellectual bones. It seems to us to have wholly passed away with that ignorance; and we can barely bring ourselves to believe that it ever carried conviction beyond the circle of rationalistic theologians, much less that there are worlds within our world where it still has power. But the truth is that the doctrines of original sin, original righteousness and transmitted guilt and depravity have influenced Christians everywhere, and in all times from the earliest until now. Even great thinkers have adopted one or other of them and found it congruous and illuminating. Not long ago a theologian said of his version of this doctrine that it 'collects, as it descends to this modern era of the world, the suffrages of modern thought.'

Is there a contradiction here? Not so. The doctrine, one of the doctrines, may collect our suffrages, but only on condition of our not knowing what it really is, taking it in some brief summary, and finding it match, not our knowledge of the history of man, but our experience of his vileness. We see him weak, corrupt, prone to evil as the sparks fly upward, wounded by his own transgression, stained to the core by his own guilt. And we say that whatever may be the mistakes of Christian theologians, they were right indeed when they

'taught original sin
The corruption of man's heart.'

We have not examined their scheme, pierced its ingenuities, brought to bear upon it the assured results of our long investigation into man and his works and ways. We have not thought carefully of Pithecanthropos, in whom there was no human spirit against which the flesh could lust; nor of Anthropos, in his beginning a mere 'lawless, impulse-governed organism,' obeying nature, and only by slow and slight degrees learning the weary way to a moral or immoral life, and to the responsibilities of choice. We have not faced the problem of the transmission of guilt, although every one of us owns that guilt must be earned in personal consent to sin. Sin and guilt are everywhere before our eyes, that is the miserable truth; but hereditarily transmitted sin, and hereditarily transmitted guilt, no man has ever seen or can see. Fully developed sin is conspicuous on all sides; but have we given due attention to the small beginnings of it in the child, the small occasions of it in the life of primitive men so far as we have unveiled the conditions of that life? We have not. When we do, the doctrines of the theologian take on another aspect.

I am bound to say, and to set down here in my Diary, that until Dr. Tennant unravelled for me the tangled skein of this matter, I did not know how remote from the possibilities of really careful modern thought was any doctrine, even the Catholic doctrine, of transmitted guilt and 'original' sin. The unravelling is no light task, even for theologians in the

theological way. And it is complicated by the obvious justification for their attempt to systematize the results of experience that experience itself affords. But the fact that their dogma depends upon a superseded anthropology, doctrine of creation, literary science, historic science, settles the question for good and all. For all its apparent justification, the doctrine now stands condemned.

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December 14th.—'Can we,' Dr. Tennant asks, 'find the ground of the possibility and occasion for sin in our natural constitution regarded as the perfectly normal result of a process of development through which the race has passed previously to the acquisition of full moral responsibility; and can we assign the rise of evil itself simply to the difficulty of the task which has to be encountered by every individual person alike, the task of enforcing his inherited organic nature to obey a moral law which he has only gradually been enabled to discern?'

Here we have a task congenial to the mind of our day, the task of tracing out the growth of human character in our psychological manner. We abandon metaphysics (for the moment), and set ourselves to observation, comparison, analysis, of what we find to observe, compare, and analyse. The metaphysical problem that remains does not hinder us in the least. It belongs to a totally different stage and manner of enquiry. We are asking now how sin and the power to sin began and have grown in man; we would trace out its history in his history and see what light may

be cast upon it and him when we study the facts that we unearth. Plainly no man would frame his questions as Dr. Tennant frames them unless he had already fulfilled his task, and come to see man and his sin in some new light. The questions are in a sense their answer, as far as he who puts them is concerned. And indeed, for those of us whose solution of modern knowledge is 'super-saturated,' they are something like the crystal which, when it is thrown into such a fluid mass, gives the whole thing its own shape and meaning, once for all.

The evolution of mankind from the prehistoric struggle, a state of life in which its mere bodily maintenance must have been an absorbing interest and dominant aim, is no doubt guessed or inferred as to its facts; but the guess is reasonable, not arbitrary, and the inference is from known facts and according to established principles. The study of infancy and childhood has shown us how the instinctive non-moral impulses and desires precede in every individual man the life of conscious willing and the awareness of obligation; as it must have done, we have come to believe, in the infancy and childhood of the race. We picture to ourselves the long education of the race as not unlike a long-drawn-out childhood; we see the growth of morals in the one almost as we see it in the other; and we are not likely, we think, to be far from truth in the painting of our picture.

The sins of children we do not judge now as we used to judge them; because we know so much more of the truth of a child. We do not judge our earliest

ancestors as we did, and for the same reason and cause. That there is no sin without law, we see plainly; we are sure that neither the child nor his primitive father could become possessed of law ready-made, still less acknowledge it as his own, and as binding upon his conduct. A little child is a little animal, governed by natural and necessary impulses and appetites, seeking to fulfil them as the wild creature seeks; resenting, just as the wild creature resents the collar and the chain, any attempt to thwart the power it feels within, the desires it has neither mind nor motive to suppress.

What, indeed, are these desires but the expression of human needs, primary or evolved? Without them life could not have been maintained upon the earth. In themselves they have no moral colour; they are neutral and needed in every life. We have to learn to regulate them, because we can pervert them to unnatural uses; because, on occasion, their gratification may conflict with some demand of the moral and social community, or of the spirit to which even life itself may have to give way; and, above all, because we have grown capable of divine self-sacrifice, and are able to love the brethren and God with an unselfish love that is the gift of God. But, as natural to the animal and beneficial to animal life, those impulses and appetites with which we are born stand below morals, and form both the foundation on which they may be built and the material with which spirit has to deal in bringing forth the Son of God, the Holy Thing concealed in man and lifting his entire nature up to God.

Not this consummation does the world struggle after, nor did primitive man; not this does even the good citizen seek in his good citizenship. We pass through stage after stage, we children of God, from animal to moral, and at last we attain to awareness of the spiritual life, increasing, as we go, our knowledge of law, our possibility of sin, and alas! our sin itself and its sinfulness. We pay the penalty of entrance upon our high estate. If God had not come among us, we had had no sin; but now we have no cloke for our sin. It has grown with our growth in consciousness of the will of God. It is the ripe fruit of the tree of knowledge, which our first fathers had neither power nor opportunity to pluck.

* * * *

December 16th. O Sapientia.—When I try to think myself back into, say, the middle of the second century, I wonder how I should have regarded the Christian tradition of that time, if I had lived then, and yet had my present prepossessions in science and philosophy. For instance, bringing in my opinion as to the *macula* of sin, the hereditary transmission of guilt, how should I have regarded the new matter added in the first and third Gospels to the earlier tradition (or in place of the earlier silence), concerning the birth and infancy of Christ? I am inclined to say that I should have thought much of it forced, uncalled for. I should almost certainly not have thought it a gain in the expression of the truth as it is in Jesus, the truth of himself, his person and his office. I might even have regretted it, considered

it rather a hindrance than a help to the acceptance of that truth. I should very likely have failed to appreciate its poetic truth and symbolic value. But I am sure that a different set of prepossessions would have brought me to a different opinion. If I had been a child of my time and place and of the current knowledge, I should have thought the new historical details, and the inferences drawn from them, confirmed by my faith, and I should not have questioned their truth of fact. I should probably have used them, in an unconscious circle of argument, to defend my faith; should have expected them at least to prepare a way for its reception by other men.

At an earlier date, and as a Jew among Jews, I should have had at first no doubt that Jesus was the son of Joseph the carpenter; I should have thought of him as his neighbours thought. I should have spoken of his family, of his brethren and his sisters, of his father and his mother. When I had become his follower and learnt to believe in him as the Messianic Son of David, the genealogies given in the Gospels would have strengthened my belief. There, I should have said, is his descent in the royal line: he is a king's son as well as a carpenter's.

It is amazing to us that those artificial compilations could ever have carried conviction; but the Hebrew Scriptures afford parallels enough to show that Hebrew criticism was not as ours. There are two genealogies of Benjamin, two of Judah, three of Caleb; they troubled no one. Teaching, inferences, meanings, count for such minds to the obscuring of all scientific questions as to fact; they count in the

same way for such minds now, when they have escaped the discipline of criticism and the modern habit of fidelity to truth of fact.

A little later, had I been subject to new influences, I might have added with my own hand those significant words '*as was supposed*' with which St. Luke begins his tree of ascent from Joseph to 'Adam which was the son of God.' True to the manner of my age, I might not have noticed that I had made that tree fruitless of its former advantage, and had set a mark upon it that would tell the tale of its origin to more observant generations. I should then have had a new purpose to serve, a new genealogical descent to prove.

The divine Son needed no earthly father; nay, rather, he could have had none other than the Power of the Highest. And was there not a prophecy? (I should have had no difficulty in reading 'virgin' into that prophecy, where the text gave a different word. Literary fidelity was not of that age any more than scientific fidelity.) The tradition would thus grow with my growth, step by step, stage by stage—as it grew. In later generations it would naturally follow the same course—as it has. The result we see.

But had I, in the early days, and still as a man of that time, been a follower of St. Paul; or a student, let us say, of the symbolism of the fourth Gospel, I should have been quite consistent with my teachers if I had cared for none of these things. The truth as it is in Jesus would have seemed independent of them; as it does to me now. I might have written,

like Paul, letters to all the Churches of which he had care, and never so much as spoken of those affairs of origin and birth. Christ crucified, Christ risen from the dead, would have been enough of history for me, in whom Christ lived.

Now, as I look back on all the growth of tradition, I see one set of prepossessions after another determining, furthering, and consolidating it. And behind its persistence and its change, I see along the later generations of Christians the constant influence of certain philosophical doctrines concerning matter, the impurity of nature; the stain of sin, and of its guilt, upon the processes of nature. I see increasing exaltation of virginity as a means of escape from contamination of the flesh. I see a warmer welcome given to any means by which the heritage of the *macula* of sin could be thrown off in relation to our Lord. The sanctification of Mary from the moment of conception, by a special act of the Holy Ghost, was one means adopted to set the heritage of original sin still further back from Jesus; and the tradition of the manner of his birth, passed over by St. Paul and in the fourth Gospel, and added in the first and third (with imperfect adjustment), found everywhere a welcome which was the more cordial and unquestioning, simply because a virgin birth seemed ever the most fitting, as well as the accepted, means by which the Lord could escape the corrupting stigma set upon all sons of sinful man. How, we have said during these long years, with more and more emphasis, how shall the second Adam be pure, let his life be as it may, if the first Adam have indeed set

that seal of guilt upon him? Our prepossessions demanded a break in the succession; and we found what we sought, or made it.

Therefore we never found what the critics, by their disinterested carefulness, are showing us now in these documents of ours. We never found the sequence of reflexion, the growth of adaptation, the fitting of interpretation to desire. We are like our fathers; but we are learning now a lesson they could not learn. We are learning the value of disinterestedness in criticism. It is a lesson taught us by science generally, new science and new methods. We could not learn it before. The care of St. Luke was not as ours may be now; it was only care in such a manner and by such methods as were less carefully used by other and less careful men of his time. He considered little enough the accuracy of dates and the agreement of fact with fact; edification stood with him above all; the spirit ruled the letter. His attention was that of a creative genius, with penetrating insight into the truth that really mattered for his purpose, and for us. Now, and for us, truth of every kind seems to matter almost equally. And there are times when we miss or sacrifice the spirit in an idolatry of fact. We need to learn of men like St. Luke how to drink the wine of our salvation from a cup not wrought for its own sake, but for the sake of the draught of life that it contains.

O Wisdom, which camest forth out of the mouth of the Most High, and reachest from one end to the other, mightily and sweetly ordering all things: Come and teach us the way of prudence.

* * * *

December 21*st*. *St. Thomas.*—'The earliest Gospel began with the preaching of the Baptist, and with the baptism of Jesus. This baptism is referred to in Mark i. 1, as "the beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ"; in John xv. 27, where Jesus at the Last Supper says to His disciples:—"Ye also shall bear witness because ye have been with me from the beginning"; in Acts i. 21, 22, where Peter proposes that the disciples should choose in the place of Judas one "of these men who have companied with us all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us, beginning from the baptism of John"; and in Acts x. 37, 38, and xiii. 24, 25, where Peter and Paul respectively refer to the same point of departure. Neither Mark nor Matthew, nor Luke (if we omit their prologues) nor St. Paul in his letters, nor the Johannine writers, ever allude to any event in the earthly life of Jesus before His baptism.' . . .

'There is still a very general impression that to abandon the precise historical reality of either of the beautiful stories in these prologues means the necessary abandonment of every other account in the Gospel—from the baptism of Jesus to His parabolic teaching, and His Agony and Death upon the Cross. "All or nothing." But the student knows very well that it is not so; since not only must the historical reality of these scenes of the public life and of the Passion be kept, but it cannot be kept on the basis of principles which will also preserve intact the narratives of the Infancy. This historian who should attempt to defend both series of narratives on valid principles would only end by destroying both. Nor

will such discrimination take from the prologues all truth and validity. They can and must remain as pictures vaguely, spiritually true, like the details and combinations, which have no historical basis, in a fresco of Fra Angelico's.

'Then there is the grave difficulty that a Christian and Catholic doctrine, that of the conception and virgin birth of our Lord, seems to be menaced by such a treatment of the prologues. On this delicate point we can only offer the following considerations:

'(1) The textual and historical proofs of this doctrine, understood in the ordinary physical sense, are certainly weak, and at times contrary to the doctrine itself. There is no trace of it in Mark, in the epistles of St. Paul, nor in the Johannine writings. In fact Mark contains passages which are extremely difficult to conciliate with the fact inculcated by the doctrine. And the earliest texts of Matthew's genealogy, as also the earliest elements in St. Luke's narrative of the infancy, suppose a typically human conception and birth. So that if we will, or must retain the doctrine as affirming a real physical fact, the documents force us to admit that the immediate companions of Jesus and St. Paul lived and died without apparently being aware of the fact itself; and that among the redactors of the three synoptic gospels (between the years 68 to 95 A.D. about), the first, Mark, offers us only documents which assume the contrary, while the later two (Matthew and Luke), give us the earlier doctrine together with the later developments.

'(2) The belief in the virgin birth of Our Lord and the faith in His divinity are certainly largely aided the one by the other; and the first, in certain times among certain peoples, may also have been strictly necessary (and may for some time continue to be so) for the preservation of the last. But the two beliefs are not, objectively, in a necessary connexion. Our Lord might have been conceived and born miraculously and yet still be merely man; Our Lord might be all that the doctrine of His divinity strives to express and yet be conceived and born, with regard to the merely physical details of the facts, in the same manner as any other entirely human man.'

It is an open secret that the writer of these words in *Il Rinnovamento* is a devout Roman Catholic scholar, whom to know is to revere. I set them here in this place as a monument of fearless faith. Everywhere there are Christians who are afraid to face truth of history lest it drive out truth of religious faith. They are afraid to confess that God has chosen the weak things of the world to reveal himself; that he has taken true man, natural man, up into himself by a way other than that which has so long seemed in their eyes the one way seemly for him in his magnificence. So they say that when we accept the verdict of critical historians, and lift the veil that devotion has thrown over history, we are denying the incarnation of God in man. It is not true: we are rather affirming it with a new fullness and a new emphasis. For us there is nothing of man except his sin that is not taken up by God in our

Lord Jesus Christ. All human heritage, all the common conditions of human life, are become his. Not only has the manner of our conscious life upon earth become God's; but our history to the remotest sources, our birth as well as our breeding, our links with all the life of our fathers before us—everything that is ours and ourselves. So is the incarnation of God become perfect in its wholeness. Jesus, 'born of a woman, born under the law,' is the bearer of all the generations of men and carries them to God. In him all processes of life are sanctified, made common to God and man.

It is we who stain those processes, each of us for himself. We stamp them in ourselves with the mark of our personal guilt. But even we cannot convey guilt to nature. 'Not that which goeth into a man' defiles him. Flesh and blood are incapable of conveying personal evil, although each one of us can mar our nature, shape it to our likeness, by wilful sin, even transmit it injured and defaced, a worse condition than before for the growth of spiritual life. The spirit of man and the natural process by which man is born are both capable of being raised into free relation with the life of God, as they are capable of being degraded in slavery to the lowest of man's natural needs. From him they came, even those natural needs; and to him they may return, by the beloved Son in whom he is well pleased, in whom his power is complete. He makes in his own image that which we often mar in ours; he makes again that which we have marred. And if the birth of our Saviour was as our own birth, he

took from the beginning all that is ours, to carry it by the life of God into the proper perfection of man.

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December 22nd.—' We can have no word of God, no revelation, except the ideal or eternal Man—the Christ. That is as much of God as we can ever *see*; but we can have the sense of the infinitely more and other that God *is*. It is only because He presents Himself to us as the Christ, with a human spirit, face, voice, and hands, that we can speak to Him or deal with Him at all. Mystics think they touch the divine when they have only blurred the human form in a cloud of words. The best mysticism is to submit to the limitation consciously; to realise that our best God is but an idol, a temple made with hands in which the divine will as little be confined as in our Hell-Purgatory-Heaven (*rez-de-chaussée; entre-sol; premier-étage*) schematisation. For you and me this is an escape from the prison of theology into the liberty of faith. But for the man in the street, God and the idol fall together, thanks to centuries of theologism. Like you, I fear we must look for an "abomination of desolation," a "*religio depopulata*," a desert of negation and materialism between the Egypt of the Past, and the Jerusalem of the Future. My consolation is to recognise its necessity as a stage of purification. De Tocqueville shows how the revolution of '89 could only rid itself of the evils of the Past by a temporary sacrifice of the interwoven values. The very names of the days and months

and years were full of germs and associations. Excess is often the only road to moderation.'

If there was ever a mystic by nature as well as by grace, it was the man who wrote these words to me a few months before his death. And Father Tyrrell—for it was he—had a clear head and a discriminating mind, unusual except in the greatest of the mystics. He had, too, an advantage in that he stood on the hill-top of modern knowledge, and could see the widely separated phases in the continuity of advancing life, past and present, brought together within the widening horizon of a new science of man and of his history and his social products. He saw them too in the light of a philosophy in which the spirit of man is at last coming to its own; and they had for him in that light a vivid unity of relation. So he escaped the pantheistic snare which besets the lesser mystic; and he brought the various facts of Christian history into the enduring Christian life, not only in his religious experience but for his critical mind.

There is, I suppose, no grimmer skeleton in our theological cupboard than the problem of the place of one particular historical event in relation to the everlasting truth of spirit and life—the place of Jesus of Nazareth in relation to the Christ of all humanity in heaven and on earth. Born in a little place, of a little nation, at a given date, 'born of a woman,' the 'only-begotten Son of God,' we say, came once to this little planet, and walked about it, man among men. He had a childhood, he grew to maturity, he found a way to death; and death dealt with him

as it deals with us. Men tell us that it is incredible. Is it true ?

' Now are we the sons of God,' we say, we ordinary men. The only-begotten is our Elder Brother, and we are fellow-heirs with him, God though he be. Is there a contradiction here ? Or do we speak better than we know, from depths unreached by logic, depths of the spirit which has only permitted logic and will some day keep it in its place ?

' Sons '—what do we mean, what are we struggling to say, when we speak of ordinary men as Sons of God, and yet confess one man as the only-begotten, the royally Anointed ? Words of analogical reasoning, these are ; symbols, too, thrown out as nets to entangle for a moment an immensity that eludes all effort to detain it. They are words used appropriate only to a kinship that has visible beginning, to kindred linked in space, father juxtaposed by son, son following father.

Our kinship with God is of another order, because he transcends all orders ; and our minds and thoughts can only symbolize by analogy with ourselves even the little that we see of it. But we Christians know that the deep kinship of human spirits, their permeation of each other by mutual love and an intuitive understanding, in which each interweaves his own mystery with the mystery of the other, must give some clue to our relation everywhere, even with God. Holding this clue, we learn that what we call our Sonship in God must at least mean the capacity of receiving him into ourselves and penetrating into his desire for us. We begin to see that we may know

him as a divine yet human will and character, becoming our own will and character. So God, I see, may become visible in any man, and will enable him by his power in him to express something of the proper perfection of a man. All that is needed is that the way be cleared by the breaking down of barriers set against the coming of God. The man enters into possession of God as he enters into possession of himself in the fulfilment of that good which he has in him to become.

If he were less far from his proper good and perfection, God would be more easily discerned in him; he would display him where now he displays his lack of him, his hindrance to the divine incarnation. But even now, even here and now, there are moments when, in spite of all, God makes himself known, overcoming the poverty of those who entertain him. They are begotten anew in a little part of their unordered complexity of life. They are born again of the spirit of love that orders all things. But not wholly, for still they resist him, still he must strive with them; they are not conquered yet. But I see too that if a man never opposed God, if he were always permeable to the divine influx, he would indeed be God's Son, wholly his, living in his life, making him known, according to a particular measure, as a man among men. The manifestation of God in the man would be local, temporary, in a little place and stated time; God would be, as always, infinitely beyond it, and beyond any truth it would reveal; but he would be present there, he would be revealed in the man, according to his measure as a man. And that

is the highest measure we can reach, the most of God we can really know.

Then I wonder; or rather I should wonder if I had not seen. Plainly, God strives to be expressed as man, and to enable man to become his true self in oneness with God; plainly too, he does not strive in vain. Beyond his immanental value, beyond the mere *poussée de la vie* in humanity, he is himself expressed, he is known and met by man. He has always been thus expressed, in some degree; for his love is before and with all worlds, urgent in all men everywhere, conquering, invading, by his prevenient and sufficient grace, their blind or wilful resistance. And the fact that there are degrees in our resistance to his gift of himself, but none in the urgency of his desire to give; the fact that he is without variableness or shadow of turning, shows me that somewhere, at some time, and necessarily at a place and a time, he may well have found a human way unbarred and opened wide. That way, if he found it, free from even the weak resistance of his saints, would give place to a new beginning upon earth, a difference not in degree but in kind—the difference between the unbroken whole of a proper human perfection, and the more or less of imperfection in other men. There God would show, at last, the way, the truth, and the life of man. There God, embracing finitude and growing in wisdom and stature, would become, at last, 'manifest in the flesh' as a man whose kingdom should have no end. He would come among us, unthwarted, seeking his own as man seeks man; endowed with the narrow

but penetrating advantage of bodily approach, a halting yet intelligible speech for the eternal Word. So he, the God ever striving, but hidden, in each one of us, knocking always at the door of every heart, would also draw near to us from without, in a visible sacrament, and by love eloquent in the actual life of one man. In that human sacrament, the true theophany, by a life of power brought to the door of sense, the secret of all hearts would be presented to all eyes, and told in every tongue.

Has it ever been so ? Was it indeed so in Palestine, a bare two thousand years ago, as Christians say ? Is there evidence, witness in the life of men, in the life of Christian men ?

The only answer we can give is 'Come and see.' This wonder is not to be known by any process of logic, but in living a life. It is a wonder the world has always desired and often foretold; it fills the hungry with good things that imagination, in a thousand mythical forms, has depicted; but it must be lived to be believed. For there is a secret that hides all secrets of spirit and life from 'the wise and prudent,' who must see with intellectual eyes before they venture with the venture of faith. It is a secret revealed unto the babes who do not know how to blind the open eyes of faith, or check its impulse. Treasures of spirit and life cannot be grasped like truths of science: they must be received as indwelling power, lived and loved that they may be known. Only when Christ who is our life dwells in me do I know him; and then I know him as the will and love of God in me. 'Not I, but Christ liveth

in me,' worketh in me with a power newly come to be mine.

Theologians say that Jesus Christ is perfect with the proper perfection of man, but is not complete. He is being completed by the extension of God's incarnation in all his brothers. The Beatific Vision is the vision of God in a perfect and glorified humanity set free at last to manifest and complete his Christ. And I, for one, believe that these theologians are right; for not even the only-begotten Son of God can expand into fullness of life as man, by, or to, himself. He needs, he must have, his fellows. His unsatisfied soul must continually pray that they also may be one with him, as he is one with God.

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December 23rd.—The image of God, in which man, we say, is made, and which the vision of the Blessed will unveil to them, is Christ at last complete in all men—God manifest, not in a glass darkly, but face to face with every man. Whether, in the marvels that are to be revealed, this marvel of an absolute completion has a place, or whether it will always be an ideal that is for ever approached but never attained, we may not wisely guess, although theologians have guessed. God is infinite; his love may find no finality in the living process of its incarnation among men. The kingdom that has no end is a kingdom of the hearts and lives of men, who may, perhaps, increase in number without end, and without end be drawing towards their per-

fection, in many a world. But whether this be so or not, at least we are sure that the life and love, the divine will and heavenly understanding, which animate a glorified humanity, and fill it with the fullness of God, cannot exhaust his fullness nor sound the depths of his mystery. He must, we are obliged to believe, fill, according to their capacity and need, yet other worlds and modes of being than those of man; and not only lower, but higher than man's. He must be bringing towards their proper perfection all things visible and invisible. Therefore mankind, the divine Son, is in Christ at the feet of his Father, prostrate before the infinite and unseen God who must be for ever uncomprehended, even by an image which, through its proper perfection, reflects him as he is.

Here and now we know Christ, we know ourselves, yet we do not know; for Christ is still to come, he still awaits our coming. We know him in part, on earth and among ourselves, brought down to us in the tale of history, and manifest in us, as we approach him one by one, and find him God and the power of God in our own lives.

Yet history, open to any man, has its plain tale. In his historic centre, at a luminous point in time, we see him, Jesus our Master and our Lord, dwelling in Palestine. There, through the mist of human words, he still shows to this man or to that 'the light of the knowledge of the glory of God.' We know God in an historic man who is for us the Man of men. In him we find God, we speak to him and hear his voice; our hands seem still to

handle him; he is ours and of us; we worship him.

Words are too poor, language and logic fail us, before the mystery of union between man and God, this mutual permeation of the human and the divine, which admits no loss and does but fulfil the man in God. Words cannot compass the wonder of this depth and height of life. But at least we can sing with our fathers the humble yet magnificent confession of our common Creed; at least we can proclaim our Lord Jesus Christ, in his earthly bonds and his divine glory, 'God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God,' 'begotten not made,' the Saviour of the world, the only-begotten Son of the Father.

Thus, although we fall short, we do what we can. No other words can better these; none can bear, as they bear, the *consensus* of the ages, the hope, the love, the faith, of all Christians everywhere. Even human words gather about them the power of life as they pass from life to life. They cease to be merely of the intellect; they become intuitive, penetrating, and are enlarged by the radiance won from a living use. Thus, holding the past as one with the present and with all glory that shall be revealed in us, we, at least, shall have no part or lot in furthering the abomination of desolation, the Christian *religio depopulata*. There will be many, no doubt, who, lacking humility, will throw away in their impatience the treasure of the ages, with the earthen vessel in which it is contained; many who, leaving in haste the 'prison of theology,' will only enslave themselves

anew. There are tempting short-cuts in these great matters of the vital expansion of men; there is the extravagant spirit of 'all or none'; we shall need to be steadfast, to be patient, to know our place in the body of Christ which is so much greater than we, so much more wise and safe.

* * * *

Christmas Eve.—It was the shepherds who came first—the shepherds, simple people knowing night and the stars, guarding an even more simple flock. And it is the shepherds who still come first, simple people like 'H,' who wrote of these things in *Il Rinnovamento*; like Father Tyrrell, simplicity itself; men having no care for vested interests, but only for the flock of Christ, and for him, when they learn anew of him 'by the message of an angel,' for him and his truth. And there are other simple folk who will follow; men whose faith we call *foi du charbonnier.* These must always follow; but they are always ready to be led. We do not trust enough to their simplicity, their humility, their knowledge of night and the stars. They say things badly, but they live in the light they see against the background of the night. And when their hour comes they attend and hear, because once again they trust the word of those who have gone before. 'We are none of us too poor, or stupid, or lowly.'

'We are none of us too great, or learned, or rich; it was the three wise kings who came next and offered gifts . . . There is only one thing against most of us - we are too proud.' That is true. We are too

proud, but we are also afraid. We are afraid for vested interests of the spiritual sort; we are sometimes afraid for a lower kind. But greatness and learning and riches may come and throw themselves at the feet of Jesus, in simplicity and in truth, casting all their crowns before him, all their gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Fear and pride and greed; and the least of these is fear, unless pride or greed give it strength that is not its own. The *charbonnier* is afraid, as well he may be, for he belongs to a fearful folk, and he dwells in the forest with only night and the stars about him. Terrors beset him, wild beasts of the loss of God—whom yet he knows. He must be led by the hand; then he is always at peace—led by the hand of other men, flesh and blood like himself, men who live in the open and see clear.

But what shall we say of our Magi and our Kings? 'God hath chosen the weak things'; that is true. But he waits for the strong. It is hard for the rich man to enter the kingdom, but he enters it at last. And there are wise men, great men, scholars, philosophers, who yet look upon night and the stars, and follow gladly from afar off the star that is their own.

Do we not know it now, we who see the new star leading our wise men out of the desert where they wandered in times but lately gone by? Do we not know that they are following faithfully a star that leads them to Jesus, ignorant, some of them, of what they are doing, seeing clearly—those others?

Wise men and shepherds—shepherds who are also

philosophers and scholars, like some we have known in the flesh. They are coming, they have come to worship him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life of men and God. And who shall resist them? Not principalities nor powers, nor the rulers of darkness. They have seen night, but they have also seen the stars.

* * * *

Christmas.—Michael Fairless, whom I love, has written down my Christmas for me. 'A blue-black sky ablaze with stars for His glory, a fresh white robe for stained and tired earth; so we went to Bethlehem in the rare stillness of the early morning. The Church, having no stars, had lighted candles; and we poor sinful men, having no white robes of our own, had craved them of the Great King at her hands.

'And so in the stillness, with tapers within and stars alight without, with a white-clad earth, and souls forgiven, the Christ-Child came to those who looked for His appearing.'

'To those who looked.' *Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.* They call it expectant attention nowadays—this attitude of those who wait on the Lord and meet him according to his promise. And sometimes they call him a product of that attention and expectancy. At other times they say that he is pragmatically true, has a practical value for life, and so may be taken as true, for practical purposes, I suppose, and until he is superseded, like many another hypothesis.

The problem is crucial; it is the problem of truth and life. My experience, and that of a multitude of men, proves to me and to each one of those men, incontestably, that when we look for the appearing of the Christ-Child in our lives—the only place where he can reasonably be sought—he comes, he is found. That is to say, each finds in his life a new spirit; a spirit not himself, and yet becoming himself, in impulse, in action; a spirit transforming him into its likeness; the spirit he looks for and worships in his Christmas adoration of the Lord. This spirit is powerful in our lives; it enables us to do that which we have vainly tried to do, it sets far from us evils we have desired to cast off and seen no way to cast off. We are astonished by ourselves, for we are new to ourselves. These are marvels that happen in the mysterious operation of spirit in spirit; and our lives bear them witness, our experience of them cannot be gainsaid. Christ comes, we say; Christ lives in us, we say. It is faith; but it is also knowledge. It is life and it is truth.

What kind of knowledge? What kind of truth? A man may tell me that I talk nonsense about the Christ-Child. 'My good sir,' he may say, 'even if Christ is alive at all, he is certainly not a child. He was once a child—that I must allow—but as a child he could have had no influence over you, to speak of, even if you had been in Bethlehem (where he was *not* born) nineteen hundred and thirteen years ago (your chronology, you know, is wrong). And to talk of his coming now, in 1909, is sheer nonsense, and superstitious nonsense, at that. I suppose your

belief is connected with the mediaeval doctrine of transubstantiation—but how any sane and sensible man'—*und so weiter*.

It is obvious that this kind of enquirer is seeking another kind of truth than that which I seek, than that which I sought and found when I 'went to Bethlehem in the rare stillness of the early morning.' I went in search of a truth of spirit and life coming with power, proving itself in the springs of action—a truth of inner *experience*, yet externally fruitful. He quarrels with me because he wants a truth of *experiment* after the manner of science, and of knowledge which any normal man can discover by his five senses and a brickmaker's use of his mind. His truth will no doubt have a value in life; but it will be so general, so diffused, yet so abstract in its intelligibility, as to be without force in the spiritual conduct of life, without fruit of the spirit's ideal. It may be historical truth, brute fact, or scientific fact (a very different thing), but it does not come with spiritual power.

The truth I seek, on the other hand, is not general, nor is it abstract, or ineffective and unfruitful. There are men without number who cannot find it where I find it, who do not even know how to begin to look for it. Yet they are ordinary men who would certainly find a brute fact and, after a little training, a scientific fact, without difficulty. The discovery of my truth is beyond them, at least as they are now. There are then different kinds of truth, and of facts. The discovery of spiritual truth is a matter of the whole man—a vital process not

unlike the process by which a man discovers, and brings forth, either the real apprehension of a poem, or a poem itself. It is a work of genius, both apprehensive and creative, the genius of the spiritual totality of human life. And the language in which this kind of truth is expressed is, like all the language of genius, spiritually, not scientifically, symbolic; it is not positive, it is sacramental, and is truly understood only by those in whom the truth itself is a living power.

I know, as well as my friend knows, that there is no child visible to sense in that church; yet I worship the Christ-Child there. I know, better than he knows, that the man who, in accepting the doctrine of transubstantiation, accepts a philosophical explanation of that which cannot be explained, does not imagine any such thing; yet the Christ-Child comes, perhaps, to both him and me. The division between us and our critic lies deep; it is the division between a kind of truth set apart from fullness of life, and a kind of truth to be found only in glad acceptance of a fullness that reaches to the heavens and embraces the worlds.

But I have yet another critic—perhaps enemy—the radical pragmatist; and I quarrel not so much with his pragmatism as with its extension to root as well as branch in my life. He will tell me that anything I find useful is true for me, in so far as I find it useful; but also that there is no other truth and no other standard of truth, no truth existing independently of my awareness of it, and of its utility to me. There is only truth always in the making

with the growth of demands on life. I make my truth, he says (this I acknowledge) as my life enlarges; there is no other truth (this I dispute) than truth of practical usefulness. Here we part, the radical pragmatist and I, for he would cut off the very roots that feed and support my tree of life.

If I did not believe in God as true for himself independently of my knowledge, my belief, or the symbols of language which I must use in picturing any fragments of his truth that have become mine; if I did not believe that what I call the Spirit of God in Christ has truth which I cannot and shall never reach, still less contain; if I did not believe that the divine Spirit striving to permeate me is other than my Spirit, and so is 'given, taken, and received' into my spiritual life; I would play no game of pragmatic superstition. The profit of the game would pass away with the passing of my belief that it was not a game. I would not mock my loneliness with the joys of Devachan, with any dance of pretty shadows cast by myself upon the background of myself.

To recognize the value of the symbolic language in which religious genius, individual and corporate, gives utterance to its truth; to seek truth in fullness of life; to build all truth into growing life, and live all life in the light of truth; this is to have the mind of Christ, the mind of the divine Spirit who communicates both truth and fullness of life to those who look for his appearing.

It is not necessary for men to have the mind of Christ or be religious, in order to live in this world.

It is not necessary to be lifted up by the spiritual principle of life, to be borne so far by the *poussée de la vie* that has brought us from the Red Earth of a mere animal existence. We can still live on the principle of the ape and tiger, almost on that of the cabbage and the creeping fungus—though this is rare and hard. We shall, of course, pervert these principles to base uses ; but that is all. And, in the same way, we can escape all growth in our creative freedom, and live less basely though still as slaves, if we imitate other men in a scheme that aims only at social comfort and convenience, and pursues no ideal, even of the unspiritual, merely human type. Yet more than this we can do and still escape religion and the mind of Christ. We may cultivate morality and philanthropy, and be irreproachable in our own eyes and in those of other men ; we may attain the ethical height of those righteous who need no repentance and upon whom Christ would call in vain.

In the path of intellect we may travel so far as to develop a monstrous intelligence bearing about with it a burden of dead knowledge, a museum of what Swedenborg calls the *scientiae*, which never enter into life, here or elsewhere. Or we may stop short at any point in such development, knowing less and being no more.

This, all and any of it, is to arrest the *poussée de la vie*, quench the striving Spirit, abandon the way of freedom which leads us to mastery of ourselves. If we entertain an ideal of fullness of life, if we have visions of a far-off goal towards which the pressure within would drive us did we not resist ; if we would

use our powers not in resistance but in spiritual creation, that the void of our hidden capacity may be filled, there is only one way for us, whatever it may be called. I can only call it religion. And its goal seems to me, dim and far-off as it is, that of a perfect unity in all the diversity of body, mind and spirit, of personal and social life, of man and the world and God, of his heavens and his worlds.

This unity it is which Christians seek as they go up to Bethlehem, to the birthplace of God in Man.

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December 29th.—There are liberals in religion who 'do not believe that Modernity has anything to learn from the Church, but only that the Church has everything to learn from Modernity'—(an ugly word but not too ugly for the thing). They believe that the Church can learn; but in their eyes the lesson she should at least try to learn would blot out the reality and truth of her past. For them the modern entirely supersedes the ancient; for their minds the latest philosophy is, if not the last, at least the best, and exclusive of all others gone before. The progress to which they pin their faith is a succession of stages in which none but the present has any real significance for life.

The habit of the brickfield is plainly at work here; and so is a diagram of man's development laid out according to the model of clock-measured time, which steps from hour to hour and abandons for ever each hour that is past. The mind of such men is conformed to these patterns, which indeed are not

really two but one—that of things set side by side, not mingling actively within a whole.

This is not the pattern of life. In the life of each one of us there is no such thing as an hour that is past, as ten o'clock is past at eleven o'clock. Our past hours are living still, present still ; because our time is real, indestructibly our own, and does not pass away. And this is true of all our lives taken collectively in their social product and inheritance, true of man's history and thought, true of the corporate life of the Church.

This lesson must be learnt. It is a cure for many modern superstitions.

In its bearing on views of the past it forms the latest, though not the last, phase in the development of the historic sense, a sense we call new because we have only just begun to be fully conscious of it, and to apply it in new ways. In point of fact, this historic sense is a very old affair, and is rooted in the depths of man's being, depths which he shares with the silent life of the forest and with the wild creatures whose language he has lost. For the historic sense is part of the feel of unity in life, an inner knowledge of the interpenetrating of life by life, of the mutual permeation of beings whom no space can include, no clock-time arrest or separate. It is the feel and the knowledge of reality, a perception of that which is ; an intuition and revealing. True, it is only embryonic in us, and we call it new ; but it is of our ancient, original promise. Can you teach it to a man ? Hardly, with difficulty ; but yes, and not as hardly as you can teach love, which is its ally.

It is, as it were, the intelligence learning ways of love, learning to understand in spite of barriers of space and time, learning to forgive, learning to learn. And this intelligence is compelled to a new humility (also of love), a humility that in the intelligence, as in the soul, is the foundation of all graces.

The Church, in its stupid inspired way, has known of these graces, known of the historic sense, of the intoxication of the brickfield spirit and the unreal time spirit. Now, modernity must learn, either from her, or from itself and its failures. Our liberals in religion have been hasty; the tyranny of an uncriticized habit of mind has dulled the eyes of their souls, so that they have not seen the wisdom of the ages in things they have thrown away. They worship progress; but it is progress of a mechanical type, not the free expansion of the spirit. It is a progress in which the past counts for too little, because it has already done its work; the present for too much, because it stands artificially alone.

The Modernist, on the other hand, is of a very different mind. He is ready to defend tradition and the past, as alive and working with and in himself, and with and in the Church of which he is a very faithful servant and son. He knows, as the Church knows, and philosophy is learning, that nothing which has ever lived is really lost; and he believes that all things are for ever being made anew in the creative liberty of God and man.

'The successful founder of a new régime' (I have just found this passage in Professor Henry Jones's *Idealism as a Practical Creed*) 'has always been the

devotee of the old. He has been a more ardent disciple and a deeper lover of the ancient ways than others. He makes the hearts of his followers to burn within them because he can open the ancient Scriptures of his people. He has come not to destroy but to fulfil. He brings to light the better meaning of the ancient faith, and by evolving the present from the past sets free the future.'

The man of Modernity forgets in these matters the greatest lesson of the past, the lesson taught to the world by Christ and by his Church.

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December 30th.—'He [any Modernist will fit this 'he'] does not seem to have realized that the whole difficulty of the miraculous is removed if once even human freedom be effectually admitted. For that destroys root and branch the conception of the world as a closed circle, where everything fits in and all is tidy. The scientist's world is like a government department, correct, regular, and dull; the real world is coloured and changeful, gay with multitudinous laughter, and dark with many tears and appalling horrors—a world of freedom and terror, of glory and of shame unspeakable, that is the world Christ came to redeem; not the monstrous determined single being of scientific dreamers. And we cannot make the one fit into the other.'

Here again is that exasperating 'All or none,' masked, this time, in a cloud of confusion. Better a world where anything not only may, but does, happen at the will of God or man, than a machine-

world made to go right by Gradgrind or left to go wrong by Gigadibs. Better, assuredly; but why are we to be shut up between these alternatives?

I turn to the Bible notion of a miracle. There we have neither Augustinian nor scholastic ingenuity of compromise; only the plain man's plain belief that God makes his laws, issues his commands, from time to time, moment to moment, as a man may fit his conduct to this occasion or that. He ordains that water shall most often run down hill, and he once ordained that in the Red Sea it should make walls between which his people might pass to their deliverance. The great interest about a miracle was not the act, nor the power in the act, but the purpose and the favour shown. God was like a man who could with his sword strike one and spare another. In his hand all the powers of earth and heaven were held as weapons and as tools. The vital question was whether he would use them, or could be induced to use them, for or against this man or that, this enterprise or another. The important thing, the interesting thing, is his attitude, because it is the attitude of an arbitrary power that may be either friendly or inimical, useful or calamitous. About the existence and the untrammelled range of that power there could be no question; for who in fact moved the sun round the earth, who rained water on the hills, who brought all things to birth or death, to triumph or disaster, but the Lord of all? It was a simple world, where man was weak and God strong, God did everything and man what he allowed; it was all a matter of power and arbitrary choice; there was no reason

why from to-day or to-morrow water should not run uphill, or the sun never set again.

Nor is there any reason now—you may say—except the reason that is God. Well, be it so; that is all the reason we have. The reason that is God is, in fact, what we have been studying ever since study began. Power we felt very early, in its resistance or pliancy to our will; reason emerged later, as we sought a law and order in things to match the law and order of our own intelligence. We invented laws which we believed to be enactments, laws differing among themselves in rank and grade; and so we made, not discovered, a scheme in which one law might be used to supersede another. To this system, it seemed, God himself must bow, although, as we believed, he made it. His will, no longer arbitrary, was governed by a constant reason. When he interfered miraculously he neither laid down a new law nor broke an old one; he only brought into new use some higher and more inclusive law. So he carried out his particular will for a particular case, so he showed his special favour or displeasure, brought to light some new manifestation of his will for man; and this was miracle. It was wonderful, it was rare; but it was neither lawless nor unnatural.

This scheme has broken down. Our laws of nature are avowedly made by men; we confess that they are hypothetical and summarize a narrow experience. They are useful formulae, enabling us to frame our questioning of nature more intelligently, to deal more easily with things, and to predict with good success. They are tools, handy tools, our own tools.

We forge them, fit them to things, use them in order to use things. We are quite aware that they are neither perfect nor immutable; that, in fact, they are not rarely improved, changed, or even thrown away; we are ready any minute to make a new set of tools if occasion demands. And the totality of things is fluent in our eyes, though slowly. Nevertheless we do not live in an 'incalculable miscellany of miracles' any more than in a 'government department, correct, regular and dull.' We find that only because we can deal with the world, and count upon the world, as if it were absolutely determined, are we able to live as men growing towards an ordered freedom. We are established by the stability of things, strengthened and enlarged, kept in the way of freedom, by a cosmos we can only bend, and that with difficulty, but never break. When we think of God in his dealings with us, we think of him as entering into our finitude, and using us, using his cosmos, according to the conditions he imposes upon us. We think of him as limited by the freedom, the order, the reason, he gives to his creation, as well as by his own.

An aeonian change, holding our narrowness within itself as a mere fragment of its process, no doubt manifests God's will as our world never can. Finite though even that vast change must be, entailing upon him still the process and the manner of a finite manifestation, it passes in its greatness far beyond the grasp of human faculty. We men are creatures of a day, of this little earth; we are ephemera of an hour's dance: the slow sun of that majestic time-

span stands motionless in the only heaven we can see.

We have changed once more our setting for the glories of God, repainted the background against which we see the working of his will for men. Yet we Christians know him favourable or displeased, as well as they knew who wrote of the waters piling themselves up and food raining down from above the firmament, to help his children in their need. How has all this change of setting and background affected our notions about miracle?

It is not true that the world is 'a closed circle,' but it is true that we find immediate profit in treating it as though it were. It is not true that it is like a 'government department'; yet only on condition of ascribing to its order at least a relative fixity can we predict safely what it will be and do, and guide ourselves by the forecasts that we make. And because we find our profit on that one condition, we believe that for our purposes, in relation to us and to our span of time and effort, its order is as fixed as it seems. The belief *works*; therefore we call it true. This is the pragmatism of science, which has driven out its dogmatism. Yet even that bygone dogmatism (as the instructed man who writes about government departments and closed circles must know) did not settle *a priori* the possibility or impossibility of miracles. It settled nothing *a priori*; how could it? The question of meeting a centaur walking down Regent Street is a question of evidence and experience, as Huxley pointed out. No man can say that because no man has seen it, therefore

a centaur, in Greece or in Regent Street, is impossible. Science is not concerned with what *can* happen, but with what has happened or is likely or unlikely to happen. So the field has always been open to miracle, as far as the future and science are concerned.

With the past it is different. For when a miracle really has happened it enters the world of experience; it becomes a part of history and tradition; it is perhaps documentary, a subject for study; it is certainly a subject for criticism in the scientific way and spirit. It has taken its place, for good or ill, with many miracles that have not happened; and we have to distinguish it from them, to 'try the spirits,' lest God be mocked and we deceived. How shall we distinguish it?

How indeed? And first—what is it? What is a miracle that happens? Not, plainly, the sort of thing a man does when he moves his little finger; although that is an impenetrable mystery. Nor the sort of thing an earthquake does when it swallows a province or a city; although that is wholly beyond the power of man, at present. Nor is it as the birth of worlds in the star-clouds of space, or their destruction there; although that, probably, is beyond the power of man for ever. None of these things are miracles. And the conversion of sinners into saints is not a miracle, although it is the secret and unfathomable co-operation of God and man; and sometimes, lost in our wonder, we call it a miracle—a miracle, that is, 'of grace.'

Sacramental gifts are not miraculous; the incar-

nation of God in man is not miraculous; heaven is not miraculous, nor hell.

What is ?

We turn back again to our Bible as all-important to us—although miracles are recorded in every ancient literature and tradition, in every place and time. Our Bible, unquestionably, gives us the heart of the problem as it stands for us. There we find in the Old Testament a number of miracles we cannot believe, and are for the most part no longer asked to believe. They have become allegory, parable, poetry, myth, the natural pictorial language of the day, the uncritical belief of the day. And whatever they are they are not miracles. In the New Testament we come upon our present difficulty. The incarnation itself is not miraculous, but it is said to have happened in a miraculous manner, to have been accompanied by phenomena that were miraculous. And God incarnate is said to have worked manifold signs and wonders in Jesus Christ and by his disciples. This is the heart of our question.

Every New Testament miracle is set forth as a phenomenal occurrence among phenomenal occurrences, but not all are what we call miracles now. Some, as for example the mighty works of healing, have taken their place in a class of which representatives may be found in all times elsewhere. But there are others which, like the nebulae no telescope resolves, are refractory still, miraculous still. And these are they which show us clearly what we do well to mean when we speak of miracle, and dispute about the happening of miracle. Not mystery,

not wonder, not significance, not the direct operation of God or man upon matter or spirit, is the *differentia*, for us now, of miracle; but something to which science has contributed by its systematic classification of the variety of our experiences, by the linked array of sequence and co-existence to which it has reduced them. Any occurrence which has its place in that linked array, any phenomenon bound on its every side with all other phenomena, is for us natural, however marvellous and mysterious it may be. Only a phenomenon that is incompletely linked with the rest can be miraculous. A miracle for us, then, is, at least in one regard—that is, in its origin—cut off from other phenomenal events. It intrudes upon phenomenal continuity; it comes an alien irruption into the world of things. The network which holds everything else, the concomitance and succession of natural things, is broken that it may find a place among them. A chemist may turn water into wine; we may even say that sunshine and the grape, the ferment and the wine vat, effect that transformation now; but in neither case is there any flaw in the linkage which binds its process to the world of things. We are not able in either case to do away with the mystery that hides behind the clearness of our knowledge; but we can trace out the steps of phenomenal change and see their connexion with all else of the same order. If a change is to be justly called miraculous there must be a point where its steps carry it beyond that order, and break off upon the void. Nothing, however wonderful, mysterious, or significant, however marvellously brought about by God

or man, that does not thus rupture the continuity of phenomenal things should be counted as representing for us the peculiar difficulty for men of our time, or the unique advantage, in theological argument, of the miracle about which we reasonably dispute.

Thus and only thus we clear the air of our discussion, and see plainly what it is that we dislike or cling to as contrasted with the ordered revelation of God in nature and in man. Miracle is narrowed down for us—that is true; but it is no longer confused with a thousand mysterious, yet indisputable, realities of religion and of the spiritual life, or with the undefined possibilities of human action, or of the action of God, in the world of things. The question of the possibility or impossibility of such an occurrence still remains beyond the scope of our decision, or discussion. Its possibility is not assured either by the freedom of man or the freedom of God; nor is it precluded by the relative determinism of our pragmatic science. Still we have to say to ourselves that a miracle, even when so closely defined, may or may not happen; still we have to ask ourselves whether in any given case it did.

When we have settled this one question we must face the consequences. I myself doubt whether the consequence of rejecting, as insufficient, the evidence for the few miracles of this kind that are recorded in the New Testament is likely to be as serious for religion as the consequence of accepting it as sufficient. In a world where men not only criticize literature and history, but sin and suffer and go down into hell; in a world where the inno-

cent are punished and the guilty go free ; where ' the crash and darkness of a thousand storms ' overwhelm us men, sweeping aside all rational or moral ends, paralysing judgement, driving out belief ; religion will not much longer profit by the passing ignorance that alone allows any of us to believe in a God who might, yet will not, help, while his people cry in vain. But the consequences, let them be what they may, must be faced. The critics are examining the New Testament, and its own evidence for its own miracles. They have been examining for some time ; and they have come to weighty agreement on certain points. This is a matter for our attention ; and upon the result of our attention, not on any *a priori* judgement whatever, must depend the continuance of a reasonable belief or disbelief in the only miracles we are now able to consider seriously. And whatever we decide, for or against, the real world will remain, as always, ' coloured and changeful, gay with multitudinous laughter and dark with many tears.' It will be a world calling for and winning redemption, a world in which love is the only remedy for wretchedness unspeakable, a world of mystery, marvel and power, a world of the ever new and ever growing freedom of man, of the war of angels with devils, of the spirit striving against the flesh and the flesh against the spirit. It seems that in such a world as this we are in no great need of what men call miracle, to reveal the marvel and the mystery of God, of his love, his power, and his will for men, of himself as their only Redeemer.

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January 6th. The Epiphany.—'The manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles'; and, always, in every age, the great feast of prophets and seers. Because the 'riches of Christ' are 'unsearchable'; because human fellowship springs 'of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world, hath been hid in God,' Christ is for ever made known anew, his Star is for ever leading men to himself, his mystery is for ever being revealed. For this cause Paul is always made prisoner, and lays down his comfort, his reputation, his life, that men may see 'the manifold wisdom of God.' He is an innovator, an iconoclast, a perverter of the law, a destroyer of the peace of families and of the immemorial customs and beliefs of the people of God. He is also a fool—'to the Greeks foolishness.' For there is nothing, as Huxley said, that men dislike more than being compelled to revise their convictions. There is nothing that seems to them more foolish than a wisdom other than their own. The Gospel may be Good News; but it is News and therefore it is repugnant, both to the righteous who need no repentance, and to the men of clear knowledge for whom no riches are unsearchable, and no mystery has a summons because it must be accepted and cannot be solved. 'They that are whole need not a physician'; the man whose religion is in a nutshell needs no star. But beyond the desert there are other men of unauthorized and irregular wisdom, who seek truth wherever it may be found, and worship it in the spirit of truthfulness. They are true to the pointing star; they follow with the single-minded loyalty of those who

hunger and thirst after hidden mysteries of the kingdom of God. It is to these men that Paul, 'less than the least of all saints,' is for ever preaching; and it is these men who seek, and sometimes find, Christ new-born in every age.

The story tells of three Magi, only three, who were led across the desert by the Star of the Lord's Anointed. But the desert was long; and who shall say how many died by the way, their eyes fixed on the Star, knowing Christ only by the prophetic vision of a desirous heart? Their vision, perhaps, was formless, only a dim forecast, or it may have been so far short of reality as to bear a different name or an alien look. There are lovers of truth who seem to prize a lie. But it is truth in their hearts, and is known as truth by God whom they ignorantly worship, God the discerner of hearts. So it may well be that there were wise men who, like the three who came to Bethlehem, followed the Star, seeking the Child and King of men; yet never found him except by the symbol of the Star. They died, may be, in the desert; but their eyes would surely open upon the God whom they had failed to find, yet had sought everywhere, and in all things, all strange, unlikely things. Child and King of men, he is; and nothing is alien from him, no man is incapable of him except he who will not receive him.

Shemuel, the shepherd, they say, was left behind when his companions went to worship the Babe of God. He was serving his brother in the love of God. And he died that night, to open his eager eyes upon the beatific vision seen only by worshippers of

love. So we hear. And it is true. To worship love is to worship God; and to worship God is to find him.

But there must be worship. Therefore Paul must suffer and preach, and God must be born upon earth, must agonize in earth, must die and rise again. There must be worship of a God who is revealed as him whom we need to worship. It is possible to see wisdom—there were wise men in the East whose wisdom showed them no beckoning Star; it is possible to go about doing good—there are men who give their bodies to be burned yet have not charity. There are they who desire righteousness and justice, who pay tithes of all they possess, and need no repentance. Such men seek no kingdom of God, follow no Star to the place of man's salvation. It is nothing, all this, it is nothing. It turns back upon a man himself, doubles in upon him, is lost in his littleness. At best it is of the wood, hay, stubble, that must be consumed if he is to be saved by the fire of truth that shows him as he is. There must be worship.

The world is being moralized, we hear. The progress of evolution, social and political, is establishing the fact that honesty is the best policy. We are told, indeed, that an even higher morality is needed, if states are to hold together, and prosperity and peace are to reign. We are beginning to learn the value of being good, the profit of a righteousness more judicious and discriminating than the righteousness of the Pharisees. There is an enthusiasm for these things, and it commands our

admiration. There is even a passion; and this, thanks be to God who gives us passion, may end (perhaps always ends) in the spirit of worship. Then the Star shines, to reveal both God and man; then begins sacrifice, the desert march to the far goal where self and profit are laid down before the feet of God.

It is for this that Paul, the Paul who ever comes, is charged with a message that is for the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness. There is no novelty in these matters. Now, as before, there is a system into which religion has been constrained by intellectual force, and a wisdom 'falsely so-called' which bars out the wisdom from on high. God and man are movement and life; they change in their permanence; but men look for a stability that is death, and shrink back from the spirit that is leading by the way of life into all truth. It is plain, that now, as always, when light comes into the world men show how they love darkness. When Christ comes to his own as one of themselves, they are afraid and they receive him not. They still look for a sign and still no sign is given them, except the sign of a truth they have no mind to worship and a star they dare not follow.

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January 17th.—'Ho! Brother Berthold, I have done good to the brotherhood, and I make my confession every year; I have often entertained you at my house; I am in the confraternity, and have besought your prayers, that when I am dead you may watch over my body with songs and lections.'

. . . 'Thou hast done well, and as soon as thou art dead we will sing for thee, and read long vigils, and chant beautiful Masses for thy soul, and loud Requiems, and bring thee in procession from thy parish church into our minster, and lay thee before the altar. But, I tell thee, if thou hast not restored what thou hast robbed, then, if all the tears and all the raindrops which were ever shed or rained since the world began were turned into monks and brothers, grey monks and black, Preachers and Minorites—yea, into patriarchs and prophets, martyrs and confessors, widows and virgins, and if they were to read and to sing and to weep tears of blood before God for thee to the day of judgement, they would do thee no more good than if they did this for the foul fiend.'

The dialogue is taken from a sermon preached by Berthold of Regensburg, in the year 1256. I found it in the preface to a new edition of Hilton's *Scale of Perfection*. It is evident that Brother Berthold, although he had the true Christian's belief in the power of prayer and the oneness of the brotherhood, which makes a man's prayer avail for the whole body, and the whole body's prayer avail for every man, had no belief in a magical compulsion of the favour of God. That is to say, he distinguished between true religion and an embryonic and magical science in the management of human and divine affairs. The customary magic in the life of primitive man was not religious; it was a primitive substitute for knowledge and practical skill, a method of compelling a God to do what a man could not or would not do. The righteousness that is as filthy rags,

that of the Pharisees which is not after the mind of Christ, and the prayer which would force God to accept an unrighteousness not yet repented of, lie on the magical and scientific side of life and are of no avail for the spiritual side. Indeed, anything whatever that is directed towards compelling God or man to unreality and untruth is alien from real religion, because it is alien from holiness and love and liberty. Brother Berthold knew of holiness and love and liberty, knew too, of conscience; therefore he would have no truck with magic, even when it might seem to be allied with the powers of the prayer of love in the Church. He was of the 'Dark Ages,' yet knew more than many in this age of ours; for we have not yet done with magic, although we often forget the power of the prayer of love. Our fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are still set on edge.

Compulsion is a short cut in life, a thing done or in the way to be done after the manner of the brickfield. We talk of the humility of our science, wherein magic has come to its interpretation; we should do better to talk of its prudence and its worldly wisdom. In the brickfield we certainly take things as they are in order to be able to make them as we will. But this is not humility, it is not self-sacrifice; although it is their foreshadowing. It is, in the 'psychic' man, what humility and self-sacrifice are in the spiritual man; but it is separated from these by the gulf that separates the highest of the men of earth from the least in the kingdom of heaven. The mind of science, like the mind of magic, is towards

mastery by compulsion; and this was the mind of generations of our first forefathers about what we call their religion. It was not religion as we should understand religion; it was neither charity, nor humility, nor self-bestowal, nor self-enlargement. It was nothing in the world but an attempt to force the powers of heaven and earth into compliance with the desires of men. And this, with a greater wisdom of earth and far more skill, is precisely what science does now. Transport Anthropos from the neolithic period into the period of steam and electricity; and he will cast off his nominal religion as useless, because it has been superseded, and will make a real religion out of his social habits and the love of his fellows, which were the beginnings of real religion in his earlier days of tribal life. On the other hand, a prophet or a saint of any age or country will find his religion needed everywhere and in all times; it is of the eternal spirit and the true life, not of the changing aptitude and knowledge, or the greed, of man.

To put one's trust in machines, magic, the rags of righteousness in which Pharisees are clothed; to believe it is possible that God can give us, or the power of prayer procure for us, that which we will not receive and incorporate in our life so far as we can, here and now; to conceive of heaven and hell as things made and imposed upon us, evitable or to be procured by deeds of the law that are not of the heart, by decrees, bargains, exchanges, a price paid in anything but the coin of penitence and life and love; this is to believe in science and magic, not in reality; it is to believe in self and a scheme of

things, not in the living God and the living man—nor in their liberty or in the bond of real prayer, the communion that makes them one, and gives man strength to help his brother.

Popular religion, all the world over, is prone to lose sight of the liberty of God, and to think of him and treat him as a tyrant who may be persuaded or compelled, bribed, even bamboozled by pretence and show, or exterior obedience. The magic of savages is sheer compulsion. The righteousness of the Pharisee, the ritualism of the formalist, and the schemes of intellectualism, are no less, although they may be disguised in obedience.

What shall we say, then, of true religion? That it is of the mind of Christ who penetrates through all disguise to spirit and truth; that it is of the mind of his saints, who seek love and reality, whose prayers and rites are of the common and powerful life, and the submissive and penitent will; that it conforms a man's will and desires to the will and desire in which he lives and moves and has his being, and subdues him to his conscience and to the demands of truth and love. Yes, all this and more; because it is of the free spirit that has a power of its own, a power that transforms the world in transforming self, a light in which all things are made new, a touch by which even evil things are made to work for good in lives laid before the feet of God, an effectual fervent prayer that carries man to heaven.

Brother Berthold should be preaching now. We have too much mechanical religion, too many ingenious ways of securing safety, of compelling God,

of neglecting our own truth of spirit and life. We put our trust in ordinances, in an 'implicit' faith, in a moral life, in the immanent process by which so many of us have been brought to an excellent righteousness. We are fools and blind; who shall open our eyes? How shall we hear without preachers? How shall we learn when we will not hear the preachers, and Moses and the prophets, whom we have? Brother Berthold will have to shout loud indeed if he is to be heard through our self-complacency and the clatter of the world, not to speak of our religion—if we have any.

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January 19*th*.—Shall I say that primitive science —which we speak of as magical religion—contained no element of mysticism, of the sense of something beyond sense, of the hope unrealized in the attainment of earth, and of faith that is the substance of things unseen? No more than I would say it of the science of to-day; indeed less, for the mysticism of our science is only implied, and rather avoided than confessed; while the mysticism of those earliest religions was overt, and played an active part. There is no clear division in the works of men, because there is no clear division within the men themselves. So an inherent mysticism can be traced in science, rudimentary or elaborate; and science enters into the structure of religion side by side with mysticism.

Whenever a man recognizes hidden powers, meanings, activities, which he perceives, however dimly, by some interior sense or intuitive appre-

hension; whenever he pictures to himself beings, let us say, with whom he may have communion by prayer, by rite, in sacrifice and self-devotion; there he may show himself mystical, and then we find an element that is a permanent constituent in religion.

So Anthropos and a present-day savage may be primitively religious, even when they are calculating and compelling, in the practice of their magic. And hence a developed religion may include in its practices those which once were magical, but are now bent to the service of the Spirit that lifts all things up into its likeness, if they have even a bare congruity with spiritual life.

The superstition of origins confuses judgement in many of our critics of religion. They trace our Christian sacraments to heathen sources or to some magical scheme of compulsion used by savages, past or present; and they condemn and contemn us out of hand. They forget the permeating unity in variety of man; they do not reckon with the universal Spirit, and with the inveterate and all-pervading mysticism which has in all times and places shown man more than he either knows or seeks. There is magic—that they can see like all of us; but there is truth and there is true religion, and to this they are blind. The beginnings of self-sacrifice, and of that communion which is the life-blood of Spirit, and the means by which a real humanity is created from the material of the beast, are to be found in many a piece of magic. Above all they are to be found in those rites which have their place in the scientific pedigree of our sacraments. But the

scientific pedigree is one thing, and an exterior and superficial thing. The real history of man is another thing, because it is the history of his spirit; and because the divine Spirit has been at work everywhere from the beginning. We do but open out more clearly in its fulfilment the obscurer testimony of the past.

Our sacraments cannot be rightly judged according to canons framed under the double influence of the superstition of origin and of a thinly disguised materialism. They are spirit and life; and from their beginning they had in them the witness of spirit and life. But the whole of the mystical element in religion, and the witness of spirit, belong, for our critics, to a world of mist and unreality—the world of *Aberglaube*, with which they cannot deal except as a wasted and wasteful by-product of the activity of men.

Hence this ill-grounded confidence in the scientific pedigree of religious practices; and the wholesale condemnation of them as explained away in their origins. It is a superficial and an easy business. I would there were a school for critics; with some men, whom I know, as its masters.

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The Conversion of St. Paul. January 25th.—Starbuck and William James have brought conversion into psychological notice. I have read them both and am not satisfied. Many cases, some good analysis, classification, and certain reflexions, with which I cordially agree, leave me still wanting something

else—probably a little steady thinking of my own. St. Paul's day set me thinking very early this morning.

I believe that Starbuck and William James have too narrow a range, and that conversion has many grades which do not all afford striking cases for collection. St. Paul is illustrative and explanatory, but not typical; for the simple reason that there is no type of conversion, but only as many modes of it as there are men. All modes point to one end, and have one meaning; but as no two men are alike, so no two men's conversions are alike, however much they may resemble each other on the surface.

Then the question presents itself:—What, precisely, do I mean by conversion? Certainly a new orientation, a facing East when the man had previously faced West. A new translation of all things; new values, point of view, purpose, intention, interest—a new man, in short. But there must be one particular direction of change in him, not any direction or any kind of newness. The direction must be towards freedom and away from slavery; the newness in his life is in fact a deliverance. Now, a man may be enslaved in many ways and on more than one level. Freedom is earned, too; and grows. It does not spring up in a man's life like Minerva from the head of Jupiter; although in its first beginning it is cataclysmic enough, so strange is freedom to the slave.

We may see, if we like, any day—say among criminals—the social conversion that was open to—say—neolithic man, to the men who were beginning to live in tribes, in a group of families bound together

by common interests. This conversion would be from the relative slavery of concentration on individual self-interest, to the relative freedom of willing obedience to custom and to the law that develops from custom. So a world would grow and change for primitive man with the growth and change of self. His prospect would open out: the range of his enlarging self-interest would come to include matters that before seemed to have no legitimate demands upon him, and were either inimical, foreign, or unknown and disregarded. This change may be called progress, an evolutionary growth, as indeed it is. But it has the elements and the principle of full religious conversion. I cannot see the religion of primitive men as being what we Christians mean by religion; I do not see them attracted by the spiritual aim of Christians. I see them rather endeavouring to obtain temporal advantage in accordance with the stress of temporal circumstance, and through conjuring tricks by means of which it might be secured. And the kind of advantage that is desired makes all the difference between religion and magic, and between their methods. When religion (so-called) is only magical, and its advantage a matter of eating and drinking, of salvation from the pains of hell, or of other concerns of the animal or the 'psychic' man, it is of a piece with natural life on those grades, and does not mean what it means or should mean for us now. It is, in fact, not religious at all; and it does not provide a field for religious conversion. The only salutary conversion possible for men on that level is like the

change a man underwent who in the childhood of the race became obedient to law, and passed from concentration on himself to a recognition of the life and the claims of his tribe. Christian religion on its spiritual side is not descended, or rather has not arisen, from the magical religion of our forefathers; nor is its true purport allied with that of the magical religion of savages in our own times. It belongs rather, by both origin and meaning, to the expansion of social life and polity in which men have passed from the narrowness of mere individual and isolated selfishness into something that at least implies regard for, and consideration of, demands that are not merely their own. So I see law, freedom, our Christian religion, and conversion, linked; but I do not see religion itself derived from what we sometimes by a false analogy call by the same name —although its rites may be. Inasmuch as the earlier religions were magical they supplied the place of science, and, fronting powers and possibilities beyond calculation or control by other means, consoled men for ignorance and kept off from them despair. It is science that should trace its descent from this magic, not religion. Where science reigns over the minds of men it shows its connexion with primitive magic by for ever precluding it in thought and practice. It fills the place of that magic, it does its work and more than its work. This, I see, explains why our present science has one particular point of vantage, a hold for attack, upon certain religions. Inasmuch as these retain an element of magic, they are vulnerable to that which has everywhere been able to

destroy magic and take its place. Inasmuch as they have shaken off magic they do not offer this foothold for assault.

The ground is now cleared for me, in regard to my study of conversion. As a man turns from narrow self-seeking towards enlargement of self and its interests, as he passes from concern about a department of life towards (in some degree of approach) a concern about the whole, he is converted. That is, he makes a new advance towards freedom, strikes off some fetters, passes, in fact, from death into life. For it is death to stand still, because to stand still is not really possible for life. That which does not open out in life, closes up ; that which does not rise, sinks. Therefore conversion, although it may be, and perhaps usually is, a gradual process, means always in its beginning a reversal of direction, an opposite orientation of the man.

In its highest degree, and as we understand it now that we know man to be more than body and the life of psychical nature, it is a beginning of the spiritual rule by which he is to be set free from the tyranny of circumstance, of flesh and blood, of the world and the devil. It is a recognition of the call of the Whole upon him, the call of God, that goal which he may ever approach, that end of which the mere seeking brings freedom and joy.

It is not a mere affair of conduct, although it makes a new kind of conduct, and by its fruits in conduct it is made known. It is a new kind of life, a birth in which men pass out from death, dying to the former life that is not the truth of a creature capable of God.

Shall I separate conversion from the progress of man in this world, from that evolution by which he has passed from the family to the tribe, from tribe to nation; and will pass, let us hope, from nation to the comity of nations? I think not. Spiritual conversion seems to me the appropriation by a man of all promise that there is in that advance, and its only fulfilment. Corporate religion fulfils society, individual religion—the life of spirit—crowns the advance of individual man from animal to moral life. If he stops short of this stage, he stops short of that life which Christ calls 'eternal,' the life that is divine. He remains on the lower plane of *psyche*, if not of animal; and his face is turned towards himself and 'eternal' death, turned towards the bare existence of a man enslaved who hugs his chains. When he is converted he takes the greatest step in his evolution, the step in which slavery is hateful, chains are chains, and the Spirit of God finds a way of entrance to stir his spirit into newness of life.

So the converted man learns of new worlds, discovers power other than his own yet ready to become his own, and liberty beyond his dreams. So, doubtless, did Anthropos, in his incipient degree, when he embraced the tribal will, setting aside the will that saw less far, and cared for self alone. He was on his way, surely, to embrace the will of God which makes a man freedman of the eternal Whole he never exhausts, yet will for ever enjoy. Anthropos was in search of happiness, God's freedman finds it. The way has been hard and long; but it has been one way, towards one goal.

We note by the word conversion the psychological cataclysm that frequently marks a man's discovery of the spiritual manner of life, and his first trembling steps in the way set open before those who have spiritual eyes. And we do not forget, if we ourselves have ears to hear the inward voice, that the divine Spirit is always calling the spirit of man; and that conversion is of God, as well as of the hunger of men's hearts. It is not merely evolutionary, although it is evolutionary. Neither is it compelled, although it undoubtedly leads to the true end of man, and God desires it. Nature craves for God and is lost without him; God draws us towards himself, towards the Whole into which our Self should ever be enlarging; but as the end is free so is the way. And in the last resort we have to own that a man converts himself.

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January 26th.—A man is, or rather may be, born again into the life in which spirit, with its boundless outlook, rules the life of eating and drinking, of flesh and blood, of animal desires and appetites, of the mind, its powers and its pursuits. And without this new birth, supplementing his birth into the narrow earthly world, he is cabined and confined within the purview of that narrowness, shut out from the kingdom of liberty and heaven. He is the slave of a complicated tyranny, in which his own nature or his own accomplishment rises up against him: and instead of remaining the ground out of which his freedom takes origin, the material his art shapes

to a pattern he imposes, it sets its own pattern and stamps its likeness on his life. To follow nature is to remain enslaved; to rule nature and conform all its appetites, needs, passions, acquirements, to the law and pattern of spirit is to grow into the liberty with which Christ, the incarnate spirit of liberty, has set us free.

The mere animal is not enslaved by his nature; the animal man is, because he is able to escape. The 'psychic' man is enslaved even when he lives an admirable moral life, behaving well, and yet, like Gallio, caring for none of the things of the spirit and the eternal life. Such men are certainly not without their possibilities of spirit. They are capable of being born again into a larger world. Blind puppies they may seem, but they have eyes.

A slave may behave well, and both he and we may forget his slavery. When he behaves ill we know what he is, if he does not know himself. We speak of a man as a slave to his vices; we forget that he may be a slave to virtue. His moral eminence may actually hinder him from seeing that he is really nothing, and that he would not know how to behave in the kingdom of God. Saul of Tarsus, I fancy, ran some such risk as this. And that catastrophe on the road to Damascus opened the eyes of his spirit while it blinded those of his body; so that he knew Jesus no longer 'after the flesh' which sees appearance, but 'after the spirit' which discerns reality. His direction changed, his virtues fell away from him: he became poor and naked and the Lord took him up.

I have been wondering these two days, off and on, about regeneration as contrasted with conversion. St. Paul was converted and born again into an entirely new life. It was his doing, but not all his doing. Christ, he says, came to live in him, and so intimately that he had a difficulty in knowing whether to say 'I' or 'Christ' when he spoke of living. The divine Spirit was his spirit, given into him in the astonishing life of heavenly freedom he enjoyed. Certainly he was born again, regenerated.

The Church, however, distinguishes—or I mistake its meaning. There is regeneration of a child in its baptism, but not conversion. Conversion, we are told (and plainly see), is an affair of the will, like sin and guilt; regeneration is the work of the divine Spirit. The child is in baptism reborn of water and the Spirit. Theology, having been committed to the doctrine of an inherited *macula* of sin and a guilty baby, has had to find a way of escape; and has cumbered the profound and beautiful sacrament of baptism with a logical burden.

Happily the burden is easy to throw off. A child is indeed born again of water and the Spirit when it is received into the corporate life of the Church of Christ—the home of the Spirit, the place of chief witness to eternal life. And we can read a new meaning into the theological difficulty when we see what it is; we can even sympathize with our theologians.

That other new birth, the individual and volitional change of direction, remains apart and very real. It may be that some children, growing up in communion

with the corporate life of spirit, may never need to change in their direction, never undergo psychological catastrophe, or have cause to pass from death into life. So their regeneration will supersede the need of conversion; they will never be blind because their eyes have been opened from the beginning.

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February 6th. Quinquagesima.—'In seeking myself, I lost both myself and thee; in seeking thee, I found both thee and myself.'

Thee—the other that may become myself, into whose life I may enter. Salvation is salvation from self; that is, from hell, from solitude. The way to it is narrow, the gate is strait, and there is but one way, one gate.

More and more am I convinced that a religious life is not nearly as wide or ill-defined a matter as most people seem to think. That is to say, it is as wide as the universe in its application, but in its character it is definite, clear, restricted. There is no serving of two masters about it; it knows no many roads leading to Rome; there is neither the eclectism nor the syncretism which may be fashionable in times wherein the dilettante has his vogue, or a dominant curious mind seeks out strange gods. There is no way in which by religion a man may serve himself, if he set out to serve himself.

Religion, in fact, is a matter of life and death. It is not a matter of mere good conduct, mere justness in notions and ideas, mere aspiration after an ideal

of manhood, however high, nor even of following strenuously after that ideal. Failure in conduct, confusion in idea and notion, the collapse of the ideal or a catastrophic fall from it, may open a man's eyes to the strait gate, point out to him the narrow way.

The Church has always been anxious about this matter; but sometimes and in some places her anxiety has been regarded as both *démodé* and unwise. It is so regarded in many places now. Sin is mistake or ignorance, a defect which an immanent process of evolution is gradually overcoming; salvation is success—in morals, or in the pursuit of any ideal of human life. We must not be in too great a hurry about it. The immanent process is at work on an enormous scale; and some day, if not soon or now, its grinding mills will grind out the perfect man. Meanwhile the imperfect man must enjoy the prospect set before his race. Moreover, if he do not set his ideal too high he may realize it, and have that good conscience which, with a daily or twice-daily 'clean shirt,' was once supposed to mark, and indeed to guarantee, the happy man well-placed, well-served, by an obliging world.

There are little men content with nothing more, with this or something like it. But they are not religious, nor great. They are not vivid; life runs slowly in their veins. One would wish to say to such a man, as Luther did, '*pecca fortiter*'—sin boldly that you may learn of righteousness and God, learn of yourself, of life and its possibilities, of hell and its realities. Live dangerously for once; you are dying now.

Then there are great men who pursue a great ideal of man. And the more urgently these pursue and the higher is their ideal set, the more sure is their disillusion if they seek themselves as their own fulfilment.

Our forefathers of the primitive world sought from their Gods prosperity, the necessaries or luxuries of a bodily life. For them the good they desired might be wrung from a God, as it might be wrung from nature, from the fields, the beasts and the woods. This was the scope of their religion. And their religion is still to be found among us; but it is not of Christ, even if it is sometimes of Christians.

Later, men sought God as a philosophical necessity, an explanation of the puzzles of the world, a satisfaction to the mind. He was a concept among concepts, the harmonizer of their many discords, an answer to the clamour of the rationalizing intellect for its own truth. And even now we know him thus; some of us not otherwise.

Once more—he is a power that makes for social righteousness, immanent in men as in the world; although making for righteousness in men alone. He is the moral force which bears humanity on in the evolutionary advance towards moral perfection, towards a realized ideal of conduct. And the good man, the man for whom the moral life is the ideal life, may worship God only because God makes him good. He may worship the pantheist's God who is, as he thinks, immanent and only immanent, the God of whom he, the natural man, is highest expression; or he may worship as many Christians do—as a

heathen man may worship a cow, which 'thou dost worship for the milk and the cheese.'

Still we miss the mind and the worship of Christ. Still the gate is wide and the way broad, still there are many who find it and have not found Christ.

The Church is anxious about these men of morality, those who seek their own profit in God, like the men of intellectual demands, like those others of a mere bodily hunger and thirst. It is true that the God of Christians is creator of the world, matches the demands of mind, makes for righteousness, adds 'all things' to those who seek him and his kingdom. It is true that he does more, that he gives beauty to life, transforms bodily necessities, mental demands, the claim of the moral 'categorical imperative,' into the glory of a crowned ideal. And yet there is more still; yet there is that without which all these may leave a man solitary, alone 'as on a peak in Darien,' possessing beauty, morals, reason, health and wealth, but without God and the brother who can be his, but only in God. For he may have sought the eminence of that peak only for himself, climbed to it skilfully with all refinement of means and ends, given his goods to feed the poor and his body to be burned, in order that he might perfect himself for his own perfection's sake.

Therefore the anxious Church of Christ tells him again and again that he is nothing without the love of God shed abroad in his heart, to make himself seem nothing. 'In seeking myself, I lost both myself and thee'; says Augustine, who had sought in many ways; 'in seeking thee, I found both thee

and myself.' And for this cause we have the forty days of Lent in which to make ready for a joyful resurrection—forty days in every year to call us to repentance ; to the discovery of our sins and nothingness, of God and of our supreme need of him in heart and mind, in body and in spirit. Forty days, only forty days ? No, the whole year round is for that lesson ; but we may learn its opening chapter now, since the forty days call us as no other days have called.

They begin with the ashes of our nothingness, they end with the Easter light.

We have brought with us from the past, stored in every present, the religion of all our fathers, the religion of the struggling tribe of ill-armed combatants with nature, the religion of thinkers, the religion of a social morality, the religion of the human ideal of man ; and we keep them still. But unless we transcend them all we have not found the strait gate and narrow way of Christ, the way that gives us, even here on earth, eternal life that is his. Perhaps—I would I might say surely—the broader ways may somewhere, in another manner of life, find their end in him. But it can hardly be so anywhere while self and the good of self bound the horizon of those who walk in them. 'Without vision the people perish.' The vision that is to save must pass out beyond the man, beyond even his salvation, pass into the promised land of love where God dwells and gives himself to love.

O Lord, who hast taught us that all our doings without charity are nothing worth ; send thy Holy Ghost, and

pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before thee.

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February 8th. Shrove Tuesday.—If I take a dozen photographs, haphazard, out of a roll to which only the movement of a cinematograph can restore living meaning, they may be ugly or ridiculous, they are certainly false to life in their fidelity to dead fact. This is one of Bergson's illustrations; and it may show us that when we lose sight of our own movement and our changing duration, we cannot see the truth of our real selves at all. If we succeed in isolating pictures of ourselves, in cutting them out from our real history and setting them on the table of memory to look at, we falsify the truth we are and live. So a sin, as we see it apart from the sinner—one act of sin—is like one instantaneous photograph of a galloping horse; it does not give us the man, or even his sin, any better than a moment's view of the horse gives us his gallop or himself. I have known the prospect of heaven darkened by a belief that the book of life will there lie open to be read page by page, or seen as a series of photographs looked at one after another on the film. This is of the delusion of the brickfield, the trick of a spatial manner carried into spiritual concerns. There are no separate pages in a book of life: there is in me only the living various me, the one symphony that I am and make. I cannot really be analysed—I am that I am, like every spiritual being

—even God. That I am a sinner is true; but I am not my sin. That some day I shall cease to be a sinner, I hope. That my sins are being 'blotted out' in the love of God and of my fellows, I know, and confess with joy. This is the way of reality and truth. I am not to be read by any turning of pages; I am to be read in my unity as I am, varied and heterogeneous, but a unity none the less. My life is moving and continuous; enduring, changing always, but persisting through all change. I shall be recognized only in a character; not as a series of events, good or bad, sinful or virtuous, distinct and for ever distinguishable one from another—like those pictures on a photographic film.

God, even God, remembers not our iniquities. Neither do we remember the iniquities of our fellows or ourselves when they are forgiven, except as they project themselves, page fashion, by the parcel-memory that deals with a material brain and is held in bondage by the material structure of this fleeting body of our humiliation. Even here we learn to disregard and sometimes to overcome that parcel-memory. The sin we know to have been 'blotted out' of life fades into a dim and unimportant distance. We do not distinguish in Francis of Assisi the disgraces of his youth; they are gone, even from our imagination, as they are from his reality and truth in the discernment of men and God. We distinguish the sin of Judas, because we know only a picture of him as the embodiment of it; we do not know him as the real man he may have become in 'his own place'; where transforming

love works the good pleasure of God in broken hearts.

Love is always ready to blot out sin, ready to forgive: this readiness is of its essence. More—love is a consuming fire: it is not only ready, it is eager, burning to forgive. Its one obstacle is the man who will not be forgiven, will not embrace love and allow it to consume his sin. Here, as everywhere in the spiritual life, no compulsion is possible: nothing is on any one side alone. A man whom I have injured cannot forgive me, cannot remove the offence I have raised up between us, unless my love meets and unites with his—my love humbling me to contrition and penitence, his pouring in upon me through the way that I have made, pouring like balm into my open wounds. The fruit of this union is joy, peace and salvation: it sets far away from me and from him the sin that once held us apart. Contrition and penitence are love, forgiveness is love: love alone can forgive or make me able to receive forgiveness.

Thus it is with us all, in all relations, whether with God or with our fellows. Only the absolution of love can give joy and peace: and we must be absolved by our fellows as well as by God. 'He that loveth not his brother'—he that does not seek and find God in his brother—'how dwelleth the love of God in him?'

So, when I have offended God in offending my brothers, when, through a hurt to one among them I have hurt all, I am not content to tell myself that I am penitent, I am not even content if I tell God in my own heart. I owe a debt to the body of which

I am an unworthy member, and I would pay that debt. I desire to be forgiven by my brothers, to have the assurance of their love. And but for an obstinate Church I should have no means of carrying my desire into present witness and visible act. God in all my brothers, my brothers in God, would have no ambassador to bring me the word of love, no representative to whom I could open my grief.

There have been attempts to take from us that efficacious symbol of love, the sacrament of penance; but they have failed. We know best, and we succeed, who trust the human heart and its longing, and the divine promise in the common life of men. The absolution of a man who stands as ambassador for all men, and for the love of men and God; the word of a man commissioned by the Church, by the body in which we are members; this is no mere form. It is charged with power to which we ourselves contribute, authority that is in part our own, the force of law—the law of love and unity—that we not only acknowledge but build up. The absolution given to us is alive and powerful, because it is no external enactment, but an expression of the new life welling up within ourselves. In the language of our time it may be called 'immanent'; it is certainly real and transcendent, or it could never become immanent. Yet it enters into our life to become of our life, only because we receive it through vital union with its source; and contribute to its efficacy by our desire and our will. 'Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained.'

There are external political laws to which we do not contribute, laws which are in no sense ours; and these we do not acknowledge even when we are forced to submit to them. They are tyrannous over us; imposed from without, and therefore touch us only on the surface of our lives. They have no real efficacy; we are not obedient to them, we are only too weak to escape a relation to them which looks like obedience. Even in political life the law that has power is the law which is our own, or which we may embrace as our own when we become more lawful. So it is with the laws of the spirit. When our life embraces them they become ours and pass into us, carrying with them power from without to join our power within. Forgiveness—love restoring spiritual unity and peace—is of such laws. And it has a fit manner of administration in the body to which we belong, a manner by which it becomes general and explicit, open to every man according to his need; symbolic, if you will, but efficacious too, because the sinner and his brothers and the indwelling Spirit of God combine to make it so.

The law of the spirit of love is permeating, interpenetrating, enduring. It changes all things in our own duration, changes them with the change it brings upon our sins and sinfulness. It is a new movement; creative not merely restorative. And therefore it really blots out our sin. Our iniquities, because they are put away from us, are remembered no more.

There is in fact nothing of the cinematograph and its piecemeal film in any stage of our lives, not even

here and now. No one of our sins is a thing apart. It stands apart in our consciousness, representative of the rest as long as it really is representative; until, in fact, it ceases to belong to our truth because we are penitent and forgiven, and our truth has no longer any room for it. Before that change, it stands for us, and all men, and in the sight of God, a conspicuous signal of what we are. Disavowed, atoned for, blotted out, it is ours no longer. It has its place, and may keep it for a while, in a schematic history, a detailed plan, a film of many views that we may draw out in our conceptual imagination or our parcel-memory—it has ceased to be as it was in the real story of ourselves which is always being told afresh as we are made afresh. It is newly interpreted and understood in a meaning that love bestows with newness of life. It may become, indeed—*O felix culpa!*—an agent in our perfection.

Then, in this newness of life, even if we are held in exterior fetters by the memory of habit that is imprinted on body and brain, even if we fall into that way again and again because the bodily habit makes an easy path for temptation and sin, yet the act of sin no longer expresses us as we really are; we are growing to be free in spirit, although still held in external bonds. And the love of God and of our brothers comes to help us in the weary task of making a new way in body and brain, a new habit to match the new spirit within. We seek again, and yet again, assurance of the love that is helping us to work out our own salvation; we derive strength from the spoken word of that love coming in answer

to our penitence. It is the word of man and of God; it is the power of the love of God in man.

And behold they brought to him a man sick of the palsy, lying on a bed. And Jesus, seeing their faith, said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee. And, behold, certain of the scribes said within themselves, This man blasphemeth. And Jesus, knowing their thoughts, said, Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts? For whether is it easier to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, arise, and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins (then saith he to the sick of the palsy,) Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine own house. And he arose, and departed to his house. But when the multitude saw it they marvelled, and glorified God, who had given such power unto men.

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Lent. Ash Wednesday.—Turn ye even to me, saith the Lord, with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning. And rend your heart, and not your garments.

Even to me, he says; and *rend your heart,* who have rent mine.

'Dust and ashes and a house of devils,' we are; yet God desires to make his habitation among us and to dwell with us. All that keeps him away is in our hearts, which have the secret of life and death. To rend our garments is nothing; they do not hinder him. He dwells in the heart and asks entrance there. But he cannot force an entrance; that

would be to remain outside. Love must break open his way and love must receive him.

Therefore the Church calls upon its children to remember to-day the rock from which they were hewn, the ashes to which they must return; 'and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning' to seek humility that its grace may set open the way of love.

Some of our critics call us formalists. They tell us that 'fasting, almsgiving and prayer,' as we understand them, are tricks by which we try to escape both hell and the change of heart which alone would keep us out of hell. They miss the admirable psychology of the Church; and do not see that, whether it says so or does not, its eyes are fixed on the saving charity of God, and its purpose, in all these matters, is that charity shall prevail. It might have had this concentration of purpose without the profound knowledge of human nature which sends us to mourning and humiliation, and to fasting, almsgiving, and prayer. It might have had no better knowledge than its easy-going critics; for only just lately has their mistake been made to seem as ill-judged as it is.

The psychologists have told us all, now, about the power of attention, the significance of interest, the pregnancy of action in things of the Spirit. But the Church knew long ago. Therefore it commands us not only to mourn and repent, but to fast, to give alms, to pray.

Why—let me ask myself—am I to fast? What reasons have I, in these times, to give myself for doing this? I do not eat too much, nor drink too much.

On the contrary, I find some difficulty in eating enough. Life is not simple nowadays; it is complicated, nervous, anxious, full of strain that is not of the body, and is not provocative of appetite and a good wholesome bodily need. Why should I fast? Not, certainly, to attract a fretful attention to my body. Perhaps, still, to keep it 'under,' as St. Paul says, to make it aware that I am its master not its slave. Yes; and—something more pertinent to the secret of my life—to call out a witness to its oneness with my Spirit. I must not forget my body in my religion. It must worship with me, do something—kneel in prayer, receive the bread of life with me and drink the cup of spiritual salvation, fast with my penitent soul in the spirit of humility. It cannot do much; let it do what it can. There is such a thing as the attention and interest of the body, its loving sacrifice, its humble subservience to the interest and attention of the spirit. I would give an opportunity for this uplifting, for this resurrection into higher life from the mere Red Clay of nature that seeks always its own way. And I acknowledge the wisdom that gives an opportunity to us all—the new wisdom, too, that restricts fasting to some closer approximation to the meaning it should have for us now, in these present days.

But again, I see, fasting applies not only to the body and its worship, but to all activities of the 'reasonable soul,' the natural life of 'psychic' man. Is this life to be shut out in any of its modes from the penitence and humility of the spirit? Is it not to contribute freely to sacrifice, and take its share

whole-heartedly in the progress towards love and God? Yet I do not see how it can if it is always allowed to take its own way, to be greedy of distraction, of amusement, of rioting and feasting after even its most decent manner. And indeed there is now a pressing need for subjugating the psychic man's desire to rid himself of time and energy and escape self-knowledge, by what he calls, perhaps, innocent amusement. We debauch ourselves in this amusement. Or if we do not, other people all around us do. 'If meat make my brother to offend I will eat no meat while the world standeth.' Shall we not, sometimes at least, lay down our pleasure for the brethren if we do not lay down our lives? There is no harm in our pleasure, we say. We should not say so if we knew more of our own minds, of the nature that betrays by the most innocent-looking means if it is not under the rule and the purpose of the spirit that is seeking God.

As to almsgiving; that is born anew, but with the same purpose it always had, the purpose of our fasting. We fast, and we give alms, that love shall prevail and make a way for God. We have to learn still that our treasure, the treasure that neither rust nor moth corrupts, the precious gold we take with us when we die, is given to us in our love of men. We cannot love them unless we attend to them, and set our interest with theirs; unless we give alms of all that we possess, as well as of the gold and the meat that perish and are not really ours. We give these perishing things because our brother has need, but for us they are only primary lessons in the noble

art of giving ourselves—the only alms we can give to God. But the Church, I see again for the hundredth time, is wise in letting its poor children begin at the beginning and learn of great things by the small.

Of great things; and the greatest is that which we win by prayer. We win our bodies and their natural life, and we win our minds, by fasting; we win our brothers by giving them ourselves: but God we only win by prayer. What, then, is prayer? It is, among other things, fasting and giving alms; it is every action, every real interest, all attention. It is everything in which my true self is expressed; it is my true self. Prayer is the activity of life and the real being and becoming of a man. It is what I am and what I do. And, obviously, I may win God by it, and cannot win God without it; or I may win damnation. It must be consecrated or it is lost, and I am lost with it in losing God.

Therefore the tender Church, our *alma mater* of the spirit, sends us to learn to pray in her school of prayer, the school the saints have served and taught. Shall I dare to stay away? It will be at my peril. Let me learn my lesson of the saints, but begin at the beginning. It may be that some day I shall know what they would have me know of the prevailing love of God.

The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit: a broken and contrite heart, O God, shalt thou not despise.

O be favourable and gracious unto Sion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

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Lent, February 15th.—'Christianity is the doctrine of the deep guilt of the human race . . . and of the heart's thirst after redemption from it, a redemption which can be acquired only through the abnegation of self—that is, through a complete conversion of human nature.'

No theologian this—only Schopenhauer, who shared the pessimism of the Christian, but not his conquering optimism; in comparison with which, as William James says, 'Naturalistic optimism is mere syllabub and sponge cake.'

In this great city London, which strains its power to embrace the world, St. Paul's Cathedral bears witness to the pessimism and the optimism of Christians. There, and in every Catholic church in the world, is set up the image of Crucified Man; and there, in that Cathedral, all men are called to read the words of the paean of our triumph—*Sic Deus dilexit mundum.* So; and as the world is and has proved itself; so, in that manner and to that extreme, God loved and loves the world.

There are only two religions of pessimism; they are not far from dividing half the world between them. And they are the only religions of redemption. Men cannot face the world as it is and live, unless they have either a way of escape or a way of conquest. Christianity is a religion of conquest, Buddhism is a religion, or rather a philosophy, of escape. As far as this world is concerned the pessimism of the Buddhist is absolute; in his eyes there is no redemption for it, although in abandoning it he may find his own. For the Christian the world is an

altogether different thing, because, bad as it is, God loves it; because, intolerable as it may seem to Schopenhauer, unreal as it is for Sakya Mouni, God dwells in it. He is made flesh in the flesh of men, and his Spirit strives with men to bring them and their world of flesh to him. He never leaves himself without witness among men and by the testimony of men; and his Spirit fills, so we say and have learnt to see, 'the whole round world' of sin and pain and death.

Next week I mean to spend four days in Paradise. I shall have warmth and ease, food and service; my company will be to my mind and more, because it has the mind of Christ. The birds will sing; I shall see clean bark, clean leaves on the hollies, snowdrops perhaps; certainly I shall find green blades piercing the good clean earth. I shall breathe clean air. There will be neither tears nor pain, neither strife nor reproach. Love will be king in that Paradise, and all things will work together for good. At least I hope so, for all this has happened before. I have lived in that Paradise and found it good.

For a little while, four days, I may be able to forget the rest of the world and my Christian pessimism. It is a valuable lesson; it teaches sympathy with those who are always forgetting it, those who hide from it and will not open their eyes or turn their heads to look at it. I may learn another lesson—that is, I might if I had not learnt it already; as it is I may refresh and deepen it. I may learn again that we do ill to dwell for long in a little island

of Paradise, before we are ready for the open Paradise. I may discover once more in myself cowardice and weakness that would leave me a mere parasite on bliss, if bliss could thus be ensured for me. I should certainly save my life and lose it, if I had so tempting a chance. It is well for me, it is right well for the world, that bliss cannot be ensured that way, that no man can escape tears and pain and death for long, that the things of the world betray in the long run or the short, betray always or at last. It is well that the most secluded Island of the Blest is never secluded to the end.

Yet it is possible to build round some such Island a wall of blindness and self-guarding. It is possible to be filled with a comforting delusion, which keeps us strong in the conviction that all 's right with a world so right with us. But it is not possible for the Christian, because divine charity, which is the life-blood of Christians, knows no walls and allows no self-comforting pretence. No happiness of his own circumstance, however long it may last, can hinder a true Christian from the knowledge of Crucified Man, and of God who loves the world which is always calling to him for redemption, even when it calls only by its refusal of him or by its ignorance of its need of him.

For it is true, as Buddhists and Christians should know, although both in one way or another not rarely deny their faith, that the heart of man, when it speaks truly, thirsts after redemption. Yet a man cannot be redeemed except, as Schopenhauer says, through laying down self, through 'a complete conversion

of human nature,' a turning from self to something other than self.

It is the Christian who has really solved the problem of life; the Buddhist only evades it, denies life, flees from it, declares the world of life illusion. For the Christian nothing is lost, not self, not the world; no life, not even the life that is appearance and flesh; not death, for death 'is swallowed up in victory'; not sin, for over the sinner angels rejoice, and his sin is the very occasion and cause of the love that redeems him. *O felix culpa!* No man except the Christian says this of the evil that God hates.

No man, except the Christian, is through and through both optimist and pessimist with open eyes. No other man can reasonably both love and hate the world with a certainty that his hate is the hate of love, like God's. And none can see triumph in failure as the Christian does, because no other sees God crucified in man.

'*As dying, and behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.*'

* * * *

Lent, February 25th.—To discover the 'nothingness' of Self, however well furnished it may be, the need of redemption from Self, and the price that must be paid for it; or if not to discover these things to re-discover them; that is the particular business of Lent. How else shall we come to resurrection and joy? The price must be paid. The treasure that moth and rust corrupt, that death at least, even

if not the progress of life, will assuredly steal from us, must be given up. We are entangled by the deceitfulness of those riches, which deceive us whether we have them or are only looking and longing for them. Our life is lost in the business of living.

It is unscientific; it is unphilosophical; it is absurd and insensate. But I may tell myself so without avail, I may shout my sensible and well-grounded opinion in every lecture hall in the kingdoms of the world; and unless the price is paid I might well have saved my breath—for neither I nor the kingdoms of the world will be one whit nearer the kingdom of the Lord.

There is an agreeable and eminently sensible detachment practised by men sick of worry and the world, men like Thoreau, who would not crush his 'immortal soul' by 'pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forty, its augean stables never cleansed, and one hundred acres of land, tillage, mowing, pasture, and wood-lot.' He was afraid of what he called 'damage to my poverty,' he dreaded the loss of riches which were far more to his mind than the wood-lot and the barn. Why should men, he asked, 'begin digging their graves as soon as they are born?' Why indeed, when Walden pond and the life of a creature of the woods lay open to them? Thoreau was wise and prudent, and took a sensible view of Self and its advantages. There could be for him no doubt of the superior pleasure of an existence that had simplified its needs, and could satisfy them without folly and fatigue. That complicated

business which is only called life because the slave who bears with it is not yet buried was not to his taste; he sought his happiness more ingeniously, with better adaptation of visible means to immediate and visible ends. And whatever it may have been for Thoreau, who was no ordinary man, for most of us ordinary men this wisdom falsely so-called does but seat Self the more firmly on its throne. To save life is to lose it, however ingenious and fair-seeming be the manner in which we try to save it. And a man may lose his life to save it, either in pushing a barn or by Walden pond.

This deliberate withdrawal from the common life of men is for the most part dangerous; not because it is pleasant and sensible, but because it clears the way of obstacles to self-indulgence and self-adoration. We seem to fail less only because we are less tried; we keep the little god of our idolatry more safely on his pedestal when there are no rude and hasty passers-by to jostle it. There are fewer calls on our charity when we are alone, and without use charity is apt to die. Yet there have been hermits and anchorites, there are monks and nuns, only the more closely hidden in God because they have withdrawn from the sight of men. I acknowledge this, with reverence: it is of the mystery of selflessness. And still I keep in my mind a doubt—more than a doubt, a conviction—that the common road is best for most of us, the common buffeting life with its trials and its rudeness, the social heritage and social promise that foreshadow, better than the cloister or the woods, a life of perfect charity.

'*Above all things therefore contemplate the glory of loving men and of being beloved of them.*'

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Lent, February 28th.—'Consciously or unconsciously [this political measure] not only generalizes the conception of privilege, but combines it with that of sacrifice . . . The forces which are responsible for [it] are gradually leavening the life of all modern civilized societies, and the translation into the fiscal sphere of these social forces cannot much longer be delayed . . . [The measure] is, at bottom, the fiscal expression of a great social development.'

Never mind what measure this is; the principle is my point—and the speaker, who is a Professor of Political Economy. Think of it—a generalized, not a particularized, individualized, or even specialized, privilege; sacrifice too; both at work in 'the fiscal sphere.' And these things the outcome of 'a great social development,' which we must allow ourselves to think of as making for justice and for love—it is a matter for which to thank God with trumpets and Te Deums.

Was I not right when I said that religion may be growing up from social relations, as it grew before in the far-away days when there was little else but magic and greed in the dress of a religion? *Spiritus Domini replevit orbem terrarum.* He fills even the Council Chambers and the consciences of them who make laws, and rule over our Israel. Yet it is Israel, the people who, by their prophets inspire those laws, and who demand and keep them. The Spirit of God

moves over the face of the stormy ocean of the people's life and stirs it to such work as this. If sacrifice and a generalized privilege are to become principles of our legislature, then is the kingdom of God growing in the midst of us.

There was once, we are told, a theocracy, at least in name. It is long ago, and we have never since set God upon an earthly throne even in name; although he crowns our kings and opens—in name—our Parliaments. Are we at last beginning to enthrone him there in reality and truth? For, until we allow him to deal with our money and our land, he certainly is not enthroned.

What is he likely to do with money and land, with property and privilege, if we let him meddle directly in such things? That is a pointed and alarming question, which, it seems, we are beginning to answer. I would like, myself, to hear it put plainly, in just so many and such words; but that would be foolish. Men would not listen, much less try to answer. Therefore, I suppose, God is putting the question in his own way. He is leading men on to discover the need of sacrifice and of the generalizing of privilege, by a way that does not alarm the people, but only the privileged. These, no doubt, will be more and more alarmed as time goes on—as the great social development, spreading in all civilized countries, shows more and more that it is of the mind of Christ, and of the Spirit of God who never leaves himself without some eloquent witness in the hidden comity of men.

He had and has his witness in the life of the family,

with its sacrifice and its generalized privilege ; in the tribe ; in the nation. Even war displays it, war with its sacrifice and its common effort and loss and gain. Yet war is contradictory of love ; more so than all our laws, even taking bad laws with the good. Law, from the customs of our first fathers to the latest act in the latest year of this king, bears a clearer witness, being, in its own confused and halting fashion, a schoolmaster as well as a witness of love. But its fashion has not hitherto been enough of God, or of love, to bring the Cross and the divine privilege of man into open commerce with fiscal affairs.

Things are certainly changing. *E pur si muove,* this political world of ours.

I believe in social progress ; not as an immanent and necessary process working towards some necessary end, but as the instrument and token of incarnate God, of God manifest in the flesh, dwelling in and with his men, subject to us, suffering from us, yet present with us and growing more powerful, in what we do and are. And I do not forget the leaven of self-seeking that works in all our doings and makes them in some measure sharers in its evil. The people are self-seeking, like the privileged ; and this movement in which God is to be felt bears on its face, like everything of man, the mark of self-seeking. The wonder is that through all our self-seeking and despite of it he stirs us as he does. Yet, since he has borne us from the level of the beasts to this place of open promise, and even some fulfilment, there is no special need to wonder when his hand is shown in our politics as it always has been in our gathering

into nations and families, in every manner of our friendship, in all the social bonds that limit yet enlarge the life of self. These are of him, in him and through him : they are religious, and they may lead on to true religion that shall open men's eyes to what they mean. But it will be well for us to remember, in regard to our politics, that we are able to thwart him ; and that no ' covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom ' he strives to bestow upon his sons.

* * * *

Lent, March 7th.—There is no dividing line in man between heart and mind, or between body and mind ; nor is there any between these and the spirit that makes him no mere creature of God but his Son. The genesis of intellect has marched side by side with the genesis of feeling, emotion, will ; and the human heart has underlain and coloured the mind. So heart and affections, intuition and will, suborned in the ' labour of man for his mouth,' have partaken of the shortcomings, and have shared in the success, for good and ill, of the intellect that brings a practical world to meet and match the craving and the needs of men.

There has been disproportion, it is plain, an overbalancing of weight and interest, a use of this or that to the prejudice of the other. We can emphasize and distinguish for our criticism certain elements of the conduct of life, as we do one or the other element of things, in the pursuit of scientific knowledge ; although with less clarity and complete-

ness. And therefore we may speak of the particular sphere of intelligence, of a heart that has reasons the intellect does not know, of flesh and blood striving against the spirit, of 'a body of this death.' And as we speak thus we declare the greatness of the task before us, the widening of our horizon, the perpetual newness of our beginning; and our dependence upon a power not ourselves that commands a growing order in us, making for joy 'in the Holy Ghost' and peace 'that passeth understanding'; bringing to bear within us force to reach out in directions that are not of this dimensional earth and cannot be followed after its fashion. We declare ourselves to be in dimly perceived relations with a world other than this present world of earth and space and clock-time; to be connected with a mysterious, half known, barely touched 'over-world.' And we acknowledge that to live only to this earth, and for the demands that can be met on earth more or less easily and completely, is to bely ourselves.

There is in us an immeasurable promise to which, as we are, we are immeasurably inadequate. Yet it is a promise to which we are constrained to attend.

> '*Une immense espérance a traversé la terre;*
> *Malgré nous vers le ciel il faut lever les yeux.*'

Malgré nous; despite ourselves; despite the fury and fulfilment of the animal life, despite the glamour and success of intellectual effort; we lift up our eyes beyond the hills, we strain our vision, in hope and faith, towards an unseen world.

There is conflict in the life of a spiritual man,

bitter conflict. The craving of the race is eloquent in the lust of his flesh; his own craving drives him in the lust of the eye, in his covetousness and pride of life, in the ambition of his mind. He fights, one would say, a losing battle, if he fights on the side of any higher order. For that which has come to him from millions of generations in his ancestry is wrought into the substance and habit of body and brain; and it fits earth and the life of earth, as it fits body and brain. The 'psychic' man is stable, well grounded, and uses an instrument trained in a long career of competence. The 'pneumatic,' the spiritual, man dwells in a strange land, is new every moment to his task, and seeks a receding goal. Therefore he fails as the other man does not; therefore he seems weak when the other seems strong. And he is told that his life would be better ordered if he would begin from the established habits of his nature, from earth and the flesh, acceding to their reasonable demands, and conforming to them his standard of life. Or he is told that a rational being does well to ignore the shadowy world of hope and faith, with its uncertain promise; because even if it really exists it cannot be seen clearly, and the wise man attends to things within his grasp and power, not to those that lead him, like an *ignis fatuus*, into unfamiliar places where unknown fashions rule and no man sees whither he is going.

Even a rational piety is enlisted against him. God is the author of nature, God has implanted these desires of earth. Who is he to thwart them? Who is he to make demands on nature that nature re-

sents, to defy, or at least to question, the evolutionary course which has brought the human race to eminence and kept it there? Let him behave considerately and reasonably; that is all he is called upon to do. God will take care of the rest.

Nevertheless, there is that '*immense espérance*'; there are those beckoning shadows, the half-known mysteries of the over-world. In the man himself there is conscience, a conscience ever reaching out beyond himself; there is a vision by eyes not fully open, yet opening, upon the boundless world of spirit. How is he to attain, to become fit for attainment? The prudence of the psychic man is not for him; the satisfaction and good success of earth leave him discontent. He cannot believe in the order of an easily ordered life. He would 'live dangerously' that he may live more.

So he begins to order his life in the interests of spirit, begins from above, not from below; and of course fails. He fails again and again; he fails to the very last; because every height to which he climbs does but reveal a height beyond. There is for the spiritual man no visible goal, no static order. The dynamism of his life knows no convenient range; seeks no appointed end; and could enjoy no end. Its power is of God, its end can only be if he has an end, if he is exhaustible like a rule of ethical conduct, a field of scientific knowledge, a world of earth that must come to an end.

Yet in his failure there is triumph. For he transforms, however imperfectly, mind and heart, flesh and blood, nature in all its complexity and clearness.

He himself is transfigured through and through by the light of the spirit. And, poor thing as he may appear in his own eyes when his work in earth is done; little as may seem to have been effected by all his striving and the striving of God in him; he will have done what he could. And of those other men, so much more successful, as it seems, at least in their eyes and those of their passing world, this can never be said; although in the judgement of God it outweighs all the rest.

But as then he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the spirit; even so it is now . . . So then, brethren, we are not children of the bond-woman, but of the free.

* * * *

Lent, March 15th.—The 'over-world' of the spirit is, I see, no mere Elysian world to come, no Avalon, Island of the Blest; although it makes a garden of the Lord in any world. It is not another place, it is another plane, than that in which the animal or the psychic life is pent. So the eternal life, as St. Paul well knew, is here or in any world, to be lived both in this body of our humiliation, and in all bodies that shall rise with us through worlds to come.

It is the world of communion, the world of fellowship and love, of sympathetic awareness, of intuitive penetration into the joys and sorrows of our fellows, of an accommodated will, of permeation by the free gift of self and an eager reception of the other than self. It has mysteries that lie behind and within,

as well as over, this world; they will lie behind, within and over, all worlds beyond the gate of death. The world of flesh and blood and *psyche* is not succeeded by a world of spirit; it is accompanied by it; or it is apart from it as hell is apart from heaven.

The state—shall I call it?—of communion; the state of mutual, common, pervasive love; this is the life of the spiritual man, after which he hungers. No island of golden fruits, nor lily-strewn field, not even a 'cloistered Academe' of wisdom and philosophers, contents him or ever will content him. Carry earth, flesh and blood, mind and its victories, to their ultimate perfection; and he must hunger still. The love of Christ constrains him: he would stretch out the arms of self, as those arms upon the Cross stretch out, to embrace the Whole that lies beyond himself in God.

He knows, too, this man of the spirit, his own nothingness, and his impotence without God. He cannot love except in the divine love; all his perverted love of self remains in self; and the touch of it withers every gift that God or other men would give. It is a miasma that can be driven out only by the strong wind of the Spirit from on high.

In all men, and from the beginning, where there is communion in love there is God, and there is eternal life. Anthropos had it, no doubt; even in his first beginning. But he did not know it for religion; and we, looking back upon his history and our guesses at his history, have called it social not religious life. We are always making this mistake, led by the name and show of things. We

think of religion, now, as the matter of a named God, an intellectual opinion about worlds and lives to come, a set of rules and taboos, a habit, may be, of saying prayers and going to church, a demand for baptism and Christian burial, a custom of the sacraments, a theology. Or we believe ourselves religious when we feel awestruck, have joyful emotions as we pray or practise, are impressed by sermons, or, worst of all, when we 'feel good.' In short, we mistake appearance for reality, and that which may or may not be means, for the supreme end. We mistake dead works for the service of the living God.

God *is* love. Eternal life is the life of love, and therefore the life of God. The 'Over-world' of spirit is that which makes all things real in any world, that clears away their shams and pretences in the light coming unto us and spread abroad within us by Jesus Christ. And the life of love cannot be held in bounds. It expands into the endless Whole and embraces all that it encounters. It gives eyes to see, hands to serve, feet swift to overtake, power with which no other power can compare, victories that master any world, even, at last, the world of death and hell. So we Christians believe.

I tell myself this truth, and then I turn to the world about me. Shall I repeat that mistake about Anthropos? Shall I follow a fashion and call church-magic, chapel-magic, morality-magic, feeling, emotion, intelligent and sensible beliefs and aspirations about another world—heaven and a new earth, religion? And shall I let myself be deceived

into calling the communion of love among men, of sympathetic understanding and self-sacrifice, of mutual help and forbearance for any sake except that of self-seeking, not religion; but only family and social life? I will not. I will confess God where he is to be found.

Again, perhaps, as before in the history of man, we shall see a manifest religion growing out of that self-sharing life we call social, and transforming to its likeness those practices of magic and self-seeking to which we are prone to narrow down religions. There are voices that cry to us now :—'I will have mercy and not sacrifice,' saith the Lord. 'Your new moons and your appointed feasts' are become corruption; they are of this world not of the world of the Spirit; they are of flesh and blood and of the mind that is not the mind of Christ.

This is of the anguish and one-sidedness of the prophet; yet perhaps of his wisdom. He always cries aloud, and does not stop to measure and weigh out his words. 'Woe!' he says, 'woe unto you, generation of vipers!'

It is strong language, and we are not accustomed to it. Yet, if we could picture to ourselves, just once, the agony of the prophet, of the man who lives in that over-world of burning love and vivid reality, when he sees a world of shams and self-complacency, of poor starving creatures feeding on husks, and travelling, clad in gaudy robes that hide their nakedness, the road that leads to death, we should not think it strong. Nor should we be surprised when we see the prophet, 'Yea, and more than a prophet,'

eating with publicans and sinners; and declaring that harlots may enter the kingdom of God sooner than some of us.

* * * *

Holy Week: Monday.—'*It needeth nothing but the sense of God to inherit all things.*' Nothing but the 'sense' of God, the feeling of him as life in our life, eyes by which we see, ears by which we hear, hands by which we touch and handle the things that he has made and holds together in his love. And it is just this radiant, all-embracing 'sense' of God that has made Jesus so puzzling to men and, above all, to commentators on the Gospels. He was not logical and consistent; he will not be compressed within the bounds of any scheme. You must interpret him as alive with the fullness of God, and breaking out beyond your scheme on every side. His sense of God gave him his consciousness of the immediacy of a heavenly kingdom and of the terrible needs of earth; but it made him also, as Johannes Weiss puts it (in a book I have just read with edification and delight), 'immediately conscious of the power and nearness of the love and compassion of his God,' with a consciousness 'so strong, so deep, and so clear that he cannot but testify to it and communicate his own blissful peace to others.' And, says Weiss, 'there is no trace whatever of an idea that then only, in the last times, had God at length revealed Himself as the Father; on the contrary, He had been always as He then was, and only the foolishness of man had failed to recognise His

true goodness.' So Jesus was able to preach that sonship in God 'was the eternal possession of mankind, if they would but avail themselves of it'; and he went about doing good, to illustrate and convey the overflowing bounty of God and his everlasting good will towards his children. 'He assumes the readiness of all His hearers to admit that such is indeed the nature of God, and to ask themselves why that nature is continually forgotten and why we do not grasp the hand which He extends to us with unwearied patience.' Therefore he went about Galilee and in Jerusalem, not only the Messiah who was to come in the clouds of heaven as the apocalyptic Son of Man, bearing judgement and the doom of the kingdom from on high; but the messenger and representative of the urgent and untiring love of God on earth.

Jesus of Nazareth was an inheritor of all things in the life of men; because he had the 'sense' of God, and the possession of God whose Spirit possessed him.

There is the same divine inconsistency (if it be inconsistency and not a transcending harmony) about the Christian faith and Christian saints. There is the same optimism and the same pessimism; the same demand for judgement and a world to come, the same comprehension in love of the world that is. The Christian must go about doing good; he must preach and display the love of God abiding in men as they are; he must declare him their Father, and his universal action in love inexhaustible by their utmost need and worst defiance. But he must also,

like his Master, proclaim their woe and hell, their damnation in any kingdom of their own making, in any world successfully defended against the invasion of the Spirit from above.

This world smiled upon the homeless Man who had the sense of God. The sun and the rain; flowers and the harvest of the fields; the birds who neither sowed nor reaped, nor gathered into barns: were all eloquent to him of universal love. God was not far from any one of his creatures; the very hairs of men's heads were numbered, and every sparrow was watched by an eye that never slept. Jesus treats men, and appropriates the world, as though a little change of attitude in men, a turning East from West, would make them heavenly citizens and their earth a kingdom where God reigned. It is the way of conquest, the victory that overcomes the world. And yet, because this little thing, this turning East from West, is not to be compelled, but only to be asked for by that love which 'goes before' as the shepherd goes before the sheep, judgement must surely come, and the kingdom of love must bring woe upon all the kingdoms that are not obedient to love. For God holds his sons in honour; and not even he can force them to their good without dishonour.

There is no inconsistency that I can see, not even one of logic, if logic will go deep enough in search of its premisses. This great truth of ours belongs to the paradox that is carried on through all our life and up into the life of God, which even now we see, *per speculum et in aenigmate.*

Zion spreadeth forth her hands; there is none to comfort her; Abroad the sword bereaveth, at home there is as death.

I will not leave you desolate: I will come unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help. My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.

* * * *

Holy Week: Wednesday.—The Cross of Christ is the sum of paradox and truth. Thereon are met together defeat and triumph, God and Man, love and hate, heaven and hell, the sacrifice of a world of things and the sacrifice of its Maker, earthly death and eternal life. Is there anything left out? No, for love is the protagonist of that drama, and therefore beauty is there, beauty of God, of man, and even of man's subservient earth. All things are Christ's.

'That Cross is a tree set on fire with invisible flame, that illuminateth all the world. The flame is Love: the Love in His bosom who died on it. In the light of which we see how to possess all the things in Heaven and Earth after His similitude. For He that suffered on it was the Son of God as you are: tho' He seemed only a mortal man. He had acquaintance and relations as you have, but He was a lover of Men and Angels. Was He not the Son of God; and Heir of the whole world? To this poor, bleeding, naked Man did all the corn and wine, and oil, and gold and silver in the world minister in an invisible manner,

even as He was exposed lying and dying upon the Cross.'

All things were his. Refused by earth; deserted, it seemed, by heaven, as by his friends; dying in the midst of foes who were not even aware of what they did; set there in that desperate strait by ignorance and folly; all things were his. Having nothing he possessed all, even while he cried upon God in vain. 'My God,' he said, '*my* God, why hast thou forsaken me?' In the utmost extremity God was his God still; therefore he had everything; and 'all the corn and wine, and oil, and gold and silver in the world' ministered to the life he could not lose.

This, then, is our secret:—eternal life holds for ever the reality and truth of all things and is fed by them. The subservient world of earth had given him itself; as it will give itself to us, for ever, if we have the eternal life which he bore in triumph even upon the Cross.

Do we not know this, as it is foreshadowed in ourselves? We lose nothing that has ever been really ours. Through the matter that binds us to all matter, the things of the world penetrate our enduring life and leave themselves there in all the significance they have for us. The material body by which we are made one with them impresses all its significance on our reality, and we keep it through every change. We are the world's eternity, we creatures of a day. And through us it shares in eternal life.

Is there any ownership to be compared with this?

Shall you find title-deeds that may compete with a life that writes indelibly upon itself? Is there a graving-tool that can effect such permanence of record, as love and humility will bring about in any man? To have nothing, yet to possess all things, and that for ever—this is a miracle indeed. And yet no miracle, because it happens every day in him for whom it can happen at all, in any day.

Think of the diurnal process of our lives, of the changing duration of each one of us, of the magic of our interest and our attention. We amass wealth as we concern ourselves with treasure; we store it in barns that can never be robbed. It is ours and of us, built into a life that lasts.

The Church may well emphasize the resurrection of the body to a new earth. All that has been real for us must rise or fall with us. So it appears that the man who makes hell carries with him into his loneliness, not that which he has hated or rejected, not the friends he lost or never had, no living love of man or woman; but the things he has made his own, and in the likeness he has stamped upon them —the things, or rather their significance for him, the provocation of lust or greed, of gluttony and pride, of cruelty, that they have been for him. And because for him men and women have been only things; so they go with him just as they have been for him—instruments of the deadly sins, the mean and haggard poverty, of life as he knows it.

Therefore we must lose life and all things if we are to keep them. There is no other right of property, no other title that will hold. And the Cross of

Christ bears its extreme and all-penetrating witness to this truth of life in every one of us. The Royal Road of the Cross is the road of life for Man; and God has shown it to us all, as his own way.

Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh; behold, his reward is with him.

* * * *

Holy Week: Good Friday.—'Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows,' since he bore us all and made us all his own. If the earth is his, the corn and the wine that he took to himself, how much more his are the men! From birth to death, and through death to the throne of God, he has borne us all, with our sorrows and our joys, with everything that is ours except sin and the results of sin. This only has he done away. Nothing was too small or too ordinary for him here on earth; nothing too simple or too great. All things are Christ's and Christ is God's.

Thus are we redeemed; we are separated from our sins in sharing the life that is Christ. Because he gave and ever gives himself to us he wins us for himself; and winning us for himself he wins us, of course, for God. 'No man cometh unto the Father but by me.' This life which is spread abroad in each one of us by the communication of the Spirit in triumphant, penetrating love is the life of the Father, given through and by the Son.

Jesus, the Saviour of the world, sought to communicate himself by love to all the world, to the least and greatest, and so to communicate God.

Therefore he received the world into himself for God. That is the secret of possession, of victory over the world, of its redemption. Yet it is a terrible secret: we are indeed 'bought with a price.' To give as God gives, royally, without reserve, to commit life itself, its glory and happiness, its interest and powers, into the hands of men; to keep nothing back, to suffer and to die for very love; this is to pay the price of man's redemption as only the Man possessed by God can pay. All other men keep something; this Man kept nothing. And thus he bought the world. '*I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.*' They lifted him up; and he became that circle of life whose centre is everywhere, and whose circumference is the circumference of the love of God.

There have been many interpretations of that human life which finished its spending on the Cross. There will be many more. All that we really know of life finds its place there and adds to our interpretation; all that we ever shall know will surely amplify it. Only lies and perversions are shut out; and all our sins, which were and are the instruments of its continued martyrdom. So even they have their place. And indeed their place is great and significant; for they have been always instruments of the unsealing of love as well as of its martyrdom. 'We love him because he first loved us,' because he loved us and gave himself for us when we were at enmity with him and he was seeking his children in the wilderness they had made.

Yet he has never been alone. All who are his follow him in their poor way, and are crucified with

him. 'Moses and all the prophets' in every land and tongue, and people and religion, have borne his witness, have suffered with him and given their lives in his cause. He is Jesus and he is the universal Christ; he is the circle and the centre, but within his circumference lie all the sons of love and of God. The arms of the Cross stretch over the whole wide world; and God our Redeemer has bought his children with the same price in every nation and age.

So we turn to our Lord, set up on high for the mockery and the adoration of mankind, and in him we see the life of all the world, and the story of God and Man. But above all, and chiefly, we see himself, fair beyond all the fairness of the children of men, gracious and beautiful; yet marred as no other man is marred, because no other man has so taken to himself the sin and suffering of the world. Our griefs and sorrows, our sins against God and our brothers, are written on his face, grasped in his bleeding hands, trodden under by his weary feet. His heart is broken for our sake whom he has for ever taken to his heart.

Shall we not love him? Shall we not, for his sake, try to love his world? Shall we not learn of the love of God in him?

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings; and ye would not.

* * * *

Holy Week: Saturday.—It is possible, I see, to be so firmly convinced of the fact of the great Resurrection, as to be almost uninterested in the problem of an Empty Tomb. Yet, there is trouble about this problem in the considerable part of the Christian world which demands the lesser witness, in order, apparently, that it may believe in that which is far greater. A topsy-turvey world it seems, in which the pyramid of life stands on its apex, and faith and eternity are rooted in the transient earth. Yet it is not a topsy-turvey world, because it is of men sprung from the Red Clay of earth, men whose nature is the root from which their heaven grows, and the condition of the coming of God to dwell in them.

Besides, they are of the brickfield, and have kept to its ways. Sense and reasoning are their master-guides; they are afraid, and justly afraid, of danger from anything which sense and reasoning do not confirm. And again, most men are crude realists in their philosophy of things. The truth they think they know by sense is real, the rest is of the vague unknown, the doubtful world of may be. Therefore they conceive of the reality of man in terms of his body, and of his body in terms of the bread he eats, the bread by which 'alone' he does not live. Any other body, such, for example, as that which St. Paul calls 'pneumatic' and supposes to be the body that rises with the rising of a man from death into ampler life, seems to him shadowy—a symbol perhaps, but no truth, and proving nothing. To tell him that the body which rose with Christ was a 'spiritual' body

and yet held all the reality of 'flesh and bones,' would confuse him. A spiritual body is for him sublimated out of reality; a body of 'flesh and bones' is reality itself. The two are incompatible, unless you will allow him to say that one is 'inside' the other. (It might be done, if he would first consider whether matter could be thought of as 'inside' spirit; but this, of course, is out of the question. The bare consideration would involve a cataclysmic change in the meaning of his words.)

Nevertheless, you would expect him, as a Christian, to take some heed of St. Paul's views on resurrection in general, and not less of his testimony to the resurrection body he had seen. For, quite unquestionably, the vision on the road to Damascus affords no direct confirmation of belief in the Empty Tomb, any more than does that eloquent remonstrance with the man who held that a body buried in the earth would rise in the fashion of earth, not (as Paul believed) in the fashion of the spirit which could not be buried, and had but a link of utility with earth. 'Thou fool,' he says, with vehemence: and spoke to many generations of Christian folk.

The 'over-world' is hard to believe in; and so is any other world than this. Not because men have much faith but because they have little, not because their understanding is clear but because it is clouded, do they need to believe in an Empty Tomb in order to know that Jesus rose from the dead and that they also shall rise with him.

A prepossession, this; potent in the moulding of facts and in their interpreting: a prepossession based,

obviously, on some ill-tested science and some lightly won metaphysic—the metaphysic of easy reflexion, the science of an uncritical age or mind. Now we are beginning to acquire other mental prepossessions, other scientific and philosophical presuppositions. Therefore some of us are seeing the records of the resurrection with other eyes. For these, a fast growing number, belief in the resurrection is not difficult; belief in the Empty Tomb would require the support of testimony it cannot bring. From two sides this latter belief is undermined; from the side of the critics of testimony, and from the side of that general view of the world and man which both colours and determines the meaning we give to the word body, and to all the language we can use concerning this tremendous business.

I, for example, cannot see any sense in a process by which one material piece is to be cut out of the continuity of the material world, and removed to a world which is, *ex hypothesi*, of a different and unsuitable constitution. I require, with St. Paul, some change to match the change in conditions and environment which I presuppose. The 'fool' to whom Paul spoke, had no such difficulty. I, too, am a 'fool' for certain; and shall some day know how folly plagues me. For the present I submit to the folly that is mine, and am ill-pleased with that which has gone by. It is consonant with my general state of mind to think of a spiritual 'over-world' which is over, in, and through all worlds, and to think, too, of many worlds of many manners with which the manner of my body must always coincide—else I

should not possess those worlds as I (perhaps) pass through them. It is not thus consonant with my state to think of a material manner thrust, as it were, upon a world of another order or kind; say, for rough example, that of the ether of space. Therefore my ardent faith in the risen Jesus asks no support from that story of an Empty Tomb. Rather, if the testimony to the story's truth were stronger than it is, it would bring me difficulty.

I have no reason to believe that my opinion as to 'body' and 'rise again,' 'resurrection,' and so forth of human language, is exactly like St. Paul's opinion; but there is in me a sense of greater fellowship with him than with the men he rebuked, which comforts me in some degree of enforced isolation from them. Not that this isolation is anything but intellectual and so of small account: I believe, as they did, in the resurrection of the body and the life to come; in the risen and glorified Jesus Christ, our common Lord and Master, who suffered and was buried, and rose again—the Anointed of God who raised him up into his glory. That is enough for true fellowship in real Christian unity. To ask more is to emphasize unduly, to exaggerate mischievously, the importance of a perpetually changing scheme of things concerned with scientific guess-work and philosophical interpretation, and with the letter rather than with the truth it should convey.

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Easter Day. March 27th.—The power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore that holy

thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.

From Pithecanthropos, of the earth, is born the Man who is Son of God; and in the glory of Easter he is made known. Earth—the animal, the natural, life—is transfigured. The overshadowing of the Highest, the brooding of the Spirit of God, has brought forth his Spirit in man; and by the life of that Spirit all things in him are made new. He is raised up from the Red Clay; and with body and soul he is carried to fulfilment in the life of God given into himself.

Not in telling us men that after death we pass through a gate into some other manner of life, does the glory of Easter consist. I can imagine an amount of evidence gathered together strong enough to convince any reasonable man of the brute or the scientific fact. Indeed I have known many reasonable men convinced by the evidence which has already been amassed. I have known reasonable men convinced, too, by philosophy. But there is certainly no glory revealed to them by any mere rational, sufficiently grounded, opinion they have reached. There is no secret, no mystery of life revealed, no power shown, no destiny portrayed. Man as he is might go on indefinitely as the man he is; worlds like this might succeed on worlds; the immanent process of evolution might go forward indefinitely, bearing us with it into some Utopia of the well-behaved, well-grown, altogether admirable Man of an altogether admirably developed Red Clay. The 'psychic' manner of life might never end, might

continue through innumerable worlds. Merely not to die, except to this earth, does not mean an entrance to eternal life in God.

This is one of the reasons why men of our vigorous and oppressive western nations have so little desire for immortality, such a surprisingly small amount of interest in the matter, such a surprisingly feeble desire not to die. If life be only the continuance of natural life; if there be no other prospect for us through interminable spheres; then we are most miserable. And the wiser we are the more clearly we see that we are miserable. We crave for glory, although we may not know the secret of our craving; and we see, as in the Cave of Shadows, that which we do not really see. Therefore one thing is made known to us—our discontent. There is no glory in mere going on. Worlds like ours, even carried to a natural perfection, are no better than some *limbus* of the soul; unless, in ours and in all, the power of the Highest overshadows all.

To live a million years, a million million years, and still go on, is not glorious; an amoeba, with fair chance, might do the same. The drive of life, from amoeba on to man, and through the wide expanse of his animal kindred upon earth, touched glory nowhere in its course until it came to man. Then it touched glory, by the spirit that was able to receive Spirit; but it could not make it manifest. Not by the *poussée de la vie* in man but by the power of the Highest, the brooding of the Spirit over him, the life of God coming to him to be welcomed by the life of God within him, is glory given

and received. And this is the secret of our Easter Day.

I think of the long history of mankind and of the many ways in which, sunk in our Cave of Shadows, we have sought after the light of God and tried to decipher by it our true selves. I see the Brahman sick at heart of material goods, longing after the divine knowledge that has no place for vanities and no need of earthly forms; desiring the knowledge that is intuitive, direct, that penetrates all truth because it is itself all truth. By self-mastery in the intellectual way, by self-devotion in the ceremonial way, by self-sacrifice to an ideal of purity set over him in an iron rule, he would immerse himself in the impersonal divinity over and beyond all worlds; be absorbed in its immensity and know perfectly at last, with an unchanging knowledge which is one with his being and with the being of the Whole. Here there is something higher than our reasonable conviction of going on, and higher than the rational manner of going on; but there is no Easter, no joyful resurrection, and no transfiguring of earth and the life of earth.

The Buddhist, too, seeks like the rest. But for him there is less to seek. He has no supreme God; his goal is that he may cease to seek and thus attain divinity and its enlightenment. If he can cease from desire he himself will be divine, for divinity is, above all else, the absence of desire, a godlike calm. He will reach the state of perfection in losing all particularity. And for this he must abandon self and the world; because these, even self, are of

the illusion that betrays men into renewed life, and darkens that unchanging light which is beyond all life. Where is there joy, I ask myself, in this scheme of man's despair? How naked and barren is that enlightenment which shuts out even the desire of the purest heart, the heart that might see God!

For Islam there is the going on of earth and of the natural man, an earthly after-life which wearies out hope in men of the spirit. A materialistic heaven won by submission to the divine decrees—decrees of an arbitrary fate, and by an unwavering systematic orthodoxy well suited to the unwaveringly natural man, would be hell to those who have caught a glimpse of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Even Islam has men who look further, and transfigure its faith by a mystical vision of secrets that it hides. The Sufis are witnesses to spirit and to the glory that must come by spirit; they are witnesses to an Easter they do not know. Everywhere there is craving; everywhere there are shadows of which Easter brings the substance that fulfils. And here, among Christians, for whom yesterday the whole world stood still, silent, waiting at the gate of death, the glory of the Highest and the power of the Highest are not seldom lost sight of and forgotten. Here Easter brings no message to many Christians except the message that over there, beyond that gate of death, there is another world, a world of heaven and hell and Paradise and Purgatory, a world of the *limbus patrum* and the *limbus infantum*, a world that is not eternal but only does not end. And this poor message some of us are

satisfied to proffer to craving men who are capable of God and hunger for his life.

It is not the message of the Man who died on Good Friday, not the message of the Son of God to his perishing brothers; not the Christian Good News. He is no first-fruits of a natural life carried through this world to that; he is the first-fruits of eternal life, of the natural world and all its natural life raised up by the Spirit of God, taken by him into his glory.

In this, surely, the *poussée de la vie* finds its goal, finding place for an action henceforth unrepressed, liberty sought by it through long ages of earth, and found first in its poor beginnings in Anthropos, in cunning Anthropos whose eyes so rarely and so little sought anything except earth and its advantages. Only in this, surely, and where the Holy Thing born in earth can be called the Son of God, is there made known the liberty of God, the glory and the beauty of God. Therefore we rejoice at Easter, and proclaim the glory our hands may handle and our eyes behold, glory of God and Man, the only glory of this and of all other worlds.

Our secret is out at last, and it is the secret that is God's.

Resurrexi, et adhuc tecum sum, alleluia.

* * * *

Easter Monday. March 28th.—I remember seeing an account in a newspaper of the many ways in which Londoners might 'mitigate the dullness of Easter.' All the pleasure-giving resources of civil-

ization were brought to bear on this difficult problem, and even they, it seemed, were over-taxed and must fall short. That is, unless the word *mitigate* is the newspaper equivalent to *overcome*.

Who are these people who have forgotten Persephone and have not learnt Christ? Who are these whom a great city deprives not only of Spring and its religion; but of the better part of their own life and its highest aspirations? Do we need the face of earth, I wonder, to draw us towards God?

Easter, some say, is a Pagan festival. So be it: for it is more. Our Easter is not only of the aspiration and symbolic fancy of men; but of their history and fact. That is one direction in which we leave Paganism behind us. We carry the symbolism of Persephone to a fulfilment beyond its own power: we take myths that are ideal—the stuff of dreams—and show them realized in concrete life. Our Christian myth is built up in living stones.

Again, we bring Paganism to a realization beyond itself, in that the life culminating at Easter is life which God has brought within the range of human effort, by an example and a promise for us all—an 'ensample of godly life,' a promise that 'in Christ shall all be made alive.' There is nothing in Paganism that does not fall far short of this; and yet there is prophecy, longing, and inspiration of the Spirit that fills the world, and goes before men in the way of their desire. Hunger of the heart, desolation of spirit, as well as much else, were vocal in those myths of 'the Creed outworn' that we have abandoned, or rather have transcended and absorbed.

And the sense of universal kinship, and of the beauty for ever born anew in all things that live, was at work, surely, in those men who embodied the drama of the Spring in a drama of heroic life. Our people of the city, for whom Easter is dull, and Spring has no flowers, Demeter no 'golden-throated trumpeters' calling them to rejoice once more over the beauty of earth—these people of ours are a problem and a shame.

They have warped and deadened, it seems, the natural man, so that he no longer hears the summons of his kin, feels their blood in his veins; or touches by an inner sense the common life, as the thrill of that life takes possession of the soul. All this is nothing to him. Persephone is nothing to him; as she is not even a fit subject for burlesque. We pay dearly for our great cities, our thronging crowds who cannot even make a hero or a god except, perhaps, of some record-breaker. The fertile earth is hidden away out of their sight, the strengthening sun brings them no message of a resurrection from the dead. We pay dearly, we who know of these things. How do they pay, who know not?

They would lose much,—yet far less—if they were not heathens still, although without the heathen faith and stir of hope, the vision that expressed itself in myth. If they had the Christian vision and hope and the faith of Easter, their life would be uplifted from the natural plane which now they live on yet bely. And the rest would be loss, but loss without degradation such as theirs is now. For these men who have no vision, no faith, no hope of eternal life here or elsewhere, are degraded, many not by

their own fault, from the estate of men capable of God. They are capable but frustrate. They have the mind of the natural, the ' psychic ' man, not the mind of the Lord, whose life is their rightful heritage. And they pervert the natural man, poison him, crush down his natural claims, and silence the voice that would tell him at least something of what he really is.

Happily the prevenient Spirit has many ways; and nature has many ways. Happily pain and sorrow, death, the call of need and wretchedness, even, sometimes, the call of heroes they have not made, summon these men, as earth and its beauties summoned the makers of those resurrection-myths. And they answer, often,—we may be sure, even if we do not know. The love of children, sympathy in affliction, the impulse of the Saviour who is hidden in all men, may bring them near to the resurrection morn. Some day their eyes will open upon it, and they will behold him whom, having not seen, they yet have loved.

So I hope and believe, for God's ways are not ours, and his arm is not shortened by what we have done. Yet we have done amiss, and we shall suffer for it with our brothers. Our cities have, for some great part of their foundation, the greed that builds up hell and would ruin heaven. Whether we ourselves share that greed or no, we must suffer. When any member suffers all members suffer with it; and we are of one body with those men who have neither an Easter nor a Spring.

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Easter Tuesday. March 29th.—The triumph of Easter, which we celebrate with its glory and its joy, consummates the triumph of the Cross. It is, in fact, the fuller triumph of love, of the Spirit of God in the spirit of man, of the divine manner of life over all other manners of life, yet in them, through them and by them.

When I ask myself what is meant by love I can find an answer, although one that is but weak and partial. But when I ask what is meant by Spirit I hesitate, for Spirit is a profoundly penetrating word and carries me into the metaphysic of being. So, for most practical purposes, there is no choice but to be content with translating it as it appears in a manner of life; just as I translate the profound and penetrating word *man*. Man is known in his manner of life, earthly and natural, heavenly and 'spiritual.' I know, and recognize again, an individual man by his particular manner of life, by his spirit—the spirit in which he does this or that and shows what he is.

In myself I know something more of spirit. It is revealed in me not only as a manner, but as a well-spring and source of life. It *is* myself, and I *am* what it is; yet it becomes myself, enters my changing duration, works in that varied whole like leaven and a power not myself. I perceive it as a mystery of being as well as of becoming. Therefore I have good reason to believe in the existence of this mystery beneath the manner of their life in other men; and when a man's spirit is in question I know that he himself is in question. So it is with God and

my knowledge of him in man and all his works. He is made known to me by his Spirit, that is, by his manner of life.

There comes to my mind, now, that epitaph :— *he saw the face of a little child and looked on God.* We see ' the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.' We see God our Saviour ; we know the divine redemption of men carried on by him who gathers up in the immensity of divine love the confused, the blurred and weakened, love of all mankind. He it is who brings to his own focus the scattered beams of glory which shine here and there through our obscuring flesh.

So humanity in him, embraced in love by him, presented with him before God, fulfilled in his fullness of life, hangs upon the Cross and is raised up from the death of flesh. It is raised up from loneliness and hell, from sin and ignorance, into the manner of life which brings forth fruits of the Spirit—love, wisdom, beauty, holiness and joy.

I think of this ; and turn to those men who wish to ' mitigate the dullness of Easter.' I turn to myself and to men like me who know of its glory and joy, and should have some great share in its triumph, yet have so little. I turn to the world which, because the heart of man is deceitful and his riches fly before his pursuit, lies in its wickedness. I see us all, brothers in a common life, sinning and suffering, driven apart by hate and fear and greed, drawn together by love and the courage of love—every one of us helping to mar or make the life of every one,—but I also see Christ, the Elder Brother, one

with us, yet glorified in a spirit of power beyond us all; and I take courage.

Then the whole world is transfigured. 'Behold,' he says, '*they know not what they do.*' He enters into his glory, he bears with him a redeemed humanity sharing community of life with him, partaking of the Spirit of God that is human in him, laid open to the power of the love of God at work in him. And I rejoice.

By a thousand unnoticed ways that Spirit, that heavenly manner of life and power of life which are Christ's, permeates the societies of men. From one to another it passes, this infection of goodness and truth, this reflex of the beauty of God; and in one and another it brings forth fruit—the manner of the life of God. Slowly, yet perhaps more rapidly than we think, perhaps far more surely than we believe, the manner of earth, of the natural or psychic man, is being brought into impressive contrast with the life of the Spirit, that life which is not, and never can be, what it means, unless it is one with the Spirit of God. Man, we say, is 'personal,' but is so only by the life of the Spirit. We have to remember, too, that he is not properly personal, not personal, that is, after his own true fashion, unless his spirit is carrying him into that ampler relation to the whole of life, known among Christians as communion with God. And this truth becomes more and more clearly manifest, as other ways of life are tried and fail. *They know not what they do,* but failure teaches; and the contrast of the triumph of the divine Spirit over the worst of failure—that which

has the appearance and the glamour of success—teaches best of all.

The glorified Christ of humanity comes to his triumph in our Easter; and in and with him the failures of humanity triumph too. We are all one body; and if 'the crimes of each make the sorrows of all,' the glory and the divine power of one may be glorious and powerful in all.

Be it remembered, too, that wisdom and knowledge are greater than ignorance and in the end are more attractive; that love is the one force which conquers selfishness and greed; that beauty has an appeal no man who sees it can resist; that the sinner has no chance before the saint. Anthropos, after all, has died upon the Cross and risen from the grave, even Anthropos—once but little higher than the beasts. And, beyond every other hope, stronger than any other encouragement, stands out, before us who might despair, the triumph of the Spirit over our spirit—our own resurrection from the death of sin.

Once we knew not what we did. And the measure of our ignorance was greater than it is now. Light has penetrated our darkness, light we comprehended not and still do not comprehend; nevertheless we turned towards it. We might have despaired—if despair were possible without light to show the reason of despair. Now we hope, in light. And beyond the grave and gate of earthly death we look for more light, a lessening ignorance, new victories of the spirit over sins that now beset us.

Theologians say that if a man passes through

that gate without having destroyed in himself every germ of faith and love, if he has power left in him to meet the eyes of God when God holds him closely in his arms, he will receive God and be fulfilled. We can hardly say more—or less. I look beyond death, and picture to myself the worst and weakest, the most ignorant and sinful of men, passing into a community in which there is less easy escape from their own degrading truth, from the confession of ignorance and impotence, from a manifest failure no longer to be mistaken for success, from the sight of naked hideousness, and the knowledge of a contrast more forcible than earth admits. I picture all this to myself as new opportunity for the Spirit of God, for the new attraction of that manner of the divine life which is made glorious in the life of Christ. And I promise to myself new witnesses to his triumph.

The common life that all men share, even the worst and weakest and most ignorant, is capable of God; and capable of bearing his Spirit to glory among men. In Christ, and in the whole body that is his, capacity is filled. There the divine witness and power are not to be gainsaid. So I think; and therefore I look out upon this dreadful world with hope.

The pessimism of the Christian is for a time and place; his hope includes all times and places and all men, because it is hope resting in eternal life, and in the supreme Spirit by whom all spirits find their only good, find the satisfaction of the hunger of their hearts, that which they have sought in ignorance and sin, seeking themselves.

And he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest. So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army.

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Ascension Day. May 5th.—If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.

The 'right hand' of God—and the Church spends its time just now in praying that we who are working and suffering on earth may, this moment and always, 'in heart and mind thither ascend, and with him continually dwell.' We are to seek those things that are 'above,' to store up treasure and ourselves in that over-world of spirit; and yet we are to go on working and suffering here, working for ourselves and our brothers, suffering with and for them, suffering, too, alone, or helped in our turn by them.

This is a difficult business for men who have learnt much of their business in the brickfield. The dividing habit, the love of short cuts, and a narrow practicality still dominate us. Therefore—and we have no cause for surprise or serious blame—we of the Church often try to ascend to heaven empty-handed, which is not the way of Christ; and to seek those things that are above, for our sake alone, in some unchristian isolation of ourselves from all that is of God on earth. Meanwhile the world that is concentrated on the world's work has no mind for

ascension, because it cannot imagine an ascension that does not mean abandonment of the world.

From the beginning until now, an absolute dualism, absolute separateness of one thing from another, of one kind of life from another, has been among our most significant intellectual troubles. History tells us how it has arisen; and how it has grown with our growth from the time when Anthropos first looked out upon an earth he could divide into this or that, to meet the needs of his practical life. Man cuts his life now into parts—say a religious part and a workaday part—as easily and naturally as he cuts out bricks from a mass of clay. It is his ordinary fashion.

Then, if the prophets tell him of another kind of life, wherein it is necessary to meet the demands of a great inclusive unity, and this not merely in speculation and philosophy, but in all his action and thought, in his purpose and his aims, he is bewildered. It is an astounding thing to ask of a man; it contradicts all his natural habits; it is visionary and absurd; it is certainly impossible under present conditions. No man can do his duty to himself, his dependents, the state, his art—what not; he cannot attend to social reforms and the crying disgrace of social injustice; unless he leaves the other world (or over-world) to be dealt with when he goes to it, and, of course—he will see to that when the time comes—as energetically as he deals with this one now.

This, however, is assuredly not the mind of Christ; nor the mind of his Church, his Saints and his Pro-

phets. Nor is it the mind of any saints or prophets anywhere; for they, whatever they call themselves, are always of his mind, at least as to the supreme importance of life 'at the right hand of God,' life in the over-world of the Spirit. But here again, the dividing mind of Anthropos works after its usual fashion; and because the over-world has become of supreme importance, he makes it of an importance that excludes, instead of including, all the rest. He has done this in every time and place of his religion since he gave up the magic of those early days, when all worlds were to be made the instruments of this, and serve his necessities or greed. The pendulum of his attention swings easily from one extreme to another. He can take either half of the two halves into which he cleaves his life. What is so hard as to be for the most part outside the range of his intention or desire is to make one whole of those artificial halves—in fact, to see life and treat it as it really is.

Only the greatest and the simplest of men do this; only they have the fullness of the mind of Christ, who went about doing good, who took to himself the lilies of the field, the seed by the wayside, the children and the sparrows; who loved all the world, worked for it, wept over it; and embraced it, and every man, within the arms he spread abroad upon the Cross—yet was 'in heaven' always, and carried home with him all that he loved on earth to the place which he had never left.

This attainment is not easy; it is indeed the fine fruit of the Spirit's growth; but every one among

us is called to produce that fruit, and the world and heaven will both be barren for us until we at least begin.

We have to work always with all our strength, and to 'pray without ceasing' while we work. We have to ascend to heaven with heart and mind, yet give all our heart and our mind to the men for whom Christ died and lives—men with whom the divine Spirit strives by means of us and with our conscious help. God cannot do his work here unless we work with him; we cannot work with him unless we dwell with him. That is the plain truth of Christians. It remains for us to make our truth known both to ourselves and to the world; for we have neglected it, and belied Christ. We have not listened to him or to our prophets when they told us how to live. We have chosen one part or another from the whole of life and have suffered not only the inevitable loss of the half left out of sight, but the gravest injury to the half we keep. No man can serve the world as well as he might without serving God; no man can serve God as he should without serving the world. We must in heart and mind now, in this life, ascend with Christ; but we must take this life there with us, and bring the kingdom of heaven upon earth, at least in heart and mind.

Nothing harder could be asked of us; but nothing less. Are we not knit together in one communion and fellowship by the Spirit of the whole, the Spirit that shuts nothing out, that fills the round world with the presence of God? And what indeed is it that we are asked to do, but to fulfil the promise of

human life? Heaven, the right hand of God, Christ glorified, are not degraded when, by a life transformed in the divine Spirit, we seek to transform ourselves and the world. We, on the contrary, are degraded below this natural earth and our natural life, unless we lift all into subservience to the Spirit. There is no other way of fulfilling the promise and demands of natural man. He is not a beast if he is without his heaven; he has fallen into the hell no beast can make.

Moreover, innumerable men who are not Christians in name, who have, many of them, no religion they would own to be religion, are living in heart and mind with Christ, continually dwell with him, and possess his Spirit reigning over them and over their work for the world. The life of unity in an immense diversity is not impossible, for it has been lived and is being lived, in many grades, and under many names, among us. It is not perfect, nor can it be complete, in any of us. But it has begun and will go on. He that has begun it in us will carry it on; it is not our business alone. 'Who is sufficient for these things?' we ask, sometimes, almost in despair. But, as the whole course of life is blasted if it does not rise with Christ and 'continually dwell with him,' and if it is not one whole with all the life held in one whole by God, we may take heart, because it must be the business of God. His grace is always 'sufficient' when we do not shut it out with one part or another of the life he loves.

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Pentecost. May 15th.—The Spirit of God descends upon the spirits of men; and endows them with new spiritual power, given to them, taken, and received. This is the great event in life we celebrate to-day. We call it, sometimes, in its relation to the gathering of Christians nearly two thousand years ago, the birthday of the Church. And it is the birthday of the Church, although the Church was born when the first men looked upward and the divine Spirit found a meeting-place with theirs. These great matters, the incarnation of God, the redemption of Man, the coming of the Holy Ghost, are all affairs of spirit and life; all have their beginning on earth with the beginning there of spirit and life; yet all culminate and are crowned, are revealed and have a new beginning in new power, by the work and life of Jesus Christ. *Spiritus Domini replevit orbem terrarum*: this was written before the first birthday of the Church. The witness of God by his Spirit was spread over the world before the Apostles went to their martyrdom. There was never a man on earth who looked upward without finding God awaiting him in a watchful love that had never slumbered or slept.

Nevertheless, grace and truth came by Jesus Christ, and come ever more by the Spirit that is his and is given unto us. There can be no doubt that to know of these things is to have facilities for receiving or rejecting them. Knowledge does make a difference. The man who is aware of the giving of the Spirit may never receive him; but unquestionably there is, in mere awareness, an opportunity

for conscious effort to receive, an encouragement to some vividness in hope and faith and love, wanting to those who are still in ignorance. The Gospel is Good News, even though it takes away many a disguise from sin, and entails upon the sinner many stripes he might otherwise have escaped.

We forget, may be, sometimes, that man's awareness is also an opportunity for God; and that he may strive in vain against a wall of ignorance which hinders free response to him by man. We forget that a great manifestation of love is needed in order that men should believe enough in love. I imagine myself walled in by an ancient ignorance, and hearing, suddenly, as by a trumpet blast, those words :—'*We love him because he first loved us*'; then seeing men fired by this love, filled with the Spirit of love, conquering self and the world in the strength of love; and I see myself conquered and illuminated by the Spirit of God—a way being opened as my ignorance breaks down. This is the Good News of the Church, and it should be given in eloquence and force to the world by the Spirit of God dwelling in the Church. Without that Spirit and the illumination of our human spirit, no conquering power of love would be anywhere set free among us men. And it is plain that nothing less will do for us; nothing less will lift up our lives from the dust of earth and the cravings of the sensuous man. But it is equally plain that to know of the gift, to know of the potent love of God at work, is to gain power, confidence, courage, in the definiteness of intelligent possession. To know that he 'first loved us' is to fan the spark of

our responding love into a flame ; if, at least, we feel our need of love.

Therefore the Church cannot leave the world in ignorance of its Good News. It should go forth and teach all nations, speaking with the voice of the Spirit of God ; the only voice that can prevail over the warring discords of the world. But by our lack of love, by our insistence on a thousand things that have nothing to do with love, or with hope and faith ; nothing to do with religion or the spiritual life ; no redeeming power over the natural life ; we silence that voice. Yet the dry bones are stirring ; the breath of God moves among them and they begin to live ; the voice is heard despite us.

Shall we live to see a new birth of the Church in our own generation ? Shall we listen once more to men on fire with the Spirit ? Shall we have the manifest promise of a Christian community centred, rooted and grounded in love, in the love of men and the love of God ? It may be so ; there are signs. And not least significant is the fact that every other way has failed and is failing ; every plan has broken down. The peoples are falling away, where they have not already fallen ; and only God's own plan will avail to bring them home again.

There are also other signs—signs of peace and union among Christians ; and these too are of love. We are discovering the unimportance of the things that divide us ; the eternal truth of those we share. Some day, perhaps before long, we may cease to quarrel over our theologizing ; we may join hands in the union of the Spirit that makes us one in God,

and will lead us into that truth which transcends our speculative and theoretical mistakes, and the conflicting formulas by which we try to compress into dry statements the gifts of life that we receive. There may soon be a second Pentecost for the world; and who shall set bounds to its power over the world? Faith and hope, and the love of God shed abroad in Christian hearts and interpreting to them all other hearts—who may resist such power? Only men who would resist God face to face; and they are—we may dare to hope—but few. There was one among the Apostles, it is true; one enemy only of whom it could not be said that he knew not what he did. Yet even he had at least the grace of despair when he saw what he had done. There is hope for all the world in the manifestation of love by the Church, hope for all, fear only for the few; and even they, going to their own place, may meet God on their way as they never met him before. The vocation of the Church is plain; the new outpouring of the Spirit of Love, that will surely come when we are ready, is the only power which will enable us to answer the call of men for love, and for the lifting up of life into fulfilment of its promise and its clamorous demands.

This is the optimism of the Christian; he puts his trust in the fires of the Spirit, and cannot believe that anything of earth will resist them. He may be wrong; but only in that belief will he go forth to conquer as the apostles conquered when God fell upon them from on high, and their very tongues conveyed his burning love into the hearts of men.

And after all, if he is wrong as to the resisting power of sinful, wilful men, here upon earth, he is wrong, perhaps, only for earth. At the last, will love be conquered? It may be, in part; but all things that still resist after its work is crowned, will be under its feet; and the feet of love are love's feet, not feet of wrath or hate.

If the Church can rule and preach, prophesy and pray, in that heavenly spirit, we shall know more of these high matters. Meanwhile it is wise to own that we do not know; and that innumerable men have no fair chance given them at the Church's hands—as yet.

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Trinity Sunday. May 22nd.—Religious men, men of the spirit, feeling after God and possessing him, have necessarily tried to represent to themselves his own truth of being after the manner of an intellectual picture. They have painted in many different ways, but always in their own image. Xenophanes spoke for every one of us. Since we cannot be oxen or horses, and are not content to be mere mechanics or geometers, anthropomorphic we must be. There is no help for it; we cannot be more than men, our only alternative is to be less. And as God is incarnate among men and in man, why should we disturb or distrust ourselves?

There are, however, many kinds of anthropomorphism, and many kinds of human images exhibited and recognized by many kinds of men. Therefore there are many images of God. Our

anthropomorphism may be crude and uncritical; in any case it is sure to partake of the defects of our science, our philosophy, our religion and our life. What we must do is to be as critical about it as we can, and as critical of ourselves. But criticism, care, honesty and humility, will help to bring us to the feet of Christ. There we may study the highest presentation of God; there our anthropomorphism will be safe. Because Jesus Christ has shown us here upon earth both the highest truth of man and the highest truth of God that can be shown by man, the Christian doctrine of God, inevitably anthropomorphic though it be, is the most flexible, comprehensive, enduring and practically valuable of all.

We owe to that revelation in Christ, primarily and through its influence on all other elements, the fact that we are neither Deists nor Pantheists, yet possess the kinds of truth either neglected or overemphasized to perversion, by the one or the other. Christianity is the only religion in the world that in its doctrine of God seeks a balance between those two extremes; and tries to maintain the value of each, unimpaired by the result of an exaggeration upon one side and a loss upon the other.

Yet although we have this heritage, this normative doctrine, there are those among us who follow the bent of an individualistic mind, lose sight of Christ, and become Pantheists, Deists, or even Tritheists, in their imagining of God. They deal with his mystery, and with some partial revelation of him that dominates their view, in the plain fashion of the brickfield, or in the sophisticated fashion which

leads them to some philosophic Absolute, not to the Christian's God. It is a pity, for we are singularly well endowed and might escape such poverty.

All the doctrines of God ever framed by man, all our attempts to formulate after the theological manner our religious experience of God as he is made known to us, are confessedly inadequate to his unfathomable and incomprehensible mystery. None knows this better than the Christian thinker; no one has put it more plainly than that great doctor and theologian, St. Augustine. The question that demands our attention is the question of the adequacy of the doctrine we hold, not to God, but to ourselves, to our own experience, to the collective experience of the body of Christ. And to this question the answer cannot always be favourable; chiefly because many of us, Christians in name and often in practice, do not hold the true Christian doctrine at all.

There are excuses for the misunderstandings and misrepresentations of the Faith current among us. Doubtless we all misunderstand and misrepresent it in some degree. Who can help it? But besides the particular mistakes and errors of each, there are certain common difficulties from which none of us escapes. There is language—its spatial character and general inadequacy, the peculiar differences of one tongue from another and the consequent confusion:—witness those that have arisen from English *person*, Latin *persona*, Greek *hypostasis*; *substance*, *substantia*, and the rest. There is logic

too, forcing us to deal in its own manner with subjects to which it cannot be applied without leaving out their essential and characteristic truth. Man himself, in his permeating and varied unity, man himself, who is in himself both many and one, and changes while remaining the same, defies his own logic and evades his language ; is it likely that these instruments that he has made will compass and express his God ?

Yet, if we will but consent to learn from the knowledge organized in our corporate life within that great religious experiment, the Church of Christ, we shall find there the best teaching the world provides. To hold the Christian belief in one God who has real distinctions within the unity of his being, distinctions that do not divide him, yet are to be confessed and worshipped as himself ; who dwells in all things according to the measure of their capacity, leading each onward towards its own perfection in its own way ; and yet infinitely transcends all, and comes to those who are able to meet him as one who may be known and loved ; this is to possess a guide to divine and human truth such as no other religion, and no philosophy, affords.

After all, the main purpose of the most dogmatic of theological statements is practical, not speculative. Dogma warns us against known errors ; it arises not so much from a successful effort of speculation as from the pressure of those errors upon Christian life. History shows that it has taken origin at some moment of the defensive reaction of a profound experience and prophetic insight into truth ; and that reflexion and an effort to see into hidden mys-

teries, although at work everywhere, played but a secondary part in its formulation. The dogma of the Trinity in Unity suggests, rather than defines, speculative truth; because behind it there lies for every theologian, as for our Fathers in the Church, a recognized agnosticism concerning the infinite and incomprehensible God. Not what God in himself is, but what we must remember that he is not, and what we find him to be in us and in the things that he has made, is the lesson it would press upon us.

The necessary, sufficient, and valuable precision of Christian doctrine comes, not of a pretence to knowledge beyond the powers of man to receive, but of a useful habit of our intellect, an intellect pledged to seek clarity of statement even where clarity belies, and statement must for ever lag behind, experience. Yet, because the Church is not collective intellect alone, but has common depths of mystical apprehension, wherein God is touched and 'tasted' (as the mystics say) by senses of the spiritual man, this appearance of a misleading clearness does not betray the truth she teaches, nor deceive her faithful children. They know what it means, and take and use it thankfully. It protects them from harmful schemes, schemes of a 'mysticality' that might almost deceive the elect, others that have the stamp of commonsense or common arithmetic, and do deceive certain of the simple. The very difficulty of this Christian doctrine guards us from great dangers. It does not suit mysticality; it offends commonsense and the geometrical mind. These

are among its advantages. Pantheism is too natural to the speculative thinker not to be false and perilous; false, that is, before a comprehensive criticism, perilous because it gives facilities to the natural sensuous man. Deism is too naturally artificial, too much after the fashion of the labourer in the brickfield, not to attract with dangerous ease men of practicality, to whom a short cut is always best, a plain and royal road their due. As to the tritheism of Christians; it is of a weakness that stands confessed, a weakness and a childish ignorance. We really do not mean to be Tritheists, nor do we know that we are; yet the fact induces much of the resentment felt at the present time, against truth that is being made known among us by the continued revelation of the divine Spirit in the Church. The Christian *foi du charbonnier* is tritheistic, with an emphasis on two of its Gods, and in some places a pantheon of lesser Gods. Polytheism attracts the multitude; even the Pantheist of the great and wide-spread Hindu religion — the Brahman philosopher—finds the charcoal-burners of his faith worshipping their many Gods. They are Pantheists only in name, and by their best representatives, as many of us are Christian Theists only in name, and by our best representatives. Many Christians, too, like Pantheists, slip, as by a way of least resistance, into Paganism. The convenient fitness of a multitude of Gods, meeting the every-day demands of men who can as easily make them of human body and mind as their ancestors made them of wood and stone, is obvious and beguiling. Therefore

these images must be and are, even among Christians; although Christians do not call them Gods, and sometimes they are only friends. Our tritheism is more frank than our polytheism, at least as far as that part of it is concerned with which the popular imagination chiefly deals. The Father and the Son are real; they have familiar names that we fail to recognize as analogical. These names do for us the ordinary work of names; they solidify and set apart. But they do something more by their familiarity. We feel that we know the Father and the Son better than that remote and formless Third. Therefore, in practice, some of our most Christian *charbonniers* are Ditheists. They worship a Father and a Son, and sometimes think about a Spirit.

The Jacob's ladder of religious thought and faith is long, because it must reach from earth to heaven. Yet the angels of the ministry of God find it short enough, and come to meet us upon every step. We Christians are at varying heights upon that ladder of the faith; but truth finds us in them all. Difficult of attainment as is the height on which we learn the truth of our confessed belief in God, its results for those who have climbed so far magnify its virtues in our eyes, and commend to us even the effort it demands. Somewhere in man's profundity of being, where power, wisdom and love are met together in the communication of the divine Spirit to his spirit, the heart that touches God takes even dogma to itself and makes it live. The Christian saints have taught us, better than doctors and theologians, the value and purpose of Christian faith in the God who

is one and many, who is immanent in all yet overpowers none, who transcends all yet proffers himself in love and power to the least.

* * * *

May 23*rd.*—Man has always presented himself to men as a problem to be solved. For Christians the problem is emphasized, concentrated, become insistent and constraining, in Christ. The bad man is problem enough for those who have eyes to see; although it is natural that a beast, blinded by the glare of self-consciousness, and clutching at the reins of a new and mastering power over life and its purpose, should show himself a brute beast, a fool driving to destruction. But that he should be *good*, that the beast should even deny his brute appetites and passions to seek after wisdom and love—here is difficulty indeed. That he should be Jesus Christ—we fall upon our knees, and the whole unfathomable, divine problem of man lies before us, holds us, and will not let us go. There, in the midst of that problem, we discover God.

We discover God, and so we discover man, the beast who is capable of God. We worship and adore; we stand upon our feet in the very presence of God. Life, with its ultimate incredible promise, opens out before us. But we are compelled to think on these things and to give body to our thinking. Therefore we have now, at this time of our Christian history, an inherited body of thought bequeathed to us by our fathers of thirteen or fourteen hundred years ago, which bewilders and confuses us. Psychologically

unlearned folk (for psychology had not come to birth), unacquainted with the deeper facts of their own nature and the mysteries they were themselves, these men tried, very prudently and to the great advantage of the Church and the world, to state a norm of opinion acceptable to Christians, concerning the facts and mysteries of Christ.

They made, of course, a geometrical pattern for it; they mistook, of course, intellectual reasoning for an instrument of speculation into life; and the marvel is that they did so much good and so little harm, that faith and the sublimity of their subject-matter so far overcame them as to make their failure a profitable success for generations of the men who came after them.

The pattern they made was extremely simple; they pictured to themselves a human 'nature' apart from any human 'person' and standing, as it were, in mid air, side by side with a divine 'nature'—a human 'will' standing by a divine 'will.' Then they bridged the interval between these two by means of the divine 'person' (or 'hypostasis') to whom the divine nature and will belonged, as an architect might join two pillars by an arch. Nothing could be simpler or more satisfactory, as long as it remained possible to think of man in such terms, to take his 'nature' apart from his 'person,' and so on, as if he were built up of bricks. Now the whole structure remains for us a monument to an ignorance we no longer share, although it bears ineffaceable witness to a faith that is our own. We sympathize with our fathers while we try to avoid their mistakes; their

aim is ours, their weaknesses are ours, their power too. Only knowledge, science, has changed, and philosophy—the wisdom of science. Still we make patterns, although they are new ones; still we paint pictures; to represent our poor guesses concerning the ineffable mysteries of humanity as it is in God.

Just now, this very day, I have met with a new Christology, or suggestions towards one, in a book by Dr. Sanday—an old man who sees visions and unveils them for the young. Looking at the traditional pattern he points out the difficulties 'involved in the attempt to draw as it were a vertical line between the human nature and the divine nature of Christ, and to say that certain actions of His fall on one side of this line and certain actions on the other.' He proposes that we learn a new lesson from our new knowledge, and 'rather draw a horizontal line between the upper human medium, which is the proper and natural field of all active expression, and those lower deeps which are no less the proper and natural home of whatever is divine.'

A new pattern; consonant with our best knowledge of man and God, but a pattern still. Known for what it is, confessed as human handiwork, it may be as useful as the old pattern was in its day, and less dangerous in ours. Dr. Sanday says that by this conception we are left 'free to think of [Christ's] life on earth as fully and frankly human'; and yet are able to see that 'it leaves an opening . . . by which the Deity of the Incarnate preserves its continuity with the infinitude of the Godhead.' The

human consciousness of Jesus Christ is no longer to be looked upon as standing side by side with a divine consciousness, but as 'the narrow neck through which alone the divine could come to expression.'

A good pattern; it will be long before we improve upon it. Nevertheless it is evidently not final; again and again there will be change; again and again men will bow before the mysteries and the facts of our life in God and of God's life in us, and will recognize that even of the clearest example of that life, its crown and consummation, they have thought amiss. 'The doctrine of the Holy Trinity,' Dr. Rashdall said in a sermon preached yesterday before the University of Oxford, 'has been created by human brains; and what human brains have created human brains have a right to examine, to criticize, to interpret—if need be, to correct or to reinterpret.' So it is with any and every doctrine of Christ, the crowning mystery of God as Man. To transform the Christology of our fathers is to enter into their mind and life and spirit, to proclaim our fellowship with them, to confess a common aim and end, to carry on their work as they would if they had lived into our age and knowledge. It is, in truth, to enter more fully the mind of the Church. The work of the Church was not finished in the fifth century, nor perfect for ever because it came then into accordance with the demands made upon it and the conditions imposed; nor will it be finished in the fiftieth, if this frail planet should last so long. 'We must modernize,' says Dr. Sanday, 'whether we will or no.' It is best to 'will,' to enter eagerly and loyally

into the mind of the ever-living Church, that mind which began its expression with the dawn of the Sun of Righteousness on a world of beasts, and grows with every increase of light in the power of the fullness of Christian men.

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May 24th.—There is a story somewhere of a man who administered the *viaticum* to himself by the 'matter' of three blades of grass—three, we may suppose, to express his Christian faith in God; grass, because there was at hand nothing else in the nature of food, and food that sacrament must be. But why food? Why not a spiritual act apart from material context? Simply because the religious intuition of Christian mankind has always discerned in every spiritual act a material context, seen that for man life is not life without the body of life. And so, desirous of passing from life to life, fortified by the effective presence of God and his fellows in the body of Christ to which he belongs, a Christian man may find the symbolic fulfilment of spiritual desire in three blades of grass.

There are people who would call him superstitious. They would think the blades of grass a charm, and the words of mystery that accompany them an incantation. It is not surprising. We do not all, even we Christians, distinguish between charms and sacraments, between incantation and prayer. And there have been times and peoples in which the distinction was entirely lost, and sacraments were openly used as charms, prayer was an incantation.

It seems to me that if we seek through sacraments any less good than God and our brothers, and these by any way except the way of self-communicating love, our sacraments are very likely to become charms to us. If, on the other hand, we recognize the sovran power and efficacy of love, and the one end of its operation and of all our right desire, they keep their true place, and show forth their meaning in the economy of this divine world, where body rises with spirit from the lowest depth to the height of the throne of God.

'Do this in remembrance of me.' And how shall we remember him? Not, surely, as only an historical personage who commanded these things; or even as one who did the world the sublime service of dying for it. If we do not remember him as love striving to be incarnate in each one of us, and consider his commands as furthering that end, we may obey them as we should obey the orders of a King or a Judge. Then we may well use sacraments as charms, since we shall probably not know them for anything more. At best and most significant they will be for us a mechanism by which safety—as we see it—may be secured; or the righteousness that makes a man feel independent of God; or a stupefied conscience. And these things, poor that they are, may be won by charms and mechanism. Yet some of us, who are faithful, honest and simple souls, may win God himself and his highest gifts through the same sacramental channels, while intellectually rating them and treating them in the same mechanical or magical way.

This is matter for our comfort. But we must not allow ourselves to rest in confusion because we are at ease. For intellectual error, even when overcome by spiritual truth, is still error and loss; and in those cases where the spirit is also in error intellect lends its powerful aid to the forces of death and hell. If there is one intellectual mistake more dangerous than another it is that by which a man persuades himself that truth and goodness and heaven can be laid hold of from without, reached otherwise than by a life that is growing towards truth, and goodness, and heaven. If a man really desires to attain the good he sees, no intellectual errors will deprive him of it; if he does not, if he only wishes to establish a claim upon safety or reward, or to procure spiritual advantage without earning it; if he looks to *have* these things as an exterior possession while he *is* something incongruous with them; if he wishes to believe that there is some power in heaven or upon earth which, when propitiated, will make him what he is not helping to make himself; then he will very likely use his mind and its errors as a hiding-place from himself and from the truth of his craving heart. Then, too, he may pervert the nature of a sacrament in accordance with the deceits of his heart. And because along the ages thousands of nominal Christians have done this, and have not confessed that truth and righteousness and heaven have their only root in the inward parts where God communicates himself to man; because they have not seen or believed that God and his gifts can neither be won nor imposed by any scheme or charm, by mere con-

formity, or by an acceptance of external statement; our institutional religion is perverted. We thrust upon it a mechanical interpretation, and divorce it from the reality of religion and the truth of God and man. It is a pity, it is disaster, but I incline to think that the three blades of grass were never a charm for the man who discovered his *viaticum* in their simplicity. He who, when driven from the common road, made for himself so narrow a way to that companionship with God and the brethren which faithful Christians realize in sacramental communion, must surely have known God in all things and sought him by the Spirit that is his.

The common road—which, in the sacraments, is raised out of the confusing dust of earth and made a shining highway of the City of God—this road, common to earth and heaven, body and spirit, man and his incarnate God, is always sacramental. But without an avowedly sacramental use of its elements, human, earthly and divine, most of us remain ignorant of that unfathomable fact. We gain no sense of the mystery that dwells for our learning in the least of little things; we fail to realize their community of life with us; we never find the depth of our spiritual relation with them. Above all we do not learn the lesson of our dependence on God manifest in Man for our knowledge of him.

So the Christian sacraments—the extension (as is said) of the incarnation—make common things, food, water, the speech and acts of men, to be vehicles of spiritual permeation, bearers of gifts from God and from man. Thus they interpret and sanctify

for us all ordinary life, discovering to us its hidden meanings. Forgiveness is always divine and sacramental, in the speech and act of every man; a man forgives only because God enables him, because in him the love and power of God are made his own to use in his own way. But sacramental forgiveness casts light upon the forgiveness of all the forgiving world, and, in its clarity, its independence of the accidents of personal relation, its representative character and manner, shows us the essential truth of forgiveness everywhere. Community of bodily food, community of food of spirit, the one body of sacrifice given and shared among and for us all, the one bread that is of earth and heaven, the one interpenetrating and conjoining love — these are present in 'the most social sacrament,' and tell there the truth of our life and destiny, the meaning of the world and God for us. That truth and its meaning are everywhere; but we may quite easily remain blind and deaf to it: it may be too far and too confused for us—until we become as little children and open our hearts and minds by the consecrated way.

For this open heart and childlike mind there are no charms, no effective incantations; it is of spirit and life. And the radical difference between sacraments and charms, between prayer and incantation, is the difference between life divine or human, and a trick which belongs to the magical religion of the past, and is really nothing but an attempt to subdue God by instrumental means.

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Eve of Corpus Christi. May 25th.—Bread and wine; *this* bread and wine—what are they? I ask the men I know, and I have their answers. Let me set those answers down and look at them.

A series of dynamical equations covering not only bread and wine but all things.

Ether and electrons, like everything else known by men.

Hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, carbon, calcium, phosphorus—and so on. Or, some gases, and a pinch of dust.

These do not content me. I cannot keep life going on equations of any kind; nor on all kinds of ether and electrons. I may feed myself with chemical elements as carefully as I please, and die of starvation. There is something wrong here. Neither bread nor wine *is* for me what these men say. As to *this* bread and wine ——

The staff of life; that is better. All bread is the staff of life; and without water—such water as is in that wine—even bread would not avail for life. I must have both, or perish; I need food and drink to keep me alive. Poetic symbolism, then, comes nearer truth than science. It includes more significance for me, more of my experience of the meaning of things, draws closer to life's immeasurable inclusiveness.

If I listen to the poet I shall hear, in his myriad golden tongues, of marvels hidden in bread and wine, in corn and the clusters of the grape. He will show me their beauty, strength and joy; the glory of the sun mated with the dark earth and bringing forth its

concealed life. He will show me Demeter, Apollo, Dionysos—all the gods—the lightning shafts of Zeus, rain upon the fields, day and night, seed-time and harvest, earth brought to creative power in man, in the power of his spirit, in his mastery over mind, over body, over all magic of the world of gods and men. These things and more he will show me in the bread and wine. These and far more ; for I cannot fathom the soul of the poet, or bring his inspiration down to my measure.

Yet, small as is my measure, little as I see of what the poet would show, he gives me truer truth than the men of science or of common every-day thought and use. From within me there comes a response to him I cannot find for those others. They do not stir me, call me to life, as he does. They exclude so much—beauty and joy and the deepest wonder ; even life itself and its mystery. I can learn of the truth of bread and wine from the poet better than from men who, for lack of his inspired vision, see too little in those simple things, even for me.

But it is plain that I need not abandon science because I accept the poet's deeper truth. Bread embraces within itself for me not only poetry and poets, but the mathematician, the physicist, the chemist, as it includes their truth. When I look at it I see that everything these men say about it is true, in a place, for a purpose ; above all, for the men. And I see the men themselves, their mind and will, their interest and attention, met together here, in a piece of bread and in the wine, met together and meeting me.

Of course any earthly thing that would support life would serve me to unite them and their ways of truth; but not, for example, a lump of stone. That would of necessity leave out the most important truth of all. So I would have bread, the simplest food yet of the widest application, as my rallying point of thought—a fitting symbol to my mind of these many ways of thought, these many ways of seeing life and things. Bread and wine might be my centre, where poetry and prose should become one, man and his dwelling-place, the sun and stars, the round world, even the disc of earth and neighbouring Olympus with its gods. I might be content to be a Pagan poet, or at least a willing disciple of some Pagan poet; were it not for a greater marvel —were it not for *this* bread and wine.

If I ask another man, of a different mind, if indeed, I ask myself, what is this bread and wine, the answer surpasses even that of the Pagan poet in its inclusion, and in the depth and height of the mystery to which it points. '*The bread which we eat, is it not the communication of the body of Christ?*' 'This bread is no longer common bread.'

'No longer common bread'; yet even common bread contains earth and the fullness thereof, men and the thoughts of men, their symbolizing gods, the life, the beauty and the marvel of the worlds. What does more than this? What more is there to be done? '*Is it not the communication of the body of Christ?*' And the answer of the whole Church of Christ to my question is that this bread and this wine, which are no longer common, are his

Body and his Blood given and communicated to us, taken and received as our spiritual food.

We are a long way from earth and the body of earth, our own or his. For his body and blood are spiritual not carnal; and our spirits are upheld by that divine food, strengthened for the support of the body of flesh and of the life dependent on our spirit. We have taken into the meaning of bread and wine not only earth and the body, the natural and the sensuous man, scientific men and poets: but religious men and men of the spirit throughout the world and in every age. We have even taken into it God; whose life feeds the life of all his universe. There is nothing more, nothing left out, nothing that can be added to this symbolic sum of things.

So, and for this reason and on this account, every kind of objection may be brought against our Christian Sacrament. It is linked with all things; and you may choose this link or that as your point of attack. You do choose according to your bias; your choice is, in fact, an accident of your bias, for all possibilities lie open.

We are materialistic, we who believe. Certainly; earth and things earthly are taken up in our belief. We believe as firmly in our bodies as in God, although with a different end in view. But if you mean that because we believe in our bodies and in earth we do not believe in our spirits and in God, you show your bias.

We are superstitious and absurd. Bread is bread, wine is only wine; matter is real, spirit

is unreal. We are forgetting *Kraft und Stoff* in our spiritualistic fancies. It is nonsense to say that any bread can be made other than common bread by saying words over it; what magic have words, any words?

Yes; we are certainly superstitious. We add to that *Kraft und Stoff* a whole world that transforms it. We take those things that are only things, and make them vehicles of spirit and life. We discover the magic of words infused into them by men who dwell in God and in whom God dwells. We see that human life includes all and makes all after its pattern, that the highest life in man permeates into the lowest and uplifts it. We have these 'over-beliefs'; and we even count men poor who are without them. If this be superstition we are superstitious. But may not our superstition be also truth—greater than yours, including yours?

Other men tell us that our Sacrament of Bread and Wine came to us from Jewish Sacrifices or from Pagan Mysteries. It is true; but what then? Do we desire to shut out any part of the religious life of man, any witness to his aspiration, his need of redemption, his need of God and his longing after him? On the contrary, we would include all; and we rejoice in testimony which may prove to all men that we have come not to destroy but to fulfil.

I look around me, and am lost in wonder and thankfulness. These simple things, this bread and this wine, convey to me God, and all the life of men. I am made partaker in that which saves me from absorption into self, and from the loss that must

end in death and loneliness. The divine Spirit is given into me by the Body it informs. I share it with the world and receive the world in it, the world of men made one in Love.

Love brought me this Sacrament of his Body and Blood, Love incarnate, to whom nothing was strange, from whom nothing human or divine could be alien; who himself came not to destroy but to fulfil all things in the life of man.

Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory.

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Corpus Christi. May 26th.—Nearly two thousand years ago a little body of men began to form the great procession of Christians that has ever since wound its way about the world, the procession of the Church—the Body of Christ. And to-day, everywhere in Christendom and heathendom, there are lesser processions carrying his most potent symbol from altar to altar, while his children acclaim and worship him, and call upon the world to fall down before his feet.

Yet his symbol is only a piece of bread. Has ever a more perplexing paradox been set before the world? No crown, no glory of jewels and gold, no sword of judgement, no symbol of the lightnings of a throne; nothing hierophantic, imperial, conquering or condemning; nothing rare, or precious, or imperishable; no adamant or deathless asphodel; only the common food that must be renewed from day to day, is grown in any field, ground in any mill,

baked and eaten in every cottage and palace by the men and women and children of all nations. This is the sacred symbol of the King of kings and Lord of lords, the only ruler of princes. It is incredible, yet it continues to be true. It cannot mean what it seems to mean in the eyes of those who only look on; or it could not be believed.

For us who believe, it is significant of that which we see with other eyes, and know within our hearts —it signifies universal and incarnate Love, excluding neither prince nor peasant, bond nor free, wise nor unwise; seeking out the wanderers and the lost, calling sinners, and all that sorrow and are heavy-laden, to his mighty arms. As his people need bread, so they need love, and so they need him, their Saviour and their life. 'This,' he says to them all, 'This is my body, given for you,' and he gives his very self to them by the bread, and by his love, to be as love in themselves and as bread from heaven bringing to them heavenly life. Can we wonder that they worship him? Are they not worshipping God in his plenitude, God given to them that their life may be full and ever more abundant?

It is love that wins the world; it is love that is bread from heaven and brings eternal life into the world. And the great procession of the Church along the ages has failed to win the world, only because she has so often carried on high something other than love, and has tried to conquer something other than the hearts of men. Yet she stands before them still as the mystical Body of Christ, inspired and indwelt by his Spirit, fed by the bread of heaven,

deriving her own life from the love that redeems her and has raised her from the dust of earth. This is her witness, these are her credentials; but she is nothing if she be not the bearer of the love of God to men, if she 'have not charity.'

She has charity; because she has Christ and the saints, because she has always her little ones and her great ones informed by the love of God, strengthened with his might, powerful as an army with banners. In these she is victorious; and despite her failures and her shame these will prevail for her against the gates of hell. It is not for nothing that the Christian Church is called the nursery of saints; nowhere else are they at home as they are with her; nowhere is their life in God so well assured. And but for them, who have in all ages borne Christ before the face of men, his Church would have died out long ago. But for them, I say; yet because he lives they live also. They could not but have been; they cannot but endure.

Therefore we have confidence, and look forward with good courage. The great procession goes on; and Christ is in the midst of it, even when so many of us hide him from the world he loves. It is possible, it seems to me even probable, that before long we shall have learnt how to show him better, learnt by our failures, perhaps by some lesson more enlightening than any we have had till now. And, after all, divine love is not like mere human love; it is God, and he becomes power and wisdom, justice and right judgement, in men. Let us pray for his Spirit in our spirit, and so go forth to our judgement of

the world, which has much to give us that we need, much that the divine Spirit has bestowed upon it while we, in our blindness, stood aside. Let us learn again to trust God, to believe that his Spirit blows where it lists and cannot be confined by any of our schemes, or hindered by our prejudice.

We have that in us which will enable us to take to ourselves all that can be given ; we have the life that must open out into the universe of God and ascend to his right hand. Why should we fear ? Has the Church lost her ancient skill, her transforming power ? Has she shrunk into the anxious guardian of a treasure that is forgotten and forsaken ? Her own prophets bear witness even now that she has not ; that wisdom waits within her doors, and will come forth again at her summons to lead once more that army with banners, which will show Christ to all the world.

In the English Church we are afraid to keep this Feast of the Body of our Lord. The slavery of the letter has its reactionary extreme ; and our fear is but another of its results. Again, as always, men are divided by their intellectual excesses, their attempts to systematize and to enforce their systems. But if the day of spirit and life is dawning in new light, then the triumph of love will be made known in the Church of Christ as a new understanding, a sympathy that penetrates beyond the letter, and throws down the divisions that the letter has set up.

There is hope now in this way to union. And the union itself, reached by this way, will be new, not

merely resumed. For a peril to union, which invaded our first Christian fathers and led them to erect on the simple statement of religious experience and of their knowledge of God and man in Christ, a structure of logical reasoning that should exclude all men who reasoned differently, will have lost its terrors. For the first time in history, for the first time in the life of the Church, we shall not be driven into defending ourselves with weapons we do not understand, or compelled to maintain uncalled-for defences that hinder our own life and the salvation of the world. When we know what we are doing, and have done, by our necessary theologies and our unnecessary 'theologism,' the way to peace, and to a union that cannot be broken, will lie plain before our eyes.

Then the sacrament of love will bind us all together as never before, since it will give us an exterior as well as an interior bond. We shall perhaps join in this day's procession with a happy understanding. Or, if we cannot understand, we shall not complain, knowing that there have always been differences of interpretation in the same spirit; and that no man's mind is sufficient even unto himself.

That philosophy which has traced out for us the genesis of intellect in man, and its education in the service of his needs and in the furtherance of his action upon the material world, is marking out for us also the one possibility of uniting Christian theologians. And it is to Christian theologians now, even more, perhaps, than to an absolutism of rule in one part of the Church, or to an apathy in all, that we owe the continuance of 'our unhappy divisions.'

To-day, on this Feast, those divisions are accentuated, bitterly accentuated. For to-day, if on any day, we ought to feel at one, and yet are far asunder, farther asunder than on most days of our festivity. To-day should show us the continued presence of the Spirit of truth, beauty and love among us, leading us on to more truth, more beauty and more love. It should show us, working in the general body, that very process to which we owe spiritual advance in our own lives, the process of change that permeates our continuity, and makes our present an ever-new creation, even a re-creation, of our past. We must not allow our freedom to be tied to the letter of a particular people or age, any more than to the letter of a symbol or a law. The future, like the past, is ours to make what we will, according to the will of God working in us, as in our fathers before us. God dwells in us, lives with us in our present where we are shaping future and past, by his grace and power given into us to use.

This is the ground and purport of our Christian development, that which should take away our fear and send us forth to make straight the way of the Lord in the confidence of his might. All things are his, why should we be afraid ? Every truth is his, and the power to discover truth is given into us ; why should we lessen it for ourselves by shutting out that which is given to our brothers ?

The sacrament of love makes us all one body, the sacrifice of love constrains us together. Let us trust Love, our strength and our redeemer, for then we trust the Spirit of God. Let us live by love, for

then we shall live in Christ, and all things will be ours.

Anima Christi, sanctifica me,
Corpus Christi, salva me,
Sanguis Christi, inebria me,
Aqua lateris Christi, lava me,
Passio Christi, conforta me,
O bone Jesu, exaudi me,
Intra tua vulnera absconde me,
Ne permittas me separari a te,
Ab hoste maligno defende me,
In hora mortis meae voca me,
Et jube me venire ad te,
Ut cum sanctis tuis semper laudem te.
Amen.

POSTSCRIPT

July 6th.—The quiet year is over. I have written much and learnt more. I have also, I think, kept the promise I made when I began, and have not turned away from any important difficulty I could see. The outcome is better than I expected. I find in it good cause for regarding the turmoil of thought, the wars of critics, the failure of religious authority and the failure of rebels against it, as heralds of a better state of things in the religious world. This book contains that which would have dismayed me not many years ago; yet now it fortifies my faith. And I know that I am only one of a multitude who share that faith and feel its growing power.

My Diary is to be published. I would ask for it some measure of indulgence, as being of necessity unsystematic, and varying in manner and mood; in short, as being neither a treatise nor a volume of essays, but what it is. W. S. P.

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